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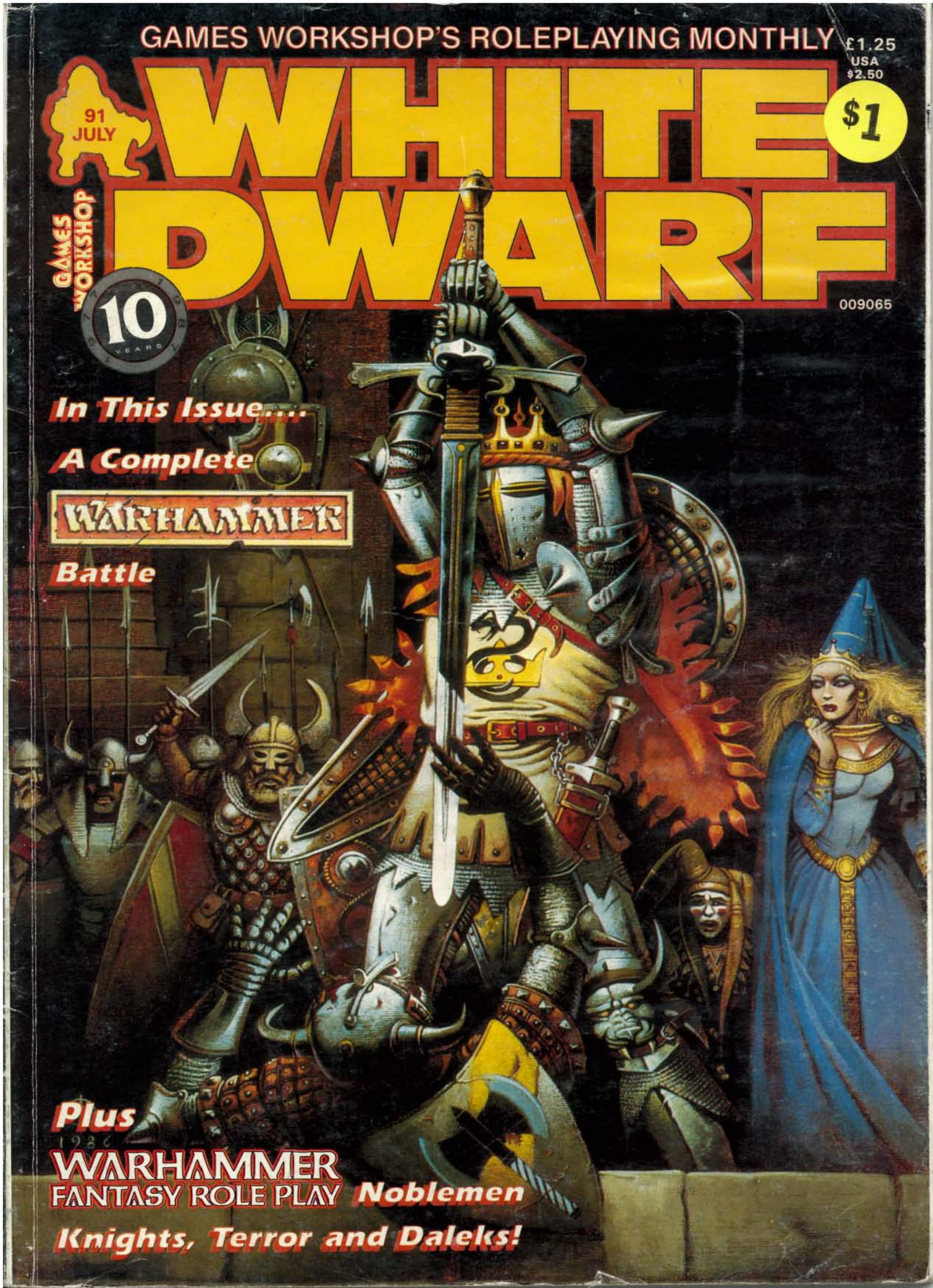

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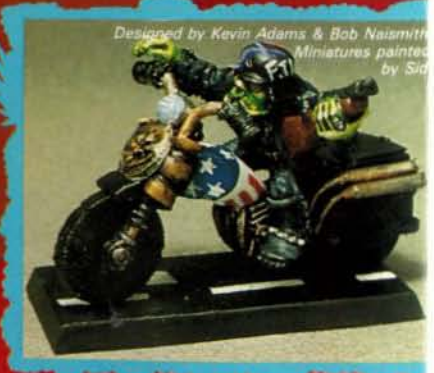
Sleazy Rider

'Dad was a hero,' gasped Mad Sid, 'he died out on the track...' A silence fell upon the tribe as their leader wiped a tear from a piggy little eye. 'Dad was a real orc, an orc with a dream! All he ever wanted was to win the Undun Appoluz. It was neck and neck coming up to Death Pit Corner. Dad was on the inside with the Stunty Evulcan Evul on the outside. As they went into the bend, Dad opened up and went into the lead. For just one second he was in Evulcan's sights...' A lump came to Mad Sid's throat, 'the bolt hit the steam boiler. They never found Dad. It took three weeks to fill in the crater.

As Mad Sid bowed his head in memory of his sire, a tall, mad-eyed and rather oily orc wheeled the new machine forwards. 'She's faster than the Borgheim Berserkers super-charged steam dragster.


Designed by Kevin Adams & Bob Naismith
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She'll leave the Drastik Dik and th
Snotling pump wagon on the grid
She'll go like a Stunty rat-catche
with a red-hot poker up its ...'

'What are we waiting for!' bellowe
Mad Sid. 'Undun Appolu
Allcomers here we come!'

LE24
Sleazy Rider
£1.95

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WHITE DWARF

ISSUE 91 JULY 1987

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Although you may not know (or care, sniff) each issue of *White Dwarf* takes time to prepare. Months go by and all that changes is the pile of manuscripts shoved under the cell door grows higher. If only, once in a while, they would let me have some bread, or a sip of water. I caught a rat once, though... but Graeme Davis ate it. I wonder who won the General Election? Was it that nice Mr Heath or that nice Mr Wilson?

All that aside, you'll find the usual mixture of articles in this issue, including the first *Warhammer Fantasy Battle* scenario to grace these pages in many a moon. We already have one or two (or four) more lined up for publication over the next few months, so armchair generals should keep reading!

And writing, of course. As you read this there is probably still time to complete a work of deathless art and win £1000 in *Citadel Miniatures* in the *Ravening Madness* competition!

By the way, the hideously unsmiling mugshot above is a likeness (and no more than that) of your hideously unsmiling *White Dwarf* editor. Pinned to a dartboard you'll find it improves your aim no end... Bah. Humbug.

Mike Brunton

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OPEN BOX

Blood Royale is the biggest game GW have ever produced. It comes in a deep box, and the reason for this becomes clear when you open it and all the bits fall through your floor: a map of a could-have-been Europe on a six piece board; over 250 counters showing the armies, trade goods and sundry nasty happenings on the map; plastic money; mercantile bonds; character sheets; marriage contracts; event cards; dice; and a 24-page rule book. If you like a game with lots of quality components, then this is bound to be one of your favourites.

Blood Royale

Power is Wealth Wealth is Power

Boardgame
Games Workshop £19.95

So, having had the thing dragged home by a train of pack animals, what are you getting? *Blood Royale* is one of those games where the basics are very straightforward, but the complexities the players cause in play make it a game that is never the same twice. Each player controls one of the ruling dynasties of 13th century Europe. A glance at the rules summary shows you that in each turn players see what has happened to the various characters in their dynasties (births, deaths and marriages), arrange the financial affairs of their country (trade and taxes), and then move and fight with military forces. The basic rules are actually very simple.

So why is there a 24 page rule book? The simplicity of the game mechanics hide the potential for highly inventive play. The game has many of the open-ended possibilities of roleplaying. What we wanted to achieve in *Blood Royale* was a game where the basic system was very simple. It's the imagination applied in using the rules that makes the game as complex as the players want it to be. As you campaign to become *the* ruling house of Europe the thing that strikes you is the number of times you ask yourself 'What would happen if...'

Each time we playtested *Blood Royale* situations came up where an original idea changed the whole nature of the game. The rule book tries to pass on some of our experience. It also answers questions which won't arise in many games: what happens if my dynasty dies out; what happens when the head of the family dies; what happens when I have ground my neighbours into the dust and own half the continent...

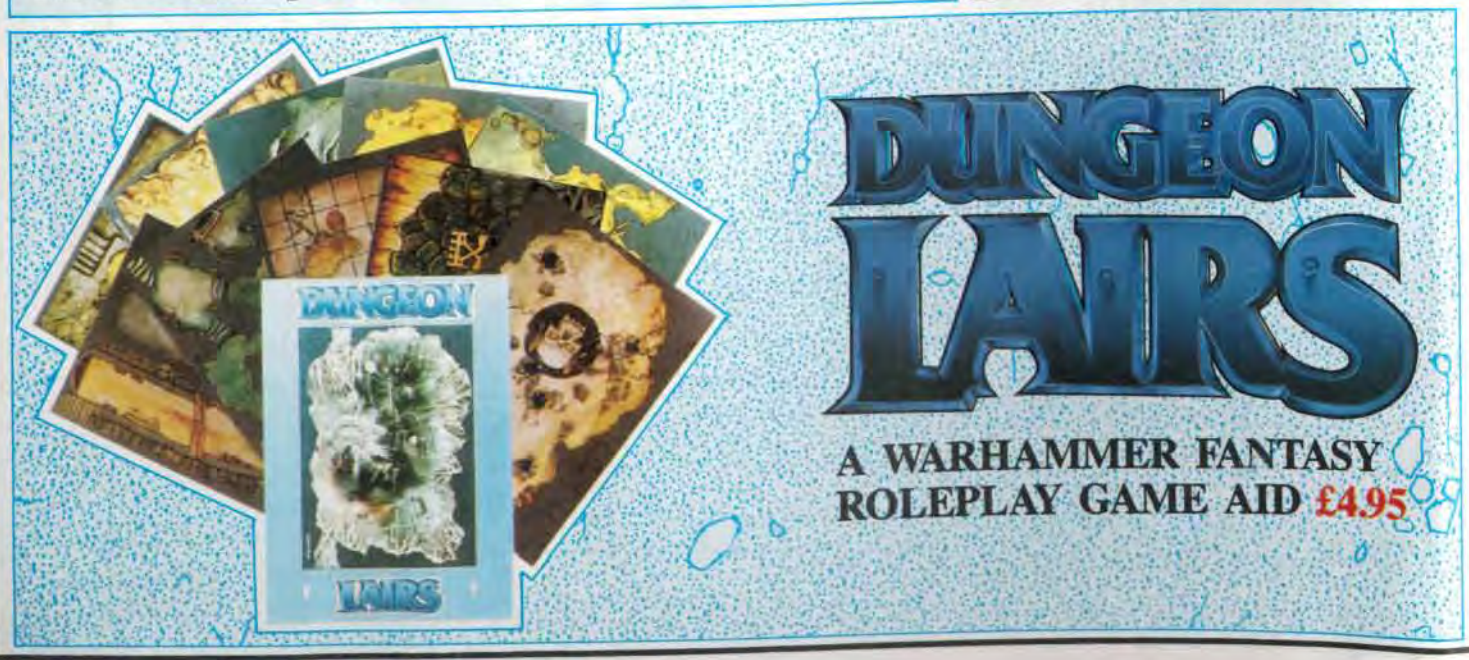
You need to use your resources carefully. The twist in the game is that the wealthiest player is the winner. The way to make yourself the wealthiest player is to control a respectable number of provinces - particularly trade centres. And the only way to do this is to conquer them with your very expensive army. And then you have to hang onto your new possessions, marry off the family (all those dowries) and maintain a healthy cash balance in case of need. Wealth is power. Power is wealth...

In *Blood Royale* many things are possible. It is an epic game, partly because it is such a big game. It is also a game where the players have choices to make and they can turn the fate of the game on one inspired decision.

Paul Cockburn

WHO WATCHES THE WATCHMEN?
DC Heroes Adventure
Mayfair Games £4.95

LEAVES FROM THE INN OF THE LAST HOME
AD&D/Dragonlance Supplement TSR £9.95



It wasn't hard to work out that *The Watchmen* comics would give Mayfair Games a few problems. Faced with the very real possibility that this series might go out with a nuclear bang, Mayfair have decided to set this adventure in 1966, before the Keene Act made vigilantes illegal. Doctor Manhattan is already on the scene, but spends most of his time in his laboratory. The principal player characters are Nite Owl, Silk Spectre, The Comedian, Rorschach and Ozymandias. For larger groups Captain Metropolis and Doctor Manhattan can be added, but these may not work particularly well.

The plot of **Who Watches the Watchmen?** is simple. Someone is kidnapping the friends, relatives and other associates of the characters. Captain Metropolis thinks that he has the evidence of black militant involvement, funded by Moloch, the 'Satan of the Underworld'. However, the real reason for the crimes is more complicated but it isn't particularly hard to guess... The adventure also lacks challenge for the characters - there's little or no chance of any PC suffering injury, let alone death. All in all, a pleasant evening's play rather than the basis for a prolonged campaign.

Apart from the plot, the book consists of descriptions of the important characters of the series. Several appear without statistics, which is bound to annoy anyone who intends to use the book as a sourcepack. I was particularly annoyed to find there were no characteristics for the original Nite Owl and Silk Spectre, both of whom appear in the story.

The module doesn't include much background information, and apparently assumes that most DC fans will already be aware of the ideas involved in *Watchmen* and the situation that has developed. I would have preferred a complete timeline for the series and more data on the technological revolution created by Dr Manhattan.

The pack is at it's best when dealing with the motivations of the characters, especially Manhattan. Although he'll never be easy be easy to run, the designers have assumed that he will almost always be interested in studying the physics of a given situation in preference to becoming involved. A good example of this is one of the more important scenes from *Watchmen 3*: Dr Manhattan simply stands and watches as The Comedian kills his former mistress. Although it's still very difficult to roleplay a character with total knowledge of his own past and future, the ideas here make it possible. They do, however, mean that Manhattan spends much of his time watching the other players do all the work.

It's regretable that the authors didn't deal with the other 'difficult' characters of the series quite so effectively. The Rorschach of 1966 isn't entirely sane, but isn't the totally ruthless figure we know and love; there's no real attempt to portray The Comedian's total immorality and Ozymandias remains an enigma. Although this isn't the complete *Watchmen* sourcepack that I would have liked, it's a lot better than some previous DC material. At 32 pages, with moderately large type, it isn't the best value I've seen in roleplaying games. On the other hand, it isn't as disappointing as I'd feared.

Marcus Rowland

As the saying goes, 'All good things must come to an end' - but the *Dragonlance* series just goes on and on...

This latest offering - a 256-page soft-bound book - is subtitled 'The Complete Krynn Sourcebook', and at £9.95 it certainly looks good value for money. However, those fans of the epic series who are hoping that the book contains all the information that should have been in *DL5 Dragons of Mystery* are going to be disappointed. To be fair, there are lots of essays on the history and legends of Krynn and its numerous races (some of which have already appeared in the *Dragon*), and the devoted GM will find these invaluable in recreating the atmosphere of the place.

Unfortunately, all this praiseworthy material - splendidly illustrated and presented though it is - has been lumped together with an odd-ball assortment of *Dragonlance* trivia. There is more 'information' on the series' heroes (and I thought they were *Player* Characters), including so-called 'authentic' runic and numerological analyses of their personalities and backgrounds - needless to say, no attempts are made to explain how such occult charts are generated or interpreted! There is a fascinating section on herbalism and the more useful herbs of the land - but no suggestions as to how these might be incorporated into the campaign or what their effects in terms of game mechanics might be. Then there is the complete collection of Michael Williams' 'fine poetry', together with all the scores for its accompaniment including one piece for Bass voice and that most common of instruments - the Bassoon! Now your gaming sessions can start and end around the piano with a good old sing-song of such chart-topping favourites as 'Three Sheets to the Wind' and the 'Kender Mourning Song'. And finally we have a whole section devoted to extracts from Tika Waylan's cookbook, including such culinary delights as 'Fizban's Fireball Chili', 'Gnome Chicken', and 'Gully Dwarf Stew'...

You may have guessed that I'm not one of the greatest *Dragonlance* fans, and maybe my lack of involvement in the series is the reason why I can't see the relevance (or even the interest) of much of this material. Be that as it may, there is no way I can recommend this book to anyone other than *Dragonlance* fanatics and completists.

Phil Gallagher

Dungeon Lairs is the latest title in the *Dungeon Floor Plans* range, covering monster lairs in the style of *Dungeon Rooms*. The box contains 12 A4 sheets (with 15 rooms) of colour floorplans and a 12-page booklet.

The floorplans are of the high standard one expects of Dave Andrews and Colin Dixon, with added 'scenery': rickety furniture, gnawed bones, piles of straw, general odd and ends, all of which make them more than 'just-another-set-of-floorplans'. They include a sewer, caverns filled with water, ice and magma, a tunnel complex, a two-sheet A3 cave, and some suitably warped environments for creatures of Chaos, plus a sheet of linking passages.

The booklet, like that in *Dungeon Rooms*, takes the reader on a lighthearted guided tour, presenting sample inhabitants and special rules for *Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay*. This could be used as an instant dungeon, for example. There are also two appendices, which increase the set's potential beyond that of *Dungeon Rooms*.

The first is a set of random inhabitant tables. As the party goes through a doorway, simply put down the floorplan, dice for inhabitants, and off you go! You could run a solo hack-and-slay game when you don't have any adventurers handy. The tables were designed for *WFRP*, but they can easily be adapted for almost any fantasy rpg.

The second appendix is a complete, specially-written random treasure generator for *WFRP*, to determine what the beasties have with them. With a bit of tweaking, it can also be used with *Warhammer Fantasy Battle*. The system works from the creature's profile (so it can handle any *Warhammer* monster, old, new or yet to be created) and is designed to avoid silly results like a lone Goblin with a *Sword of Killing Anything That Moves +99*.

If you use floorplans, *Dungeon Lairs* will definitely be a worthwhile addition to your collection. Even if you don't, it might be worth a look - the sample dungeon is readily plunderable for ideas, and the supplemental *WFRP* material might be useful if you GM that game.

Graeme Davis

THE FEATHERED PRIESTS (CDM4)
Fantasy Roleplaying Supplement
Integrated Games £8.95

I'm not going to go through my usual list of praise and complaint about the *Complete Dungeon Master* series. The last of these supplements was reviewed in WD86, and you can flick back there for what I feel about the general feel of the campaign. This time round, I'm going to concentrate on the one supplement. And why? Because it's a cracker, that's why.

Start by grabbing the box off the shelf. Not a bad cover, with a strong feel to it, and your first view of the lofty pinnacle of Eyrie. If you happen to be standing next to a shelf with *Death on the Reik* on it, it might strike you that it looks a bit familiar... You wouldn't have though there was a fashion in castle building, would you?

If you've been collecting the series, you'll have quite a collection of Endless Plans by now, and the ones on this set give you some more specialist areas. They're attractive and usable, and that's about as much as you can ask of floorplans. I think I prefer fewer small locations, but then I don't run my games with figures so this doesn't inconvenience me. Your average party just isn't going to get into most of these rooms alongside a few bad guys.

More clues, of the handouts variety, a standard item in a CDM supplement. The emphasis on all these supplements is on the detective school of roleplaying, where the cleverness of the players will 'win' the scenario for them. Not everyone's style, but this series does it better than many, and the nice touch in this set are the vaguely Tarotesque cards which are the players' targets.

The summary table of the location, occupation and stats of Eyrie's inhabitants may look a little daunting, but it's a very useful play-aid if you don't try to blast through this adventure in one or two sessions. There's another useful summary - this time of the various places in Eyrie - on the Screen, which also has the plan of the fortress/village. The number one play aid, though, is the A2 map of Eyrie, which immediately makes you want to explore the place.

All that and a scenario booklet too. Pretty good value, huh? And the adventure itself is pretty good, although it echoes the other plots of the series with its race against time, find the clues, Henninga on the horizon (they're the chief baddies) and big reward in the offing, with a potential sting in the tail.

But I do like this one, mostly for the setting. You should try to stretch the players, so that the exploration of Eyrie takes a long time; I'd even alter the timetable by which the adventure works, if my players were settling into its routines, and making their forays to find the solution to the adventure's mystery against the background of ordinary events. And when the final confrontation comes as a sprawling rooftop battle, a truly remarkable and visual combat, then you'll finish this adventure well satisfied. This is possibly the best adventure play aid for AD&D since Ravenloft, with which it shares certain similarities in terms of atmosphere and setting. I'll be running it more than once.

Paul Cockburn

REF4 - THE BOOK OF LAIRS II
AD&D Supplement
TSR Inc £6.95

Those of you who have seen *The Book of Lairs I* will know what to expect from this package. It's more of the same - 96 paperback pages of it, presenting no less than 65 further encounters for you to drop into your AD&D campaign when and where you like. Again, the encounters are classified by terrain type, and each one has a little block of information at the start detailing suggested party level, experience point awards, and so on. There are a few differences with *The Book of Lairs I*, which I'll come to later.

Seven of the encounters are for *AD&D Oriental Adventures*, and the rest are mainstream AD&D - for statistics freaks among you, 52 encounters use *Monster Manual I*, 5 use *Monster Manual II* and one is a mixture of both sources. The vast majority of the encounters are for level 3-7 parties, with a handful going down to level 1 and up to level 12.

The first thing I noticed was the credits list. *BoL I* was entirely written by James M. Ward and Mike Breault, but **Book of Lairs II** boasts an impressive credits list, with names like David Cook, Paul Jaquays (once one of the leading lights of Judges' Guild - I'm not afraid of showing my age...), Anne Gray McReady, Bruce Nesmith, Jeff O'Hare, Steve Perrin (one of the original RuneQuest crew), and, as they say, many more.

First impressions from a quick flip through was that this was simply more of the same. Someone at TSR saw that **BoL I** was doing well, made a few phone calls to writers and the whole thing was cranked out in a few weeks. One disappointing feature is the artwork - there is very little of it, and almost all comes from old sources, mostly the *Monster Manual*. Of course, this doesn't include the Elmore cover, which is well up to his usual standard - he should get some kind of award for drawing so many dragons and making them all different.

But in many ways, this second volume is an improvement on the first - it's certainly more than just a five-minute sequel. The encounters look good for the most part, with none of the '876 Undead' excesses of *BoL I*. OK, one encounter does feature 160 Mermen and another has 100 Dervishes, but the rest don't go beyond 20-30 low-level monsters or 1-4 more powerful ones. The encounters struck me as better planned and with more good ideas than many of those in *BoL I*. This may be a result of having so many contributors - even a creative genius can't possibly write 30-odd encounters, as Ward and Breault did, and make each a gem. There are more notes on lead-ins and setting up in this volume, which cuts down on the GM's preparation work without affecting the deployability of the encounters - the only thing you are constrained by is the terrain type. *BoL II* includes all the terrain types covered in *BoL I*, plus clouds and other planes.

The first *Book of Lairs* was a good idea, and I think *Book of Lairs II* is an improvement. The value for money is good, and if you are running an AD&D campaign below 10th level it's well worth looking at as a source of drop-in encounters and short adventures, or simply as a source of ideas that you can steal and develop in adventures you design yourself.

Graeme Davis

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AWESOME

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Work in Progress

Death on the Reik is now in typesetting, and looking good, Houston. Advance reports indicate that it will be the size of *The Enemy Within* and *Shadows over Bögenhafen* combined, boxed, with an 80-odd page adventure booklet, a 20-odd page booklet detailing the rivers of The Empire, with full boat-handling and trading rules, encounters and so on, a complete castle map, an area map, and much, much more - all for under a tenner!

Work on **The Power Behind the Throne**, the next instalment in the campaign, has already begun. *Power* has been written by WD's own brain care specialist, Carl Sargent, and will be set in the city of Middenheim, and featuring violence, skullduggery, corruption in high places... and Snotling football! Watch this space for further details.

And not content with that, yet a further instalment in the campaign is under way, from the world-famous pen of the world-famous Ken Rolston, who has been chained to a spare desk in the Design Studio for a couple of months. Ken's previous credits are impressive to say the least - he's worked on *Ghostbusters, Ghost Toasties, Paranoia*, just about every *Paranoia* adventure, *Lankhmar - City of Adventure, CA2, GAZ2, GAZ4, IM3, Superworld, Black Sword, Stealer of Souls, Borderlands, Pavis, Big Rubble, RuneQuest III, Star Wars* - phew! - and that's not all! He also writes a monthly review column for the *Dragon*, and is generally a major world-class game designer. Details of the **WFRP** adventure are sketchy at present, but apparently it will take the campaign into Kislev and there will be, to quote the author, 'way too many dead guys'. Knowing Ken's previous output, it should be a good one. And apparently, Ken will also be writing some material for WD while he's here - I didn't catch the details, but it was something about Mike Brunton having some photographs or something.

Talisman will soon be gaining a third expansion set, written by the game's designer, Bob Harris. Staff in the GW boardgames department are sworn to secrecy, but judicious use of the thumb-screws has revealed that it will feature 'something no expansions set has ever had before'. Jervis Johnson's sandwiches? The mind boggles...

Bzzzzzzzzzsplatclobbedaflobbeda-flobbeda! Following the success of *Chainsaw Warrior*, Stephen Hand (another recent addition to the GW design staff) is starting work on

THE GREAT WORLD FAMOUS GAMES DESIGNER. KEN ROLSTON.

Chainsaw Warrior II. This is *not* an expansion kit, but a whole new game, with a new board, a new mission, and is playable in its own right.

Frankenstein continues GW's policy of presenting boardgames in the best possible taste. Designed for 2-6 players, the game is one of building a monster out of whatever bits you can scrounge from the mortuary, graveyard or gibbet... or collect while fresh, thanks to a little, errr, murder - but *someone* has to make these sacrifices for Science. Such as the chief of police: *'One does not easily forget, Herr Baron, an arm ripped out by the roots...'* One imagines not. Once you've got the bits it's back to the lab and the embroidery needles. Then you've just got to sew the creature together and wait for a storm, all the while avoiding going *too* mad (the asylum awaits); Igor drinking the pickling alcohol; chunks of body rotting before you can use them; or said chunks coming to life and attacking you! Certain torsos are *particularly* resentful, as Graeme Davis, co-inventor of the game with Mike Brunton, will testify... This game is great fun but very, very silly. Ach, zese boys are sick.

Once Upon A Time...

Bob Malin was head of retail for Games Workshop (Hooray!). Then he became head of retail for Virgin Games (Booo!). Now, he's rejoined GW (Hooray!), in what is described as a 'pivotal' position.

Other additions to the list of GW pixies include *Bil* (aka *Bill Sedgewick*) of **Gobbledigook** fame who now has, among other things, input into the way *White Dwarf* looks. Can't see any extra Goblinz though... The other addition to GW's Design staff whose name has appeared recently in these pages is *Phil Lewis*, photographer, seer, *bon vivant*, and all-round good egg. But wait, there's one more! *Forest Baker* is the new head honcho (OK, Chief Executive Officer) of Games Workshop US.

All Mod Cons

Modena, home of Ferrari cars, will play host to Italy's small-but-growing games hobby on September 18th-20th, when Mod-Con 87 takes place. Events will include an AD&D championship, a Diplomacy tournament, and a game entitled 'I Signori del Caos' (Lords of Chaos). Hmm... sounds like just GW's sort of thing. For anyone thinking of jetting over, Bologna airport is a mere 30km away, and for further details contact Guido Tremazzi, c/o Orsa Maggiore, Piazza Matteotti 20, 41100 Modena, Italy.

The Gook Competition

'Wul wodda lodda zoggin klevadix wi goddout dere!' was the immediate reaction from the inimitable Goblin on being confronted with the unlikely, unimaginable, or unprintable situations he was to face in the stack of 'Gooketition' scripts.

'I'm off t'thu zoggin bog!' he added, which was quite apt really, since a fair proportion of the entries were decidedly scatological (well, look it up in a dictionary, then...). Other popular subjects ranged from Gook in Blood Bowl (unlikely) to Gook in love (unimaginable) to Gook in other (unprintable) situations. Giles Griffith, you're a sick man - get some therapy!

Eventually, a winner and runners-up were selected on their merits as complete scripts and Gookish character, as well as six honourable mentions for particular scenes/jokes/Gookishness which made us grin. Prizes will be winging their way to their warped creators as soon as Bil has drawn them, and will also appear in WD.

And now, the winners:

A winner! Brian 'Will' Turner (you guessed it - toilet humour!)
Neerly Winnerz: Hadmar Weiser (and we thought Austrians were sensible!), Gregory David, J. S. Herbert, Neil Cocker and D. F. Shaw (the old gags are the best).

Gookish Grinz: Michael Robinson, T. Uppington, Mark Poundsack, Julian Merriman, Dominic Camus, and A. Nonymous (witch & fleafur - giz yer name, eh?).

Gook would like to say a big 'Zog Off!' ('Thank you very much!') to all contributors. Keep bangin dem boncez!

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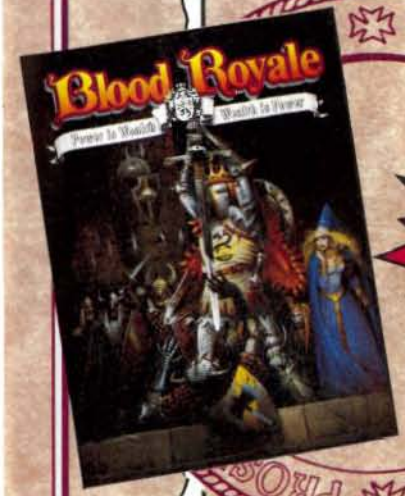

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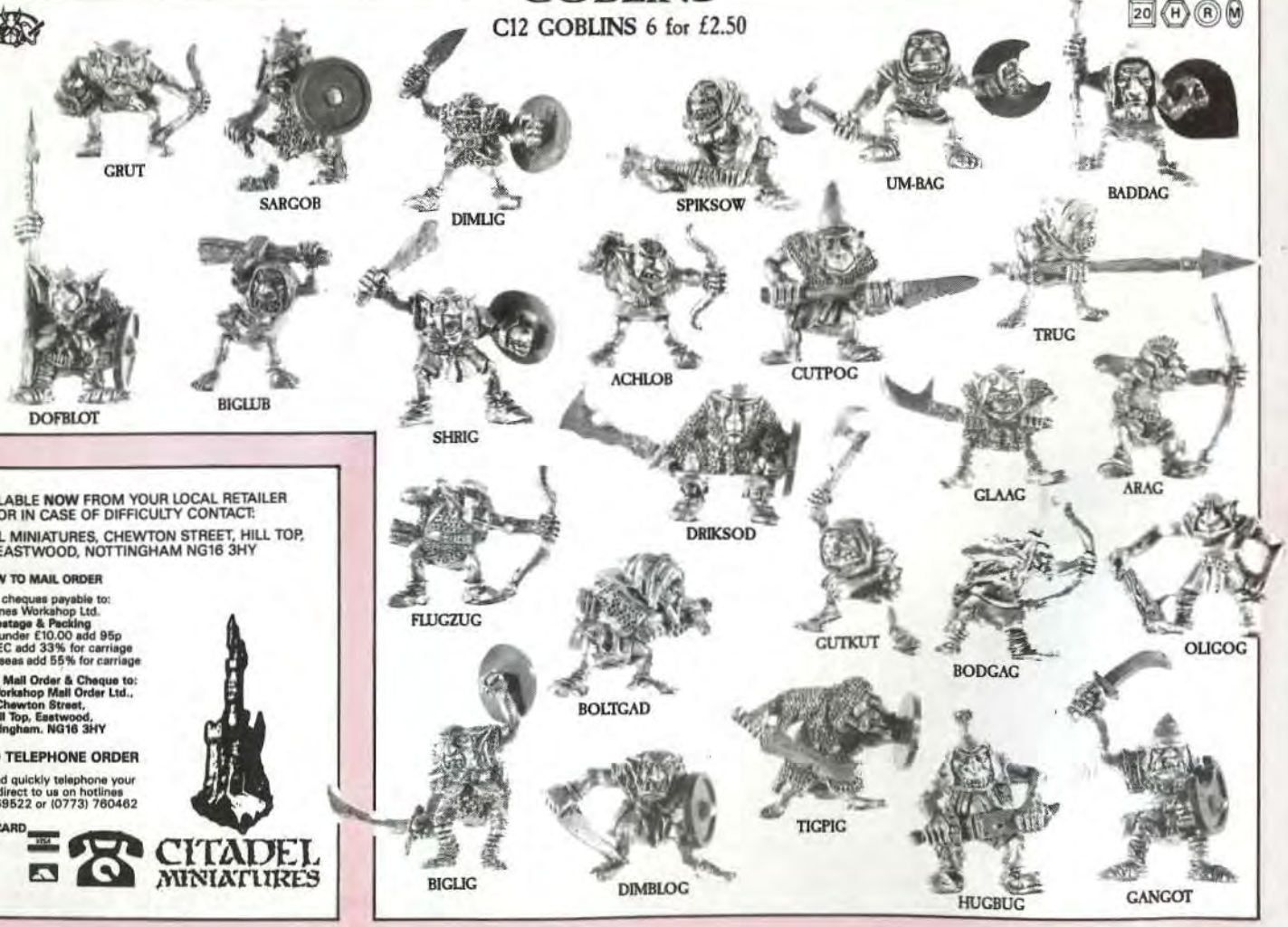

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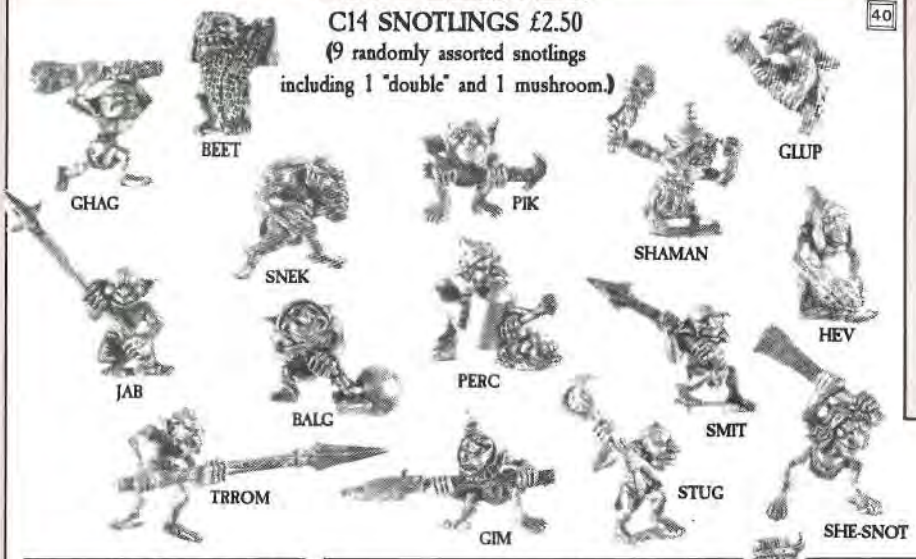

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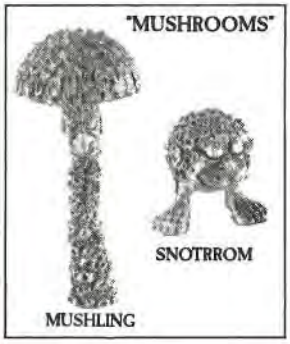

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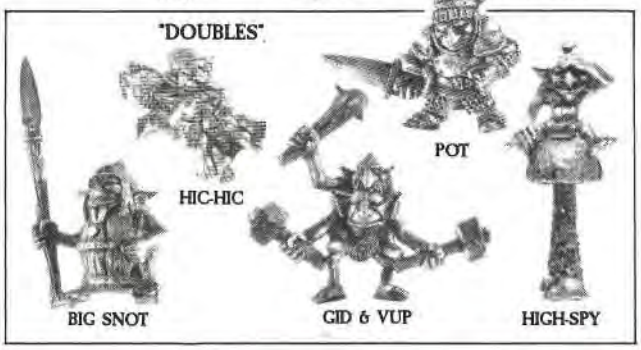

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Gothic HORROR

[25] [20] [H] [R] [M]

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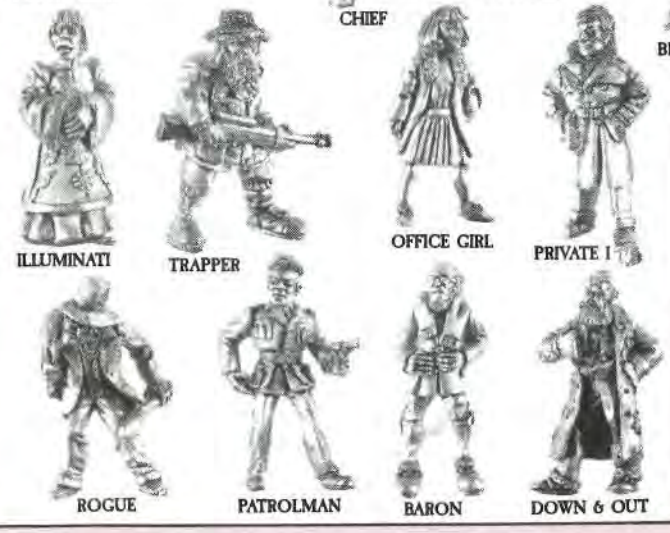

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Death On the Reik

By Phil Gallagher, Jim Bambra & Graeme Davis.

The heart-stopping **Enemy Within Campaign** continues in this extended boxed adventure pack for **Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay**. It includes a special **WFRP** Rules supplement, detailing river life and travel in The Empire, and providing a complete trading system. Packed with a plethora of maps and player handouts, it plunges the adventurers into a life and death struggle with the horrors that lurk beneath The Empire's placid surface. Can you root out this foul corruption, or will you become its latest victim?

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CRITICAL MASS

A regular book review column, written by Dave Langford

Holiday Reading

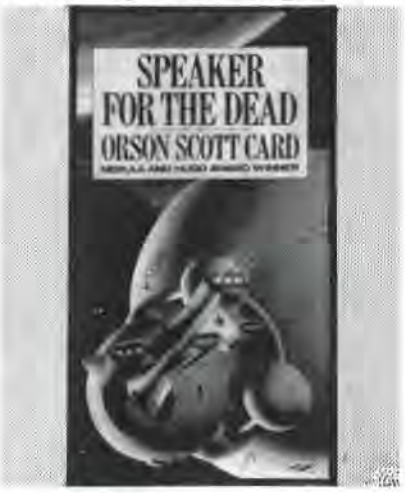
I don't know what you lot read on your holidays, but I can make exclusive revelations about mine: another stack of blasted review copies. These were scanned in the alien atmosphere of Snowdonia, where one travels by exotic conveyances like *bws* or *tacsi*, and there are few gaming opportunities outside the impenetrably named *cwrs golff* and *club snwcer...*

According to those who take awards seriously, Orson Scott Card will win several with **Speaker for the Dead** (Century 415pp £10.95). This ambitious sequel to his popular *Ender's Game* has lots going for it. A pleasant read; a deadly biological and anthropological puzzle (what's the life cycle of the primitive alien 'piggies' who apparently torture to death anyone who nears the truth?); religious/humanist frictions which for once in SF aren't embarrassingly one-sided; some genuine hate, fear and compassion.

What keeps this from being a fine book is the sense of slipshod construction. There are too many plot devices: a sentient computer network called Jane is unnecessary to the main action, and irritates by (a) immediately penetrating the alien mysteries; (b) keeping them dark from both hero and reader for no better reason than maintenance of plot tension. The biological riddle has one of the all too standard SF solutions (you know, it turns out that A metamorphoses into B, or C is symbiotic with D, or E is despite appearances just a pet of the secretly hyper-intelligent F...) and goes over the top with the gross improbability of a completely alien gene-unravelling virus which can infect humans. Most annoyingly, hero Ender Wiggin has it all too easy. He's so damned wonderful that other characters' lifelong personality problems dissolve after mere minutes of his presence. Despite token guilt at his genocide of the sensitively named alien 'buggers' (previous book), Ender never suffers for his triumphs - even though Card is strong on suffering for everyone else, and happily cripples a young boy to add needless excitement to the finale. I was impressed by this thoughtful SF adventure, but with reservations...

Alien biological puzzles include the strange symbiosis of Larry Niven, Jerry Pournelle and Steven Barnes in **The Legacy of Heorot** (Gollancz 352pp £10.95), where life seems easy on Earth's first alien colony. 'Too easy. I don't like it,' says (approximately) one macho character: sure enough, giant superpowered flesh-hungry newts are soon on the rampage. Despite initial losses, resourceful humanity hits back with giant superpowered flesh-hungry newt guns, only to run into a predictably unexpected ecological booby-trap. Despite the resulting thrill of tens of thousands of superpowered flesh-hungry newts interminably assaulting Mr Macho's survivalist stronghold, I was tormented by the nagging thought that this would have read better at one-third the length. So it goes.

Your reviewer has enthused too often about Robert Irwin's **The Arabian Nightmare** (Viking 282pp £10.95), that fantasy of a dark dream-Cairo which achieves the erudite fascination of *The Name of the Rose* with less neat explicability and more wit. This first mass-market appearance, fittingly illustrated with 19th-century lithographs, is very



welcome. Likewise **The Limits of Vision** (King Penguin 120pp £2.95), Irwin's equally deranged exploration of the metaphysics of dirt.

From the original publishers of *The Arabian Nightmare* comes **The Illumination of Alice J Cunningham** by Lyn Webster (Dedalus 306pp £9.95); an imaginative first novel which translates uncertain states of mind into an actual fantasy 'place' where the heroine seems trapped. Alice - significant name - manages to come to terms with life in fantasy and reality. A well-written and witty book which I enjoyed without deciphering *all* the allegorical bits. *Mea culpa*.

The Hour of the Thin Ox (Unwin Hyman 186pp £9.95) is a second novel from Colin Greenland, who writes impeccably, paints some colourful settings, and works at a more interesting technological level than most fantasy authors: no magic but balloons, primitive guns, low-tech biological warfare... After lengthy setting-up exercises, the complex tides of war bring together representatives of all three sides for a climatic battle of a very unusual nature. Greenland's real story begins in the southern jungle at about chapter 12, and continues into mystery beyond the end of the book: yet I don't think there's to be a sequel. Odd.

Academics and reference-book freaks might love the **Science Fiction Master Index of Names** by Keith L Justice (McFarland distributed by Bailey Bros & Swinfen 394pp £29.95), a guide to SF critical mentions which would be very useful to anyone writing a Definitive Thesis. I looked up Orson Scott Card and was directed to what's allegedly the only SF reference book to cover him - a German one! I'm sure he's in *Twentieth Century SF Writers*, a monumental work which Justice never mentions. Despite other biggish omissions, the book could still be handy in its extremely specialist field.

Philip K Dick thought **Dr Adder** by K W Jeter (Grafton 252pp £2.95) a masterpiece. Its energy is certainly impressively horrific, confronting the most unpleasant plausibilities of future surgical tampering used to gratify yucky longings. Do you have the hots for amputees, or ladies with teeth in hideously unexpected places? Dr Adder can arrange it. Whether these things *need* to be confronted is another question: I was glad I didn't confront them until several pints after dinner time. Jeter forces sympathy for Adder by pitting him against someone supposedly viler still, an immortal Moral Majority type whom Adder (now converted to a cyborg execution machine) meets in a final electronic duel which introduces an SF first - computerised pus. This one will ooze and ooze.

After scrubbing my page-turning fingers with Dettol, I attacked a heap of Gollancz's new 'VGSF' paperbacks. **Angel with the Sword** by C J Cherryh (VGSF 300pp £2.95) is a nice atmospheric melodrama set on sleazy alien canals, with a likeably rude and scruffy heroine. It zips smartly along to an inconclusive ending on p250: the last fifty pages are superfluous appendices, maps, etc, indicating not merely a sequel but considerable cheek. Cherryh is inviting other writers to set stories on this world, so they need these background notes, which the rest of us could do without paying for...

Other VGSF launch books include **The Faceless Man** by Jack Vance (206pp £2.50), formerly *The Anome*: one of his best SF novels, featuring fine local colour and an amazingly daft religion, it opens the *Durdane* trilogy (whose later books are inferior). **Mission of Gravity** by Hal Clement (203pp £2.50) is a 'hard SF classic' - that i, despite being unbrilliantly written with all-too-human aliens, its background of life under a crushing 700 gravities is most ingeniously imagined. **Hegira** by Greg Bear (222pp £2.95) is this now celebrated author's first novel, an odyssey across a weird world which is too complex to be explained other than in a chapter-long lecture: mindboggling fun. **Night Walk** by Bob Shaw (188pp £2.50) explores this author's fruitful fascination with eyesight as the helpless, blinded hero invents a strange way to see, escape his captors, and save the universe.

Greenhill's worthy series of SF/fantasy classics will reportedly end soon, poisoned by the fangs of inadequate library funding. **The Blind Spot** by Austin Hall and Homer Eon Flint (Greenhill 255pp £8.95) is that strange phenomenon, a novel popular in its day for reasons incomprehensible after 66 years. You can enjoy spotting the howlers in this dotty pulp melodrama and trying to work out what'll happen next, information quite evidently hidden from the authors...

Other reissues come from Judith Tarr, whose **The Isle of Glass** (Corgi 288pp £2.50) opens the very literate *Hound and the Falcon* trilogy of medieval fantasy whose final volume I'll be muttering about next issue; and Mary Brown, whose **The Unlikely Ones** (Arrow 426pp £3.50) has some charm but urgently needs a leavening of fantasy's grimmer side: the unlikely fellowship never passes through shadows dark enough to bring a contrasting glow to the happy ending's pastel colours.

As holiday relief from the above, I spent a lot of time staring at the high-tech artefact which Welsh natives call a *telefision*...

Dave Langford

GHOSTIES & GHOULIES & ..SQUID?

THE 'MYTHS' BEHIND THE GAME IN CALL OF CTHULHU

by Simon Nicholson

Call of Cthulhu is a deservedly popular roleplaying game. It has been praised for its originality and simplicity, and for its strong atmosphere.

Illustrated by Dave Carson.

Yet there is one aspect of the game which continues to cause controversy among old and new players alike - the Cthulhu Mythos itself. This article will attempt to clear up the confusion regarding H P Lovecraft's legacy.

In all of this, I am not putting forward an argument for materialism. This is a statement of *Lovecraft's* philosophy, and an explanation of how the Cthulhu Mythos arose out of it. As a matter of fact, I disagree with almost all of Lovecraft's views. That does not mean I cannot enjoy roleplaying in a world based upon those views. On the contrary, it is refreshingly good to be able to play a game in which the very nature of life, the Universe and everything has already been decided. Combining this philosophy with the historical setting of 1920s society effectively means that *Call of Cthulhu* has more potential detail than any other roleplaying game. It is no wonder that the atmosphere comes across so strongly. The world presented might be our very own, as opposed to a Lovecraftian mirror of it.

To simply say that Lovecraft wrote horror stories would be misleading. You will find no ghosts, no vampires, and no werewolves in his tales. Instead, Lovecraft achieved something truly unique. He wrote horror stories based on the non-existence of the supernatural! Allow me to explain...

Howard Phillips Lovecraft was an atheist, a materialist and a nihilist. He denied the existence of a spiritual world, saying that he was '...never a believer in the prevailing abstract and barren Christian Mythology'.

In Lovecraft's day, Science had already conflicted with religious belief. Science said that Man is not a product of the Garden of Eden but of the evolutionary process. It said that Man is a complex biological machine, little removed from his ancestral apes. It said that Man does not inhabit the centre of the Universe, but a small planet orbiting a small star in a galaxy of millions of stars.

This is what Lovecraft believed. He didn't actually like the idea, but he bitterly accepted it as a logical conclusion to the evidence provided by science. As he once wrote:

'...Life is a hideous thing, and from the background behind what we know of it peer demoniacal hints of truth which make it sometimes a thousandfold more hideous. Science, always oppressive with its shocking revelations, will perhaps be the ultimate exterminator of our human species... for its reserves of unguessed horrors could never be borne by mortal brains.'

When Lovecraft referred to Science as 'the ultimate exterminator' he was not talking about nuclear weapons or germ warfare. He meant that, as our knowledge of the Universe increased, so we would come to realise that our civilisation and all it stood for was without purpose and meaning. A society which knew it was meaningless would collapse. How could it function if it knew that nothing has a purpose?

To Lovecraft, the 'crawling and miserable vermin called human beings' were an insignificant speck in a vast meaningless universe. He felt that science would eventually prove this to be the Absolute Truth if we pursued it. His beliefs are echoed in his creation: the Cthulhu Mythos.

The Fundamental Laws of the Cthulhu Mythos

1. There are no 'God' the 'Devil' or their equivalent. There is no spiritual world and no afterlife. Only the material Universe exists. After death, there is nothing. We cease to exist. There is only complete oblivion.
2. The Universe is governed by the physical laws of Nature. There can be nothing such as the 'supernatural', since nothing can be above these laws. This does not mean that ghosts, for example, cannot exist, but if they do exist then they must be natural physical phenomena which science cannot yet explain. They are not 'spirits'.
3. All life is simply an accident, an event shaped by the laws of nature. The human race is a random product of evolution. There is no such thing as an abstract, spiritual 'soul' - consciousness is a collection of electrochemical signals in the brain. Man is a complex biological machine whose existence is without purpose or meaning.
4. Humanity is insignificant to the cosmos as a whole. The Universe is so vast that the human brain could not begin to realise the immense size of just one part. Earth is just one of the planets in just one of the systems in just one of the galaxies in a universe of countless galaxies.
5. Man is not the only lifeform. As well as the other terrestrial forms of life, there are many alien beings of which we know nothing. Most of these alien beings are so advanced, so vast, so complex, so utterly alien that we would have trouble comprehending them. Humanity is as insignificant to these creatures as insects are to humanity. Cthulhu is one such creature.
6. Religious and moral values are human concepts, as insignificant as humanity. This is simple nihilism. 'Good' actually means 'whatever is beneficial to humanity', and is not a universal concept but an extension of the human survival instinct. Good and Evil cannot, therefore, be applied to non-human entities. These aliens will have their own concepts: many are simply indifferent to mankind - sometimes they kill us because we are in their way, or because their survival depends upon it. This is no more 'evil' than stepping on an insect accidentally, or killing an animal for food.

Note that in Lovecraft's view God is the personification of Good; the Devil is the personification of Evil. However, God and the Devil have no place in his Cthulhu Mythos. Instead we have Azathoth, who personifies the blind indifferent mechanistic forces of the cosmos, and Nyarlathotep, who personifies cosmic randomness and chaos.

This is what makes the stories of the Cthulhu Mythos so terrifying. Lovecraft's bleak vision holds that humanity is insignificant, its beliefs and values meaningless. Naturally, human beings find this hard to accept.

The shattering revelation of utter insignificance and cosmic indifference is too much to take. It is all the more shocking when we are presented with hard evidence and the illusions fail. We go insane.

'The most merciful thing in the world, I think, is the inability of the human mind to correlate all its contents. We live on a placid island of ignorance in the midst of black seas of infinity, and it was not meant that we should voyage far. The sciences, each straining in its own direction, have hitherto harmed us little; but some day the piecing together of dissociated knowledge will open up such terrifying vistas of reality, and of our frightful position therein, that we shall either go mad from the revelation or flee from the deadly light into the peace and safety of a new dark age.'

The Call of Cthulhu

If all of this seems stupid, consider what was happening in Lovecraft's lifetime. Darwinism had taken a hold; Einstein had presented his theories on relativity; a war had been fought with weapons of technology. The Age of Science had begun.

Some people didn't want the Age of Science to begin. There was a retreat into Mysticism and mystical philosophy - things which Science couldn't yet explain. Hence the Order of the Golden Dawn, Madame Blavatsky's Theosophical Society and the impact of Aleister Crowley.

Esprit de Corpse

Many people like to use the 'conventional' monsters of horror in their *Call of Cthulhu* games: vampires, werewolves, zombies, and so on. This is fine. It doesn't matter that these creatures aren't in any the Mythos tales - if they work in the game, fine! The enjoyment of the players should always come first and meeting such 'old friends' is bound to be enjoyable... for a while.

It is possible, however, to use these traditional monsters in a Mythos fashion. You can always come up with a pseudo-scientific explanation if necessary. Lovecraft managed this, after all, with the zombie in his (now famous) short story *Herbert West - Reanimator*. The eponymous protagonist discovers how to chemically induce life (of a sort) back into a corpse. Or part of a corpse...

Perhaps a vampire is really some kind of alien being, capable of draining a person's life-force. Similarly, lycanthropy might be some form of extraterrestrial virus which restructures DNA and cell regeneration, so that the victim 'grows' into something rather different. The Old Ones in *At the Mountains of Madness* are amazing genetic engineers, and they might be responsible for any number of supposedly mythical beasts. According to the Cthulhu Mythos, they are indirectly responsible for mankind itself.

All of the traditional monsters are surrounded by popular myth and legend - and you can use this to effect in your game. Legend can be so very misleading. If the player characters get the slightest idea of what they are up against, you can bet they will stock up with traditional remedies and precautions: silver bullets, stakes and mallets, crucifixes, vials of holy water, garlic, wolfsbane, bell, book and candle... everything bar the mythical kitchen sink.

They won't then be expecting vampires that walk in daylight, or lycanthropes that can change into something far nastier than a wolf, regardless of the lunar phase. And if God doesn't exist within the Mythos, holy water and crucifixes are going to be pretty useless. As always, investigators who rush in heroically will have to learn the hard way...

... A crash of thunder shook the castle as Dr Van Helsing raised the crucifix. 'Back, spawn of Satan!'

Count Dracula strolled towards the Doctor, smiling. 'Actually, I'm an atheist...'

So where does Black Magic and the Occult come into the game? Simple: it doesn't. The fundamental principles of the Mythos do not allow the occurrence of supernatural events, and if the Devil doesn't exist in the Mythos, practising black magics and Crowleyan rituals isn't going to get you very far.

This is not to say that you cannot do things which might be perceived as 'magic'. There are many things which Science does not yet understand. For example, 400 years ago, you could have been burned at the stake as a witch for making voices come from a box; nowadays you can turn on a radio without thinking. Perhaps in 400 years time we will understand technologies which would presently appear to be 'magic'.

In other words, feel free to use lots of 'magic' in your game. In *Call of Cthulhu* we must simply assume that magic is the manipulation of the material universe by unknown (though

natural) means. Magical power will therefore have to come from those who understand it - the Great Old Ones, the advanced alien races. But why should these superior, incomprehensible beings grant magical power to mere humans?

It would be impossible for a human being to understand the minds of such totally alien entities without going mad. This goes for GMs too! It is best to ignore whatever designs or plans the alien might have in mind for the universe - this is out of the scope of a mere campaign. Concentrate on what immediately attracts the attention of the creature. Assume it has a basic survival instinct, and does whatever is in its best interests.

Consider, for example, the cult of Cthulhu. At the time of the game, Cthulhu is somehow imprisoned beneath the sea - he (it?) lies in a deathless sleep in the city of R'lyeh. Possibly because of his alien origin, he cannot rise again until 'the stars are right'. Although physically trapped, Cthulhu can reach out to his worshippers through visions and dreams. His immediate interest is getting free.

Lesser servants and worshippers are clearly useful to Cthulhu: they can carry out his will and are unaffected by the stars. They are his eyes and tentacles in the world, feeding him information and carrying out his will. And, of course, there are some things which Cthulhu simply cannot do but a human can, even though Cthulhu is already well served by the race of Deep Ones. Their aquatic nature rather restricts movement about the planet, so if human beings want to serve too, then Cthulhu is not going to turn them away.

If worshippers are granted 'magical' power, it is so that they can become better servants. As the worshipper delves deeper into the secret rituals and magics, so he becomes enmeshed in the service of Cthulhu. He may not even understand what it is that he is doing or saying to help - all he might know is that Cthulhu wishes it. At first, the worshipper will feel he benefits from the service, he is, after all, being given amazing magical power. It does not matter that this power can only be used to aid Cthulhu. By the time the truth becomes apparent, the worshipper will be too insane to care. His fate is bound up with Cthulhu.

Everything must be done to prepare for the time when R'lyeh will rise from the sea, and Cthulhu will be Great Cthulhu once more. Remember, the Earth once belonged to him: it will belong to him again. What will happen to the human worshippers then? It is hard to tell. Cthulhu doesn't understand human ways. Lack of comprehensive works in both directions: it just isn't possible for Cthulhu to understand the workings of minds as alien (to him) as those of humans.

When 'the stars are right' and Cthulhu does take over the world there will be very few people capable of worrying. It is likely that he (it) will dispose of those who are no longer useful, or simply ignore them. But Cthulhu isn't a bad old chap really. If you have served truly and faithfully worshipped with all your sanity I'm sure you will be rewarded with the greatest gift of all...

He will turn you into a Deep One so that you can serve him forever.

Lovecraft's Writing

H P Lovecraft was not a great writer. His characters are two-dimensional at best, his various protagonists indistinguishable. The plots of his stories often rely on revelatory 'shock horror' endings, or are simply non-existent. His narrative style is atrocious. The reader has to wade through adjective after adjective of florid prose, where everything is 'foetid', 'blasphemous', 'eldritch' and 'Cyclopean'.

It is the content of his stories which make Lovecraft special. Recognising that modern readers would not be impressed by ghosts and the like, he set out to create an erudite myth that would convince by its plausibility and circumstantial detail. Like all writers, he used his fiction as a vehicle for his own philosophical beliefs. It is through the stories that aspects of the Cthulhu Mythos can be glimpsed.

Lovecraft's only other important invention was the fictional *Dreamlands* setting. The stories based upon it are pure fantasy, heavily inspired by the similar works of Lord Dunsany. One should not confuse these Dreamworld stories with the Cthulhu Mythos tales. Certainly there are connections between the two - inevitably, since Lovecraft wrote them all - but the Dreamworld is meant to be fantastic. It has none of the bleak pessimism of the Cthulhu Mythos. These Dunsanian tales are not inferior to the Mythos; they are simply too different to compare.

Many ridiculous errors been perpetrated connecting Lovecraft with Black Magic and the Occult, claiming that he had some 'mystical insight'. In fact, Lovecraft had nothing but scorn for those who believe in witchcraft. Lovecraft's own imagination was responsible for most of the spells, books and names in his stories. He simply used them to colour his work in an authentic way. He would repeat these details in other stories, thus lending a certain consistency to the Mythos. The most famous of these inventions must surely be the *Necronomicon*, a hideous tome penned by the mad Arab Abdul Alhazred. Though totally fictitious, many were convinced of its existence...

Lovecraft may have become rather overrated, but his work is not without value. There is something remarkable about the imaginative content of his stories. Though not a major writer, he is psychologically one of the most interesting of his generation.

One of the problems encountered when trying to piece together the Cthulhu Mythos is that Lovecraft didn't always take it completely seriously. The Robert Blake character in *The Haunter of the Dark*, for instance, was an in-joke for Lovecraft's friend Robert Bloch. Similarly, the author of *Cultes des Ghoules* is the Comte D'Erlette, a reference to August Derleth, who formed Arkham House Publishing and assured that Lovecraft's work survived to the present day. Lovecraft also encouraged his friends to contribute Mythos stories.

And this is where problems arise.

When August Derleth composed his own Mythos fiction, he borrowed and mixed ideas from the Cthulhu Mythos and Dunsanian Dreamworld. The result is an invented and different crypto-Cthulhu Mythos, with a fallen-to-Earth Cthulhu and the Old Ones battling with humanoid Nodens and the Elder Gods for possession of the Earth.

In these stories, heroic investigators wield Elder Signs like crucifixes, often defeating the Old Ones! There is an incident in one story where the hero has a bag full of Elder

Signs, and uses them to surround a house! Sometimes the investigators form alliances with Old Ones - for instance, the Dr Shrewsbury character takes advantage of an enmity between Hastur and Cthulhu: he gains lots of magic and power and knowledge from Hastur to defeat the Deep Ones. Why he doesn't go completely insane is a mystery.

This is somewhat different to Lovecraft's stark and pessimistic vision. Needless to say, many Lovecraft scholars do not appreciate August Derleth's contribution.

Call of Cthulhu is a game which features both Derleth's and Lovecraft's ideas. Although the designers claim to have missed out Derleth's idea of a 'war in heaven' because they felt it weakened the original concept, they have not ignored it. The game still contains Dunsanian Dreamworld creatures and places, Elder Signs, Hastur, Ithaqua, Cthugha, and more. This isn't a weakness - on the contrary, the *Dreamlands* supplement means that the players can adventure in either of Lovecraft's worlds, rather like having two games in one.

Whether you choose to play by Derleth's dualist black-and-white Mythos or by Lovecraft's bleak grey Mythos is up to you. Lovecraft's Mythos is certainly more powerful, more devastating. Derleth's follows a more adventurous style which suits large parties of investigators. There is a lot of gaming fun to be had from both. But it is important that you do choose if you want to get the most out of your game. The two styles are very different, and it would be an inconsistent game which tried to use both.

If the Elder Gods are around to help humanity, this will eventually become clear in your campaign - are the player characters surviving because they run away from hopeless situations, or because they can come up with some powerful weapon from somewhere? Just why should something be turned back by an Elder Sign? Indeed, is it?

When, in the final, climatic encounters, the investigators come up against overwhelming forces of horror, they may begin to wonder if anybody can help them...

And it would be useful if you knew whether there was anybody... anything...

Simon Nicholson

Advanced RuneQuest

Fantasy Roleplaying Adventure

HIGH ADVENTURE

ADVANCED RUNEQUEST is the second volume in the series of RuneQuest hardback books. It is a Companion Volume to the basic RUNEQUEST FANTASY ROLEPLAYING ADVENTURE rulebook, which is already causing a tidal wave of popularity for this well-established game. What the first book started, Advanced RuneQuest takes even further!

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OOPS!

Fumbles in Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay

by Ashley Dennison with Graeme Davis

The Critical Hits system in **Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay** allows characters to benefit from a lucky or exceptionally well-placed blow, but there is no provision for the opposite situation - where a character gets things spectacularly wrong and something really catastrophic occurs. This short article provides a critical fumble system for use in the same vein as the critical hit system.

Determining Critical Fumbles

When a character fails an attack roll by rolling higher than his or her **WS** *and rolls a double*, a fumble has occurred. Thus, for example, a character with a **WS** of 45 will fumble on a roll of 55, 66, 77, 88, 99 or 00.

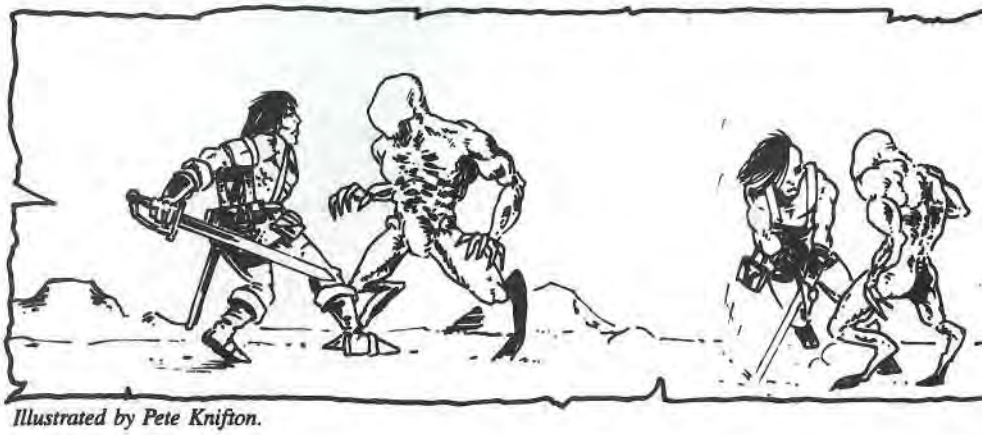
When a fumble occurs, make a note of the number rolled and consult the relevant table.

Table 1: One and two-handed weapons, including polearms

Roll	Result
11	In a particularly impressive manoevre, you manage to bring the business end of your weapon crashing down into your own leg (roll D6: 1-3 left, 4-6 right). Ouch! Don't forget to add your *Strength* to the attack.
22	Your mighty blow misses your opponent and carries on straight into the ground. Your weapon shatters with a bright, crisp crack, and your arm is only marginally better off. Lose 10 **Dex** and 10 **I** for the next five rounds and any attacks for the next round - and hope you have another weapon you can use.
33	Your weapon whistles through the air towards your opponent, but leaves your grasp and flies D6 yards in a random direction (roll D8: 1 forward, 2 forward right, 3 right, 4 back right, 5 back, 6 back left, 7 left, 8 forward left).
44	Having no sense of fair play at all, your opponent sidesteps a blow which would have cut him in half. You are unable to stop the blow, and stumble, falling to the ground. You take D4 rounds to get up, and while you are down your opponent has a +10 bonus to **WS** when attacking you.
55	You overreach yourself and almost stumble, twisting your ankle in the effort to recover. Lose 1 **M** and 10 **I** for the next 5 rounds.
66	An over-enthusiastic blow misses, and you find that you have stretched just that little bit too far, leaving you open for a counterattack. Lose 20 **I** for the next round; you may parry, not attack.
77	Your weapon twists in your hand; you don't quite drop it, but you lose any chances to attack or parry with it in this round.
88	Your weapon clashes with your opponent's guard, jarring your arm. Lose the next chance to attack.
99	Your blow goes wild, leaving you in an awkward position. Your opponent will attack first next round, regardless of your **I** score.
00	Your attack is awkward; you need to recover from it before you can strike again. Lose 10 **I** and 10 **WS** for the next round.

Table 2: Fist and Natural Weapons

Roll	Result
11	With a loud and painful crunch, the bones of your hand/jaw/whatever break. Lose 1 **W**; the attack mode is incapacitated until you receive medical attention, and the pain halves all your percentage characteristics.
22	Pain flares as you tear some important muscles; the attack mode is incapacitated for D6 rounds, and even then attacks with only half the normal **WS** until medical attention is received.
33	Attacking with more enthusiasm than accuracy, you suddenly find yourself on the ground. You take D4 rounds to get to your feet, during which time your opponent gains a +10 bonus to **WS** and you may only parry.
44	You blow misses you opponent, and the momentum takes you with it. You may not attack next round, and your opponent gains a +10 bonus to **WS**.
55	You overreach yourself and almost stumble, twisting your ankle in the effort to recover. Lose 1 **M** and 10 **I** for the next 5 rounds.
66	An over-enthusiastic blow misses, and you find that you have stretched just that little bit too far, leaving you open for a counterattack. Lose 20 **I** for the next round; you may parry, not attack.
77	Your blow connects painfully with something solid - you lose the use of this attack mode until the end of the next round.



Illustrated by Pete Knifton.

88	Your blow clashes with your opponent's guard, jarring your arm/leg/whatever. Lose the next hance to attack.
99	Your blow goes wild, leaving you in an awkward position. Your opponent will attack first next round, regardless of your **I** score.
00	Your attack is awkward; you need to recover from it before you can strike again. Lose 10 **I** and 10 **WS** for the next round.

Table 3: Non-Gunpowder Missile Weapons

Roll	Result
11	As you are preparing to loose your missile, your hand slips and the missile neatly skewers your foot. Lose **W** points as normal. You must spend the next round recovering; if you were using a bow or crossbow, you may only move in very small circles during that time.
22	Your weapon cracks or tears, becoming unusable. If you are using a bow or crossbow, the tension of the string brings a piece of wood lashing back into your face; take a **S** 1 hit, modified by armour only if you are wearing a closed helmet. The weapon, of course, is useless.
33	A crack or tear appears in your weapon. Every time you use it, there is a 20% chance that it will break, with the results described for a roll of 11 above.
44	Your weapon falls from your nerveless fingers; lose all attacks this round.
55	Your bowstring or sling breaks, and you may not fire again until you have replaced it.
66	Your bolt or arrow breaks, or the stone drops out of your sling. Lose this attack.
77, 88	You fail to load properly, and the missile falls to the ground. You may load again, firing at the beginning of the next round.
99, 00	You drop all your ammunition. Unless you waste D3 rounds picking it all up, your **I** is halved for determining when you fire, for the rest of the battle.

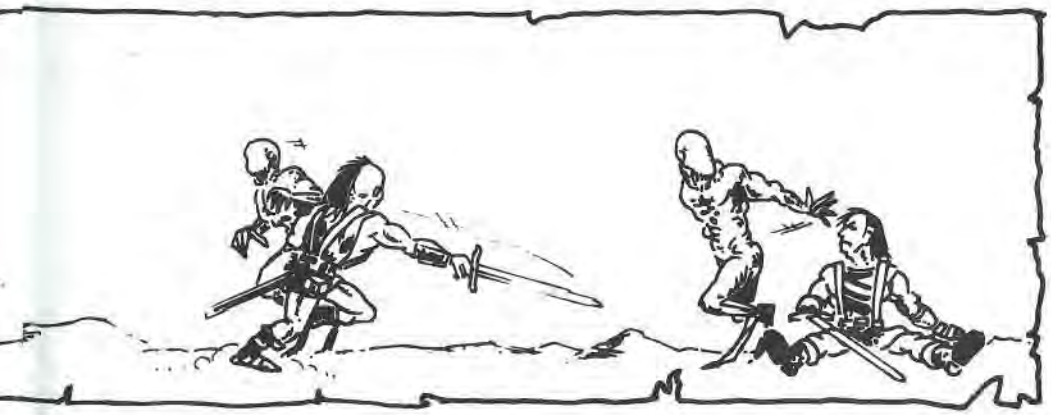
Table 4: Thrown Missiles

Roll	Result
11	You hurl your weapon with savage force, and something goes snap in your shoulder. Lose 1 **W**. You may do nothing but whimper until medical attention is received.
22, 33	You pull a muscle in your upper back. Lose all actions except movement for D4 rounds. **WS**, **BS** and **Dex** with that arm are halved until medical attention is received.
44	Your throw goes wild. Roll D6: 1-3 left, 4-6 right. Test your **BS** again if there is any creature in danger of being hit.
55	You hurl your weapon and fall flat on your face in a single smooth motion. You take D3 rounds to get back to your feet, during which time anyone attacking you hand-to-hand gains a +10 onus to **WS**.
66, 77	You hurl your weapon and stumble, but do not quite fall over. Lose your next attack as you recover your balance.
88, 99	You hurl your weapon, lose your balance slightly and spin round in a half-circle, ending up facing the wrong way. Halve your **I** to determine when you act next round.
00	Your missile twists from your grasp at a critical moment and falls at your feet.

Table 5: Parrying Weapons and Shields

Roll	Result
11	Your parry fails miserably, and you lean right into the incoming blow. Calculate damage as normal, then lose *double* that number of **W** points.
22	You parry with a flourish, but the effect is somewhat spoiled as your parrying weapon spins through the air, coming to rest D6 feet away, or your shield slithers down your arm to land at your feet. You may not parry again until you have prepared another parrying weapon.
33	You parry your opponent's feint, and walk right into a haymaker. Take 1 **W** point of additional damage from the blow.
44	Sweeping past your parry, the blow knocks you off your feet. It takes D4 rounds to stand up, during which time you may only parry and your opponent gains a +10 bonus to **WS**.
55, 66	Your feeble parry does nothing to stop the blow, which winds you. You may only parry until the end of the next round.
77, 88	Your opponent's blow smashes through your parry, destroying your parrying weapon and cutting into your arm for a normal hit. The parrying weapon has taken some of the force out of the blow; treat your arm as having 1 armour point against this particular blow. You may not parry again until you prepare another parrying weapon.
99, 00	Your opponent's blow wrenches your parrying weapon from your grasp, tearing the straps in the case of a shield. You may not parry again until you prepare another parrying weapon.

Ashley Dennison with Graeme Davis



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THRUD TH BARBARIAN
GETS STREET CRED
JUST LOOK AT ALL THIS SUPER-DUPER HI-TECH STUFF COMING OUT THESE DAYS - IRELKON IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU GOT A NEW IMAGE ME OLD MATE!
SO...
WEIRD GE
AST SAVAGES
TORCYCLE DEALERS
PROP MATT BLAK
SECONDHAND BIKES
SOON...
POST APOCALYPSE WASTELA
den Centre
OPEN
© CARL CEPTOWLOW '87
SO NOW I'VE GOT A NEW, MODERN, ALTERNATIVE IMAGE, WHAT NEXT?
SIMPLE - WE GO DOWN THE PUB, WAIT FOR SOMEONE TO SPILL YOUR BEER, THEN YOU KILL EVERYONE OF COURSE!
OH THAT'S ALRIGHT THEN

QUOTES FOR A NEWER TESTAMENT?

DAVID LANGFORD

And in those days were signs and portents, and prophesyings of woe unto the righteous; wherefore, in the eightieth year or thereabouts, when a great and evil multitude did set itself against the free people of Berkshire, the wrath of God (or Goddess) waxed mightily, and - I find this very difficult. Cristofer tells me his precious books and fiche say that for high and holy things you need the high style. When I try it, the sentences will just never end. As for writing that here in Royal Berkshire there are two hundred and seventy score of the allegedly faithful, or possibly ten-score-and-three-score-and-ten-score, well, there has to be an easier way.

The thing has happened, though, the thing he called Molnya. We need to write it down safely as a myth on the flyleaves and in the margins of these Acid Free Books. So my dear Cristofer says. Because it's too long after the Fall for us to cope with the 'truth', and sure enough, I don't believe a word of his patchwork explanation. (Squinting at those fiche through the burning-glass has burned funny patches inside his head. I know, for all his talk about objective knowledge). This way, maybe, the fear of God or Goddess will make our people nicer. Not that I can see much sign of it.

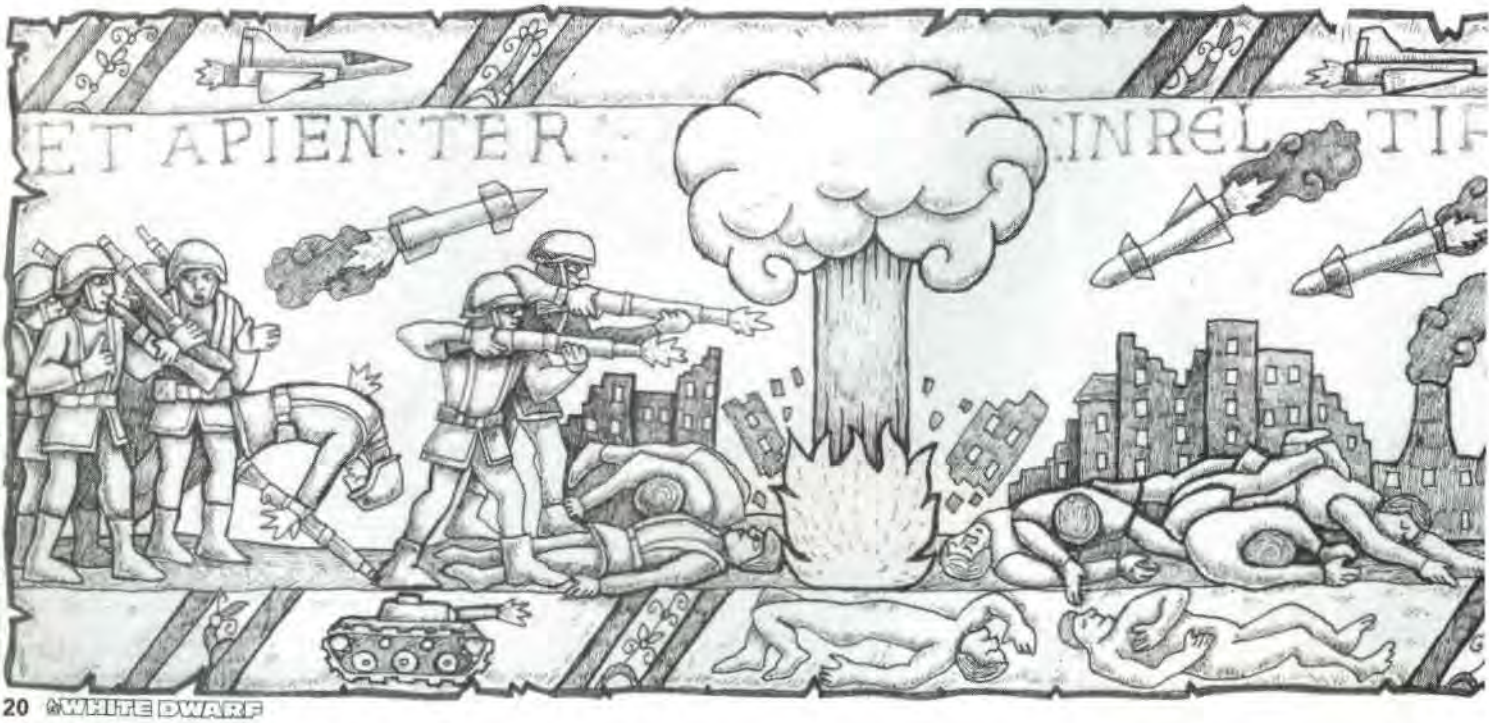
From the north they came, from evil waste places and wilderness where sickness yet abides, even from Birmingham and the Midlands came they; and they were slayers of men and slayers of women, and a fire of wrath burned in their hearts, and the blackness of malice was in their eyes, and all manner of foul speaking lay like poison on their tongues, and in number they were a great multitude ... 'Katrin darling,' I can hear him saying, 'you just need to stop tacking on those *ands*.' That's the whole trouble; there's never any logical place to stop. Actually they were a sorry sort of destroying hordes, three or four generations onward and far too many marches through the sick places. We take an interest in history, here in Berks - at least I do and Cristofer does, and quite a few Olders of the County Council even if the rest are all obsessed with potatoes, rapeseed and chard. From the decaying papers and memories we put it together: the Army scattered just before the Fall as a survival measure and got no leadership afterwards of course, so they carried on living off the land - meaning the rest of us. For a long while they'd been the North's problem, seeing as the South fell further (or was fallen on), but now ... *From the North the news came before them, a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night; four days' march from our land they were seen, belwo Banbury-that-was, and the beacons went up, and the people of Berkshire were sore afraid. Round green-shrouded Oxford in the Six-Hour-Exposure-Zone, and southward and eastward across the Downs the beacons flared high on the pylons of the old Grid, even on the holy pylons where once had pulsed the glory of 400,000 volts.*

I absolutely refuse to translate 400,000 into so many score. Score are bunk anyway. The years of our life are three score and ten, it says, and though we're nearly the healthiest people in the island we barely average half that. (The Crab takes fewer year by year, but the plagues seem hardier). Cristofer, always ready for a pointless argument, suggested the years were longer now. The fiche have addled his brain.

Anyone's brain would get addled by the stuff written down before the Fall. We only have dead peoples' word for it that volts are things of power which could move the dead images on the screens the simple folk pray to, and which never move now, no matter how finely crafted by the best of artists, the Invader and the Pacman and the rest. Dead people can be such liars. When Cristofer showed me stories about the whole world being destroyed from edge to edge, which plainly it was not, I asked him how he could believe the others about men on the moon (never women, that's a sure sign of patriarchal myth, eh!) or armed machines thjat watch us from the other side of the sky. 'I have faith', he said in an odd, flat voice. You never get anywhere with Cristofer when he talks like that.

And the people were sore afraid, and they called on their Gods, and the Gods of the screens answered not. And they went up unto the palace of the County Council, which in its greatness and glory had two uncracked windows and most of a roof, and there they asked how they should be saved; and the Olders looked to each other, and answered not..

I may have to tone this down a bit: the council actually droned on at appalling length, but there was a certain lack of content, as Cristofer failed to make himself popular by mentioning. What did he think he was, a mere librarian and record-keeper,



Illustrated by David Andrews.

getting above himself just because the Curator of Relics (me) let him into her bed, disturbing the lofty process of debate, he should be out weeding the fields, and so on. Poor dear, and him with only one foot, too. (Congenital).

Is it even possible to translate the geography of all this into the High Style? By now we'd heard from rabbit-hunters on the fringes of the Chilterns that Rickman's Army, scruffier than ever, was lounging its way down the old A423 which runs southeast from Oxford and crosses the Thames at Henley. Rickman was the current leader - I don't know how they choose their leaders, probably ordeal by biting the heads off rats or something similar - and he asked nothing more from life than free food, women and young boys for himself and, where possible, his ragtag followers. So the rabbit and rat-hunters reported. We, meanwhile, were in the clear patch of Berkshire just west of Windsor Forest, at a safe distance from London-that-was to the east, the remains of Strike Command HQ at High Wycombe in the north, and the western chunks of the county, Reading and beyond, which had paid the penalty for making and storing the devices of the Fall. Damn it, geography's boring. Cut it down to this:

And those who snared food in the Chiltern Hills told us of the host which came straight as any arrow, laying waste the small settlements and most abominably using the people thereof, nor did they spare any by occasion of ages, or of sex or of honour, richness or poorness, sickness or health. (I may go into detail here when the memories have got far enough away to blur into blue distance. How can people? But it seems they always have). *And the people were sore afraid* no, we've had that twice *were smitten with mortal terror, for that the evil was nigh unto them, a score and six kilometres north and east of what was the motorway called M4. And they said, Who shall aid us now?*

Really those farmers fluttered around like frightened chickens, the Coucil not excepted. We should run away in a unified front, they said - at the pace of the slowest, no doubt, with Rickman famous for vindictiveness in the face of games like that. We should scatter and hide in the woods - but nobody wanted to meet the rabble alone. We should march to meet them, Cristofer suggested disgracefully, and fight with our rusty hoes and pickaxes at Henley Bridge. 'Who will stand on either hand and keep the bridge with me?' he carolled, and his wooden foot siezed up again and he nearly fell over.

Then he went all serious.

There was a way, he told the Council, while that old hag the Chair twittered away in a soft undercurrent of sound. Primitive, warlike creatures like Rickman's Army were known to be ever so superstitious. Therefore, while there was time, let the able-bodied minority of the Royal Berkshire carry north-west the most awe-inspiring totem of our culture, and place the same on Henley bridge, where the invaders couldn't fail to see it and be blasted with supernatural terror. QED.

'Such a suggestion,' he murmured while the Council members were still stunned and silent, 'would of course require permission from the Curator of such relics'

'Such permission would readily be granted,' I lied. What else could I say? In bed last night he'd spent what seemed like hours conning me into this, all on the ground that he had faith in a certain obscure something. I hadn't.

'The *Ark*?' said the Chair, wits beginning to function.

My predecessor Marji had explained the name to me. The Ark was a before-the-Fall thing from a magical land far to the west (you can believe that if you like), and was supposed to help ward off the Fall itself. Apparently it didn't, but it remained a potent-looking talisman, a more-than-mansized cylinder with a pointed nose and little stubby arms, and the Free People of Berkshire paid lip-service to its powers of defence. Old Marji had substituted *Ark* for the old name *Cruse*, which the then Librarian had told her meant a vessel, pot or bottle. A sacred vessel was an Ark. Years later Cristofer told me, its nominal keeper, a sort of low priestess, what he thought the vessel held.

'Cristofer,' I'd said in bed last night, 'it couldn't? Not another Fall?

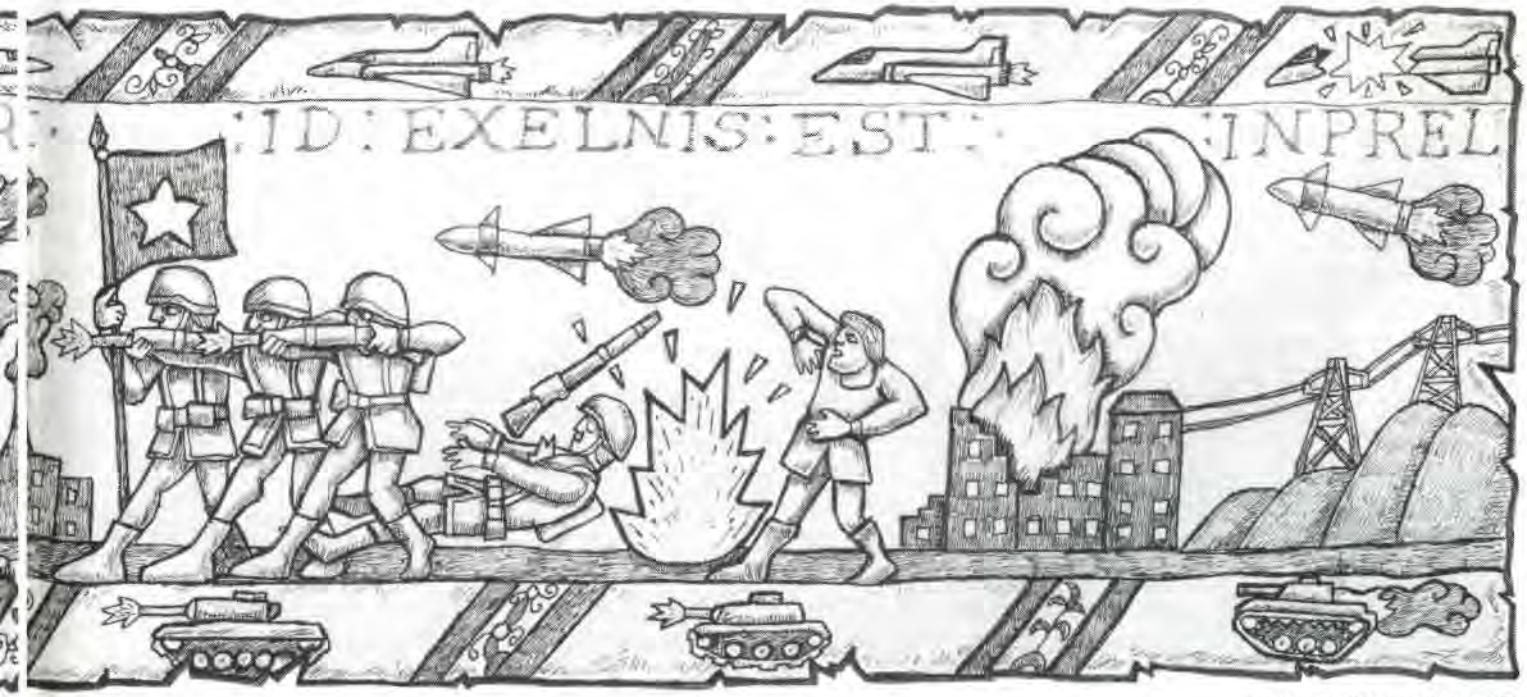
'Impossible. Well, anyway, I don't think so. After more than eighty years, if the fiche are right, the neutron source buzz buzz plutonium gabble decay electronics contamination buzz buzz gabble ...'

I tweaked him in a certain place to turn off the flow.

'Then it won't do any good, will it?' There was that story of someone who'd torn the heart from another Ark, and found it to be a tarnished metal egg, and when he broke it the shards had held the worst taint of sickness and the Crab, making his settlement another No-Go Zone ... Too horrible. More to the present point, too slow to halt Rickman's Army.

Cristofer had told me then about the thing called Molnya. When I'd sorted out his meaning from the buzz-buzz-gabble (he gets drunk on those big words), I very nearly threw him out of bed. 'Idiot! You'd believe anything! You found technical diagrams of that great ship called the *USS Enterprise* that flies around from galaxy to galaxy ... why not call *them* for help, they're just as likely to answer. Honestly, you've been squinnying at your fiche records and piecing paper-crumbs together until you've lost touch with the real world. It's all superstition. You can't believe in it.'

'Maybe it is all superstition. One thing I read in the old records, though, is that some



superstitions work even if you don't believe in them.'

But he had the good sense not to spout all this rubbish to the County Council.' The Council in turn was slightly at a loss, not quite wanting to trust its own folklore but not quite able to dismiss it with that word. A persuasive fellow, Cristofer - never thought I'd fancy a skinny man two inches shorter than me, or seven when he stands on his other leg. Perhaps there's something in all these old books after all.

And on the morrow they bore the holy Ark to the appointed bridge; and a long journey it was, and grievous, and many fell by the wayside in great travail, and many cursed Cristofer in their hearts, and grew faint in their faith, and would fain turn back along the path whence they had come. And so on and so forth. A fifteen-kilometre walk is no joke, especially in the rain, over broken country, taking turns in the ten-person crew which carried the dead weight of the Ark in its rope slings. Cristofer hopped with rage because he couldn't take a hand, and was made even more morose by the weather (I knew why), until late in the day the soggy grey sky went watery blue with the halting of the drizzle. Most of the able-bodied of Berkshire were along, some hundreds of us, and the mud squelched between our toes.

We placed our sleek stainless-steel burden with more relief than reverence in the exact centre of Henley bridge, and retreated some way to wait out the damp night. A few miles further, Rickman's Army was reportedly idling. Cristofer alone limped onward to them, alone thanks to a fit of stupid heroics.

'Be reasonable , Katrin,' he said. 'I'm the persuasive one. They're so dim, it needs a traitor like me to persuade them to do the logical thing that's going to totally destroy our Berkshire morale.'

'And afterwards?'

He cocked his head at me slyly. 'Thanks to you, at any rate, they can't possibly deflower me.' From the bridge I watched him hobble up the A423 into Henley, the fading sun picking out the white streaks in his hair, until he turned a corner and was gone.

And on the next morow the cohorts of the ungodly came unto the bridge, and set eyes upon the holy Ark; and they laughed. Wherefore the hearts of the Berkshire folk were made cold as they watched from their camp; and many were troubled with doubt. And the host of the unrighteous cast from them into the Thames the body of one who lacked a left foot, and again did they make merry, and laid hands on the holy Ark of the Lord, and marched with it against the camp of Berkshire, where all were as if turned to stone. And a woman of that camp cried out-

(That's me. Observe my modesty: no mention of my name in this account, no faithful record of my so-careful timing and choice of words, 'Let's get out of here!')

cried out, and fear went through our people; they turned and did flee, casting back glances of fear and of dread. Made strong in their folly and pride by this flight, they of the North came crying after, and they too ran, even the twelve men bearing the Ark ran with all their might, that Berkshire might be utterly discomfitted, cast down and destroyed.

And in that hour the Lord smote the ungodly.

With lightnings he smote them, and with thunder she split their ranks; with terrible heat they were consumed and in light unbearable they perished. Yet though the trees were withered, and the grass was blackened, the Ark lay undefiled amid the smouldering dead; nor did harm come to any person of Berkshire.

I must admit, the style works quite naturally for the exciting bits. Of course it's exaggerated here and there. Two or three of our people had their eyes hurt, permanently, through looking back at the wrong moment (shades of Lot's wife). Some stragglers of Rickman's bully boys escaped to tell the north how dangerous it is to invade the chosen land of Berkshire; while the Ark was, actually, rather singed - no longer could you read the PERSHING stencil which made Marji's Librarian think it was meant for Iran, wherever that is.

It's hard to kill someone as persuasive as Cristofer: we found him clinging to a willow-root halfway down the Thames to Maidenhead, still fully ten per cent alive.

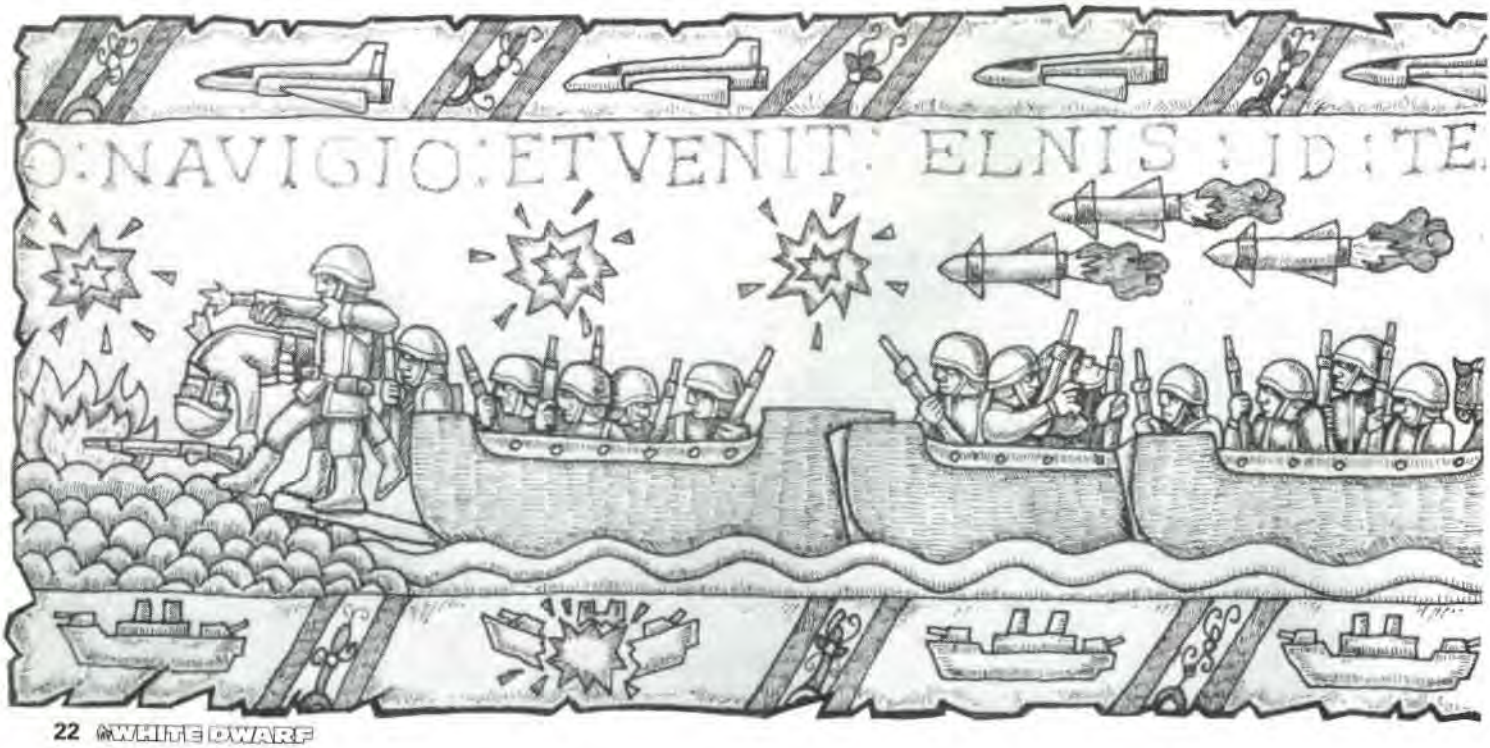
He perked up though, back in the tent with an admiring audience, when given the chance to explain about the thing called Molnya, which is Russian for lightning. (Librarians apparently know things like this). He garbled and buzzed for a while, throwing out words like 'orbital weapon', 'solar power', 'satellite scan' and 'energy beam' So when the Molnya system detected *that shape* moving cross-country at more than walking pace' ... He shrugged and grinned evilly.

'Look,' I told him, 'I was there and I don't believe a word of what you're saying. That was the wrath of God-or-Goddess I felt on the back of my neck, none of your cheap pre-Fall myths.'

He was still a mite delirious from the chill and the shock, and I smiled on him as he lay there, smiled as I would on a favourite baby who was saying: 'A working artefact from before the Fall, yes, gabble buzz priceless treasure, absolute proof, I'll get up there one day and bring it back to show you. I read in the old records, you harness a whole lot of swans to a chariot'

As keeper of a holy mystery, I could afford to smile.

Dave Langford



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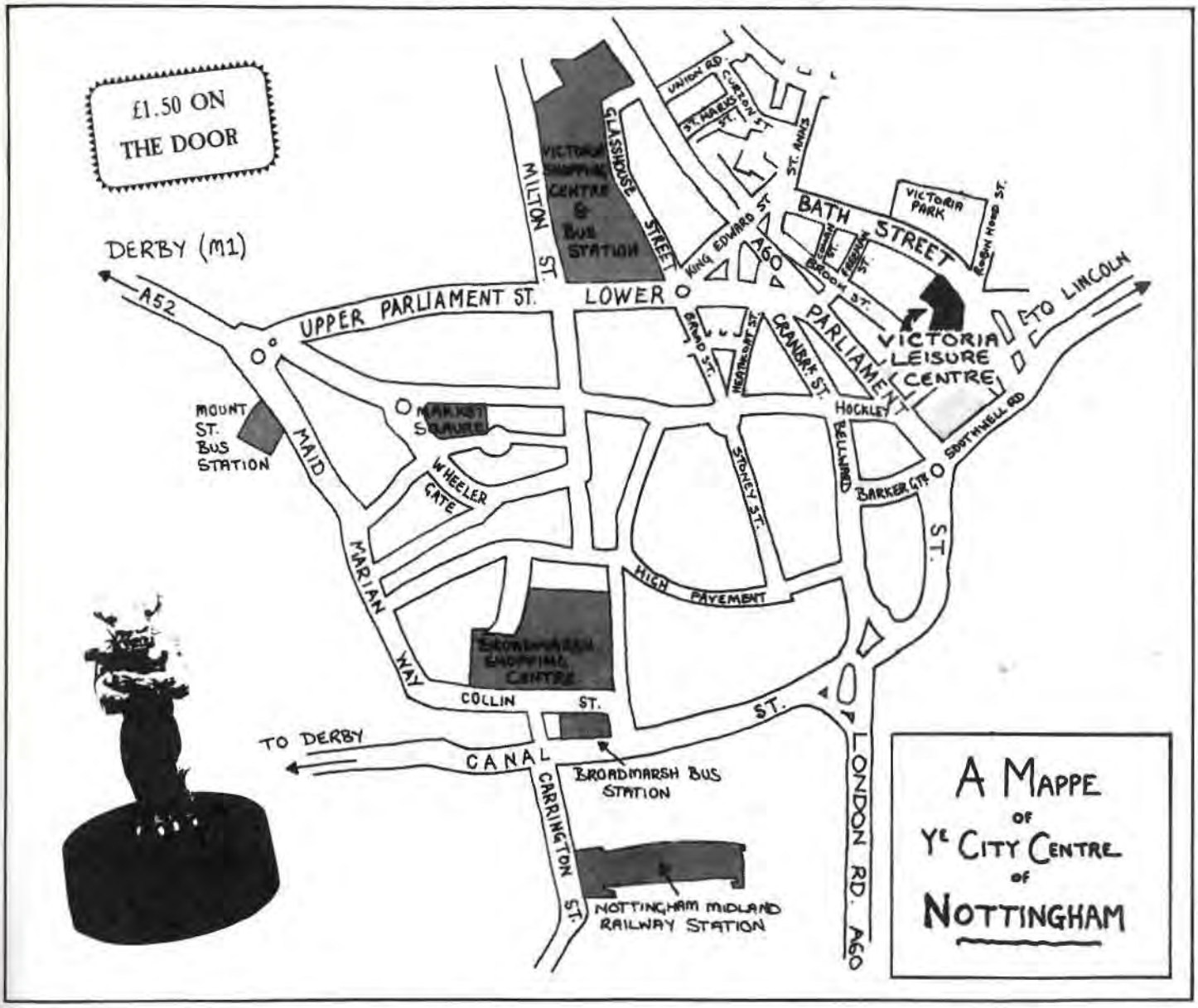
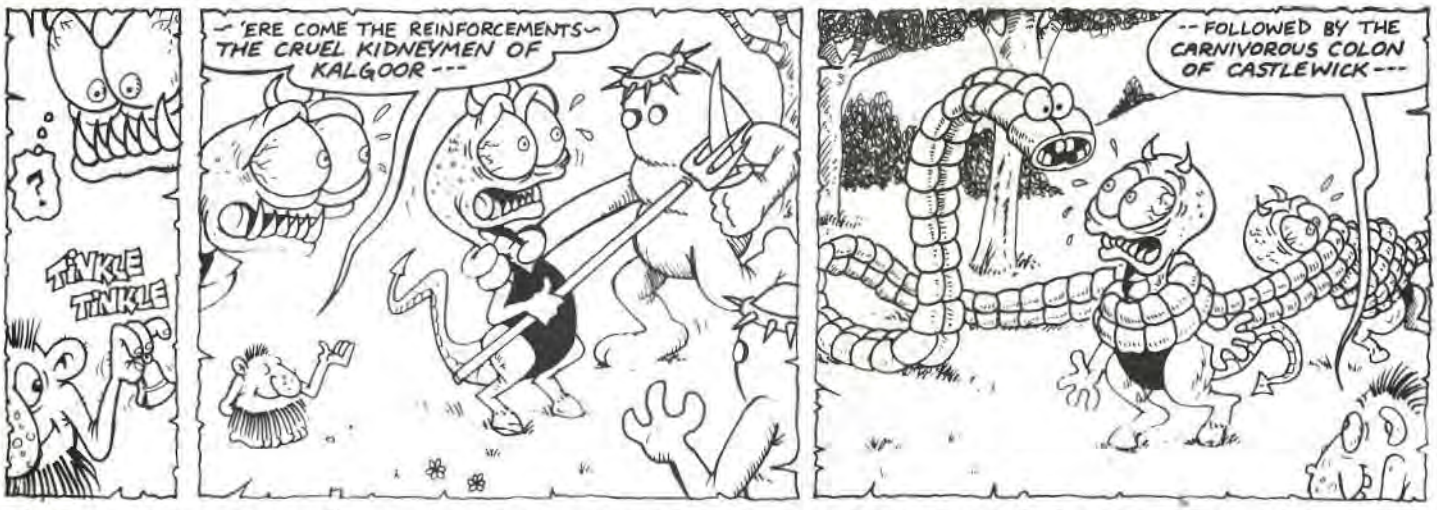


It's nearly time! Nearly time to discover the winner of the amazing CITADEL MINIATURES GOLDEN DEMON AWARD Painting Competition. The Victoria Leisure Centre, Bath Street, Nottingham, is the venue, and the date is the 27th of June 1987. By now, we're sorry to say it's too late to order your tickets by post, but you can still come down, buy them on the door and thus attend the most amazing display of nationwide painting talent to be seen this side of Ursa Major (Grootgreedle VII staged the Pan-Galactic Banzai Paint-o-splat Finals around 437 years ago, but as only 2 people in the entire Eastern Spiral Arm of the galaxy can paint figures, and they were the Judges as well, it ended in a nasty little civil war, which rages even to this day)! No such problems for you, though, as once at the venue you're assured of a great day, with trade stands, demonstrations, special guests and much more - as well as the brilliant figures displays! How to get there? From the North, you can use the M1 (Junction 26) or the A1, A52, or A6. From the South, you can use the M1 again (but hopefully in a different direction), or the A453, A6 or A50/60. Once in the general vicinity, follow signs for (reasonably enough) ' Nottingham', and then 'City Centre'. Once there, you can use the map of the city centre provided to find your own way there. There is a car park at the Centre itself,as well as some side street parking available, but there are also multi-story parks at the two shopping centres shown, both within walking distance. If you're arriving by bus or train, it's even easier, just walk from the stations!

DEREK the TROLL



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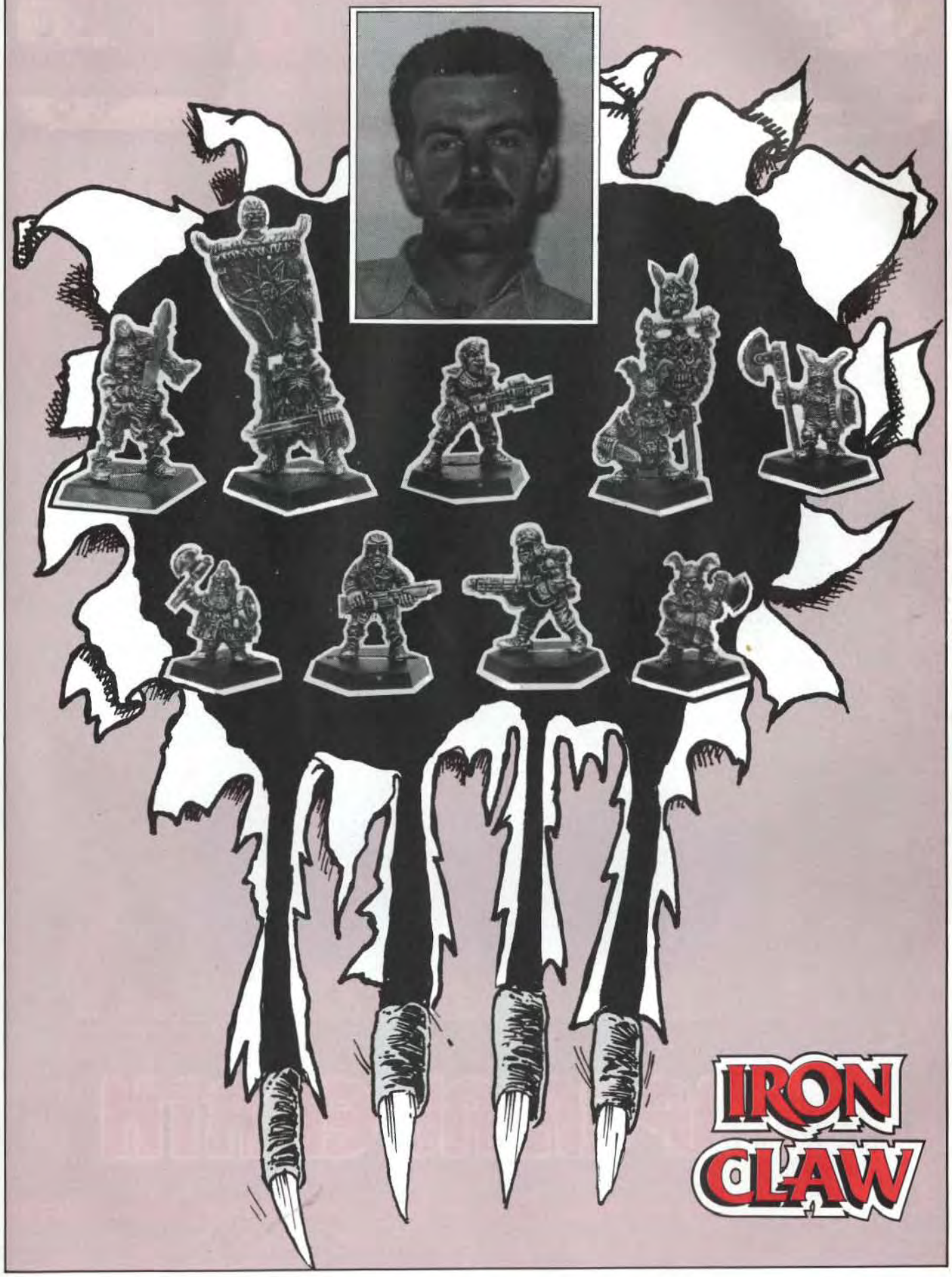
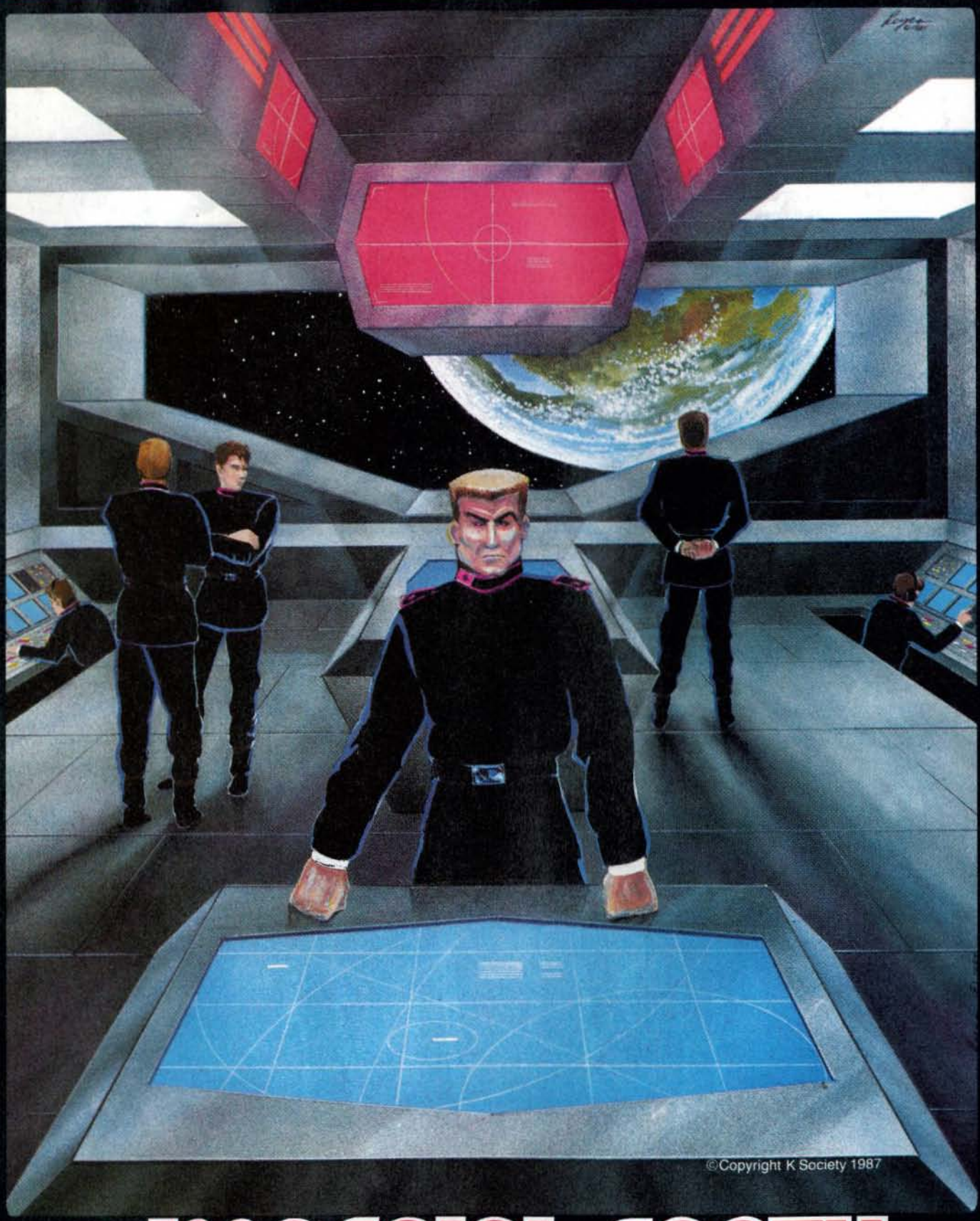
BOB OLLEY IS COMING...





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A MATTER OF PRIDE

A Dungeons & Dragons Adventure By Carl Sargent

This is a short adventure for 6-8 D&D characters of levels 3-5 (a party total of 25-30 levels is about right). It can be played as a short one-off or integrated into an ongoing campaign. If you might want to play a character in this adventure, don't read any further; the remaining text is for the Gamemaster only.

Setting up and Running the Adventure

Have the party arrive in the village of Dorfisdale, a community of some 200 souls almost all engaged in work related to agriculture. The first thing which will engage their attention is a tatty, badly hand-written bill posted in many locations about the place, which reads:

Menne-at-arms and such persones URGENTLY required for PROTECKTION. Good rates of Pay, Board and Lodgeing offered. Inquere at OLD MORRISES FARM.

After seeing this, the party may either ask directions from a local peasant, or they may decide to try an inn first. There is only one inn in Dorfisdale, the White Hart, and the bill is posted there also. The landlord there is Greshan, a Normal Man of Neutral alignment. He is 55 years old, 5' 10" tall, and portly, with grey hair (balding at the crown) and hazel eyes. If the party enquires about possible adventures, monsters, or suchlike, Greshan will suggest that they try Old Morris' Farm; if asked for further information he will say that there have been some livestock losses. This may be enough to get the party on their way, but if they want to make further enquiries in the town, relevant material is given in the *Beginning the Adventure* section below.

Before considering the plotline, one important point. All but the most trivial NPCs in this adventure have their individual appearance detailed, and you should describe the NPCs in this detail, adding details of clothing and so on. This is because a physical similarity between two of the NPCs can be an important clue to help the party find out the reasons for what is going on in the adventure. However, don't be over-dramatic in describing NPCs and don't tell the players things their characters wouldn't see - for example, you cannot discriminate eye colours or see small facial marks from fifty feet away.

The Plotline

Old Morris actually died some years ago, and the farm which is still referred to by his name has been owned for the last four years by Arvid and his wife Hyrala. Their problem is simple - their livestock is being attacked and eaten by mountain lions. They are threatened with starvation if the losses continue. As to why this is happening, some family history is necessary.

Arvid and Hyrala had two sons; Marris, the firstborn, and Wolfane. Marris was spoiled and over-indulged, and grew up both cunning and dishonest, often causing the younger, quieter Wolfane to be blamed for his thefts and deceptions. Wolfane, meanwhile, was unable to prove his brother's iniquity, and reasoned that his parents, who seemed only to care for Marris, wouldn't believe the truth anyway. Marris died six years ago in a riding accident, and soon afterwards a major fraud he had been covering up came to light. Fired by a keen sense of the injustices done to him, Wolfane took orders as a cleric, and became an adventurer. A year ago, he decided to take his revenge. He tracked his parents to their new home and, with an accomplice, is executing a plan to ruin them.

Wolfane's accomplice is a distinctly evil female elf, who has *charmed* him into falling in love with her, and who is happy to go along with his scheme. Between them, they have located a group of mountain lions and are directing them to destroy the livestock at Old Morris' Farm, the cleric with *speak with animals* spell and the elf with a *ring of animal control*. They accompany and direct the lions *invisibly*, and have a secret lair in a hidden valley some miles away and a second lair, guarded by humanoid mercenaries, closer to the action.

If they accept Arvid's commission, the party will be drawn towards the humanoid's lair, and finally to the treehouse lair of the cleric and the elf. Killing them will deal with the problem successfully, but matters may be more interesting if they don't...

Beginning The Adventure

The party may wish to make some enquiries in Dorfisdale before (or after) a trip to Old Morris' Farm, and ask locals about the farm, its current occupants and the problem there. The locals are rather surly and distrustful of outsiders which is, in part, why they have not helped Arvid much - although they will not speak ill of him and will defend him if the characters smear his reputation for any reason. The party can learn from the villagers that the "new 'uns" at Old Morris' farm keep themselves to themselves (this is seen as a good thing), that mountain lions have been attacking their livestock (cows, sheep, and goats) for some months, and that it is unusual for the great cats to be such a menace for so long. Don't feed characters with information - these folk are xenophobic, tight-lipped, and have an average IQ smaller than their boot sizes. If the party makes any further inquiries not covered by the information given above, the locals will be noncommittal and unhelpful in their replies: "'Appen he does aright, dare say" to a query about Arvid's wealth, for example. The locals are often known by adopted names reflecting their skills or habits, such as Old Pigger and the like. Have fun dreaming a few up.

Apart from Greshan, only one villager is noteworthy; this is Liamen, who dwells in the only "middle-class" home in the village. Liamen is the local representative of livestock buyers in a larger neighbouring town, and negotiates purchase prices with local farmers. He is 34 years old, a slim 6'tall, with auburn hair and pale blue eyes, and walks with a slight limp. The party may find him in the White Hart talking business, or just notice him going about the village, by virtue of the smart and most unpeasant-like dress he favours (black frock-coat, white linen shirt and waistcoat, fine breeches). He is cultured, if pretentious,and if characters wish to talk with him they will have to sit through an evening drinking the finest wines available (at their expense) and discussing Art - at least for a time. Liamen is something of an expert on halfling atonal music, and is very fond of demonstrating his knowledge. However, he is also the one man

in Dorfisdale who knows Arvid, since he buys his produce. He can confirm that Arvid is in trouble, having lost up to half his good - but not outstanding - stock. Towards the end of the evening, Liamen becomes slightly drunk, and the drink loosens his tongue - he says of Arvid "The man has always had a positive air of doom about him, even when the farm was going well," but can give no concrete reason for this impression.

Map 1 shows the location of Old Morris' farm, some five miles north-west of the village. Exact boundaries are not shown, since certain grazing land is communal property. Arvid's cows and sheep are kept on the farm - the goats mostly graze the poorer pasturage closer to the foothills - and all his livestock is branded with an A inside a circle.

As the characters approach the main farm buildings, they will be approached by Arvid's right-hand man, Cobrun. He appears to be about 35 years old, with bushy black hair liberally streaked with grey, and sports a short-cropped moustache. He has grey eyes, is of medium build, and is shabbily dressed. Although not very bright (I7), he is of Lawful alignment. His speech has only a trace of the local accent, and in fact he moved here with Arvid four years ago. Importantly, he is the only farmhand who knows that Arvid once had sons, and he believed Wolfane's innocence, instinctively distrusting Marris. He has not, of course, ever discussed this with his employer. He will say nothing about it to the characters either, under normal circumstances, but if *charmed* and subjected to close questioning he might let something slip. Cobrun will ask the party their business, and then convey them to Arvid, who will be in the main farmhouse with his wife and daughter. After having food and beer brought for the characters, Arvid will explain the problems at the farm.

Arvid is 46 years old, 6' 2" tall, of slightly greater than medium build, and has a fine mane of curly black hair and green eyes. If he is observed closely for even a few seconds, a deformity is apparent - the fingers of his left hand are greatly foreshortened. This is a congenital deformity which affects only the males of the family. The left hand is capable of using small utensils or instruments, but is effectively devoid of strength. Arvid will be glad to see the party, but is a gloomy man at the best of times.

Illustrated by Russ Nicholson.

Hyrala is 43 years old, 5' 7" tall, of medium build, and has straight black hair tied up in a bun. She says very little and has a long-suffering air. Their daughter, Christina, is a lively four year old (also dark-haired) and is horribly over-indulged by her parents, who never expected another child so late in life. However, she is not (yet) a spoiled brat, and nonhuman characters will intrigue her. In her friendliness she may do such things as inadvertently spill her bowl of rennet over them and generally be rather a pest.

Arvid will inform the party that mountain lions have been killing his livestock for some six months now. Both he and hired hands at the farm have heard the cats and found half-eaten carcasses, and Cobrun has seen a lioness some six miles north of the main farm buildings. Although in severe winters the odd great cat has been driven this far south in search of food, it is unheard-of for them to stay in the area for so long. Arvid explains that he wants the party to patrol the foothills to the north and to kill any lions they find. Cobrun and a party of farmhands have tried to kill the lions off; only Cobrun got away to tell the tale, at the cost of a claw-raked arm, and Arvid has come to the conclusion that this is a job for trained fighting men. The terms are free board and lodging (not that the characters will be expected to return every evening, of course), 5gp per character per day, and 70gp per lion killed (the tails are acceptable as proof). Arvid suggests a guaranteed minimum of 10 days employment, after which the position will be reviewed.

Of course, these sums are hardly riches to characters of 3rd to 5th levels, but as Arvid will say openly, he can afford no more and even this will stretch him to the limit given the losses he has already suffered.

The characters may ask further questions, and Arvid can supply the following information in response to the appropriate queries:

Stock losses have been most heavy to the north, closest to the hills, but recently the lions have even attacked south of the main buildings. Poisoned bait has been tried, but the cats have never taken it (this surprises Arvid).

Nearby farms have also lost stock, but not on anything like the same scale.

The cats appear to attack at almost any time of day; they have never attacked people, save for the one time when the farmhands went out to track them down and kill them.

Very smart characters might consider that the lions seem to be acting in a rather intelligent manner, and may suspect that they are being controlled, but if this is suggested to Arvid he will find the idea far-fetched. If asked whether he has any enemies who might want to see him ruined, he will think for a moment and reply honestly that he doesn't think so. Both Arvid and Hyrala have repressed any memory of Wolfane and if a spell such as *ESP* is used, he will not enter their minds, even as a fleeting thought. If other detection spells are used, the GM should decide what information the party might gain in line with what has ben given above; for example, *know alignment* will reveal the Lawful alignments of Arvid and Hyrala.

If the party accepts the commission, they will be paid in full at the end of 10 days. They will be fully provisioned at the farm, and must then set out north towards the foothills. If they ask about trails in the hills, or talk with Cobrun, then they will be told about the north-east trail shown on the wilderness map (**Map 1**), although no-one on the farm has travelled more than seven miles along it.

Wilderness Adventuring: Details and Guidelines

Terrain and Travel

On **Map 1**, foothills areas are grassy undulating low hills, with occasional rocky outcrops; heather, bracken, and small bushes cover many hillsides. For the first few miles, small groups of hardy goats can be seen from time to time. Travel rates on foot are determined by the rate of movement of the slowest character; a character with a move rate of 90' per turn can travel 12 miles per day, one with a move rate of 120' per turn can move 16 miles per day. This includes rest pauses, meal breaks, etc. The party may consider travelling mounted, but only mules will be of any use in this terrain, and Arvid can only spare one such beast. Also, lions will panic mounts, which will flee in terror at the sight of them - Arvid will point this out if the characters fail to realise it for themselves. Besides which, mules move little or no faster than a man on foot anyway.

The 'trails' shown on the map are merely grassy passages through the hills, and are not regularly travelled. If characters stray a long way from them, give helpful hints to them to return ("It all looks very desolate around here", "No sign of life now", and so on).

Weather and Resting

The weather during the adventure should be generally overcast, with occasional bright spells and the odd shower or two, but nothing too freakish. Hours of daylight and average temperature will depend on latitude and season, but as an example, if this adventure is set in a temperate latitude in autumn, then the number of hours of daylight will be 12-15 and daytime temperature between 55 and 65 degrees Fahrenheit. However, it can get a little chilly on exposed hills at night, so the characters will need blankets for sleeping; Arvid or Cobrun will suggest that they take some along if they plan to set off without them.

Any character must sleep for a minimum of six hours per night or suffer the effects of partial sleep deprivation; -1 to hit and damage, and no speed recovery (if applicable). Keep a record of how much sleep each character has lost; full efficiency will only be regained once a character has caught up on all lost sleep. Any character who misses a whole night's sleep will be unable to stay awake the next night, and must sleep for 12 hours. Sleeping in plate mail armour (even if it is magical) is absolutely impossible, although you may wish to allow sleeping in chain mail.

Finally, a *Wandering Monster Table* is provided for use with this adventure, since the party may be in the wilderness for some days. Roll a d6 for each of four six-hour segments of each day (6am to noon, noon to 6pm, 6pm to midnight, midnight to 6am); if a 6 is rolled, an encounter will take place. Roll a d6 to determine the hour when the encounter takes place, and roll again to determine the turn within the hour; for example, an encounter is rolled for the 6am to noon segment. The first d6 roll is 4, indicating that the encounter takes place around 10am, and the second d6 roll is 2, indicating that it happens in the second turn of that hour, or 10:20 am.

These encounters are mostly inconvenient rather than dangerous, and most of the monsters are either harmless or can be evaded by throwing food at them - but keep track of characters' rations if they do this. Encounters may be used again if they are generated more than once, but you might like to change the number of monsters indicated on a second meeting, to stop some bright spark saying "Aren't those the three ogres we duffed up last Saturday?" or something similar. CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

Fighter model not included, shown only to indicate scale.
Great Imperial Dragon, designed by Nick Bibby.
Model painted by Sid

Model supplied unpainted

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GREAT IMPERIAL DRAGON

In a deep, dark cave, somewhere in the heart of the World's Edge Mountains, something stirred. Something huge. It lifted its head, groaned, and let it fall to the cavern floor again.

"Just another few years", it promised itself, falling back into a doze. As it slumbered, it dreamed. It saw the world as it used to be, seven thousand years ago, felt the noiseless explosion which threw the second moon into the sky. It dreamed of the armies of gibbering, twisted *things* which poured across the land.

The Dragon stirred uneasily as the dream shifted. It saw a strange figure step forward, heard again the wordless chant, and shuddered as the searing bolt struck it. Then it jerked awake.

"That dream again, " it rumbled to itself. The Dragon pulled itself to its feet. Gaping wounds opened along the length of its great body - they should have been fatal, but the Dragon would not find death so easily. It roared as its head brushed the wall, jarring its broken tooth and aggravating the abcess - the size of a man's head - which lay beneath it. For hours it raged. Then its eye lit on the great Dragon skull which lay just outside.

"Yes, " it rumbled, "I must pull myself together. Things to do. " It remembered the hatching of Kegox, its first offspring, and grunted.

"Hmm... He has his father's face, " it mused, "Twice. And the others are worse. But I'll sort it out. I'll kill every twisted misbegotten spawn of Chaos I've fathered. Chaos isn't going to defeat Dragonkind while I'm alive, and thanks to Chaos, I'm going to live for a very long time. "

The ancient Dragon lumbered to the cave-mouth, stretched its tattered wings and hobbled down the mountainside to resume the self-appointed task of slaying its children.

GREAT IMPERIAL DRAGON

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
6	9	0	10	9	*	5	6	10	8	7	10

Points Value: 1250

Special Rules: Flies as *lander*. Causes *terror* in living creatures under 10 feet tall, *fear* in other living creatures. Attacks with 4 *stomps*, 1 *bite* and 1 *tail-lash*. Armour ST 4. Breathe fire - range 12", 2D6 automatic hits at **S** 7. Cannot breathe fire and bite in the same turn.

Athough it is dedicated to hunting down and destroying its offspring, Mordax may sometimes be found fighting alongside various armies. Sometimes the promise of gold has been enough and sometimes it fights in exchange for information on the whereabouts of one of its offspring.

Mordax has no *Wounds* score, since one effect of the Chaos-spell has been to ensure that it can never die. In a battle, whenever Mordax loses 2 or more *Wound* points, it must make an immediate *Cool* test; if the test is failed, the pain of the wound, coupled with the never-ending pain of all the old wounds, has become unbearable, and Mordax moves its full movement allowance in a random direction, *stomping* anything in its way for 4 automatic **S** 10 hits. It is allowed another *Cool* test at the start of each subsequent turn in order to master its pain and re-enter the battle. If it moves off the table, it is removed from play and may not re-enter the battle.

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Locating the Goblin Lair

At some stage, the party should find this cave system and pick up the trail of the major NPCs. There are several ways in which this can happen:

Tracking: characters may decide to look around for animal tracks, obviously for great cat pawmarks in particular. Unless there is any reason why one or more characters might be particularly adept at this, roll a d10 once per hour for the whole party.

On a roll of **1-6** no tracks are found. Characters may check again every hour provided that they are moving at normal rate in between times.

On a roll of **7 or 8,** the characters find tracks which they realize are those of an animal other than a lion - wolf, goat, bear, etc.

On a roll of **9,** the characters mistake the tracks of some other creature for those of a lion and set off in a random direction, with the trail eventually petering out. Alternatively, the party can end up at the wrong animal's lair if you wish - this will underscore their error for them.

On a roll of **0** they have been successful, and they can follow the tracks for 2-5 miles towards the Goblin camp; travel rate is half normal while tracking. After this distance, the tracks are obscured by those of other animals, heavy vegetation, etc.

Talking: Most obviously, a cleric character may try a *speak with animals* to find out if any local creature has seen or knows anything about lions in the vicinity. Any land-dwelling creature will be of little help, because even if it has seen (or, more likely, scented) a lion it will have fled at once and can therefore tell the cleric nothing helpful. Birds, however, are another matter. What a bird could tell a cleric depends on its intelligence (owls are smart but there are very few hereabouts) and how charitable you feel as a GM; the party may find out that lions do indeed live many miles to the north, but that a group of three has been in these parts for some months. It is also possible that birds and certain animals might tell the characters of the location of the Goblin Lair if they asked the right questions, although no details of the interior, numbers of goblins, etc, will be known. Note also that most birds will not be able to distinguish between goblins and other humanoids - "You all look the same to me".

A Capture: If the characters meet such humanoids as the ogres or kobolds from the *Wandering Monster Table* and overcome them, you may wish to have one or more of the humanoids surrender after initial combat losses and barter information for its life. The humanoid could then direct characters to the Goblin Lair, directly or indirectly.

Skirmish Outside the Goblin Lair

When the party gets within half a mile of the Goblin Lair, the terrain becomes more undulating and there is increased vegetation cover. They will be ambushed (but surprise chances are normal save that the lions and NPCs cannot be surprised) by three lionesses, one to the north of the trail (or the route the characters are taking if they are not on the trail) and two to the south. Wolfane and Xyraniel the Elf will be between the party and the lair entrance, some 150 yards away, at maximum range for the spells they will use. Since they will both be *invisible*, they will attack with surprise.

As the lionesses attack, Wolfane will cast *hold person* at two characters (two fighters if the party has two, but not at non-human characters), while the Elf spreads *magic missile* attacks between PC spellcasters. The animals will attack nonparalyzed targets. After this, the NPCs will flee towards the lair, and after two melee rounds the cats will follow suit. This is just a softening-up attack, the idea being to weaken the characters and lure them into the lair where the goblins and their allies can finish them off.

The NPCs should escape from this encounter, but it is not necessary that the lions should survive. When the party enters the lair, any surviving lionesses will accompany the NPCs through the caves to the concealed valley location (see below), and none of them will aid the cave forces. Statistics for the lionesses are:

3 Mountain Lionesses: AC6; HD 3+2; hp 13, 17, 16; MV 150 (50'); AT 3; THACO 16; Dam 1d3/1d3/1d6; Save as F2; ML 12; Align N; XP 50.

Note that the animals have a morale of 12 due to magical control. Statistics for the NPCs can be found at the end of the adventure.

The Goblin Lair and Occupants

Map 2 shows the layout of the caves, which are limestone with a ceiling height of 9-16 feet.

Area 1 is the entrance chamber, emerging into a hillside, and small strewn-about rocks in the entrance provide cover for the goblin archers but can easily be climbed or jumped over by the characters.

Area 2 is a communal area with cooking utensils, food, beer, a spare crossbow with a box of 10 bolts, two 20-foot ropes, and asorted bric-a-brac (nails, broken glass, dirty socks, bones,etc.).

Area 3 is the den of the goblin leaders, and in addition to bracken and straw bedding and other bits and pieces, there is a small unlocked coffer containing 55gp, 470sp, and 1,260 cp.

Area 4 is where the dire wolves are kept, it smells strongly, is littered with bones and has a bullwhip (worth 15gp) hanging on a nail by the door.

Area 5 is the domain of the bugbear and his lion and smells accordingly. Apart from trivia, it contains a small locked coffer (the bugbear has the key on a leather thong about his neck) which contains 88gp, 245 sp, 670cp, three gems each worth 100gp, and a bottle of an opaque purple liquid - a *potion of flying*.

Area 6 is a communal goblin dormitory and contains only miscellaneous rubbish.

Area 7 descends to the underground passage system which terminates at the concealed valley.

If the adventurers pursue the fleeing NPCs into the lair, four of the goblins in the area 1 will fire crossbows at the party as soon as the animals and NPCs are inside the caves. If missile fire is returned, the goblin archers have a -4 AC bonus due to rock cover (making them AC2). They also have shortswords for use in close combat. When the characters arrive in **Area 1**, the five remaining goblins (initially in **Area 2**) will rush to fight with their shortswords. On the following round, the cavalry will charge as the two goblin leaders armed with longswords, arrive on the backs of their dire wolves. Finally, a huge bugbear will arrive, sword at the ready, with his mountain lion pet. This combat is dangerous, but a party which uses magic such as *bless* or *haste* and suitable defensive measures (notably *curing* wounds sustained in the initial skirmish outside) should be able to handle it.

Note finally that the lion and the dire wolves are not compatible, and that there is a 1 in 6 chance per melee round that the lion will attack one of the wolves. The wolf will return the attack, and they will continue to fight until one of them is dead.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

It all begins here...

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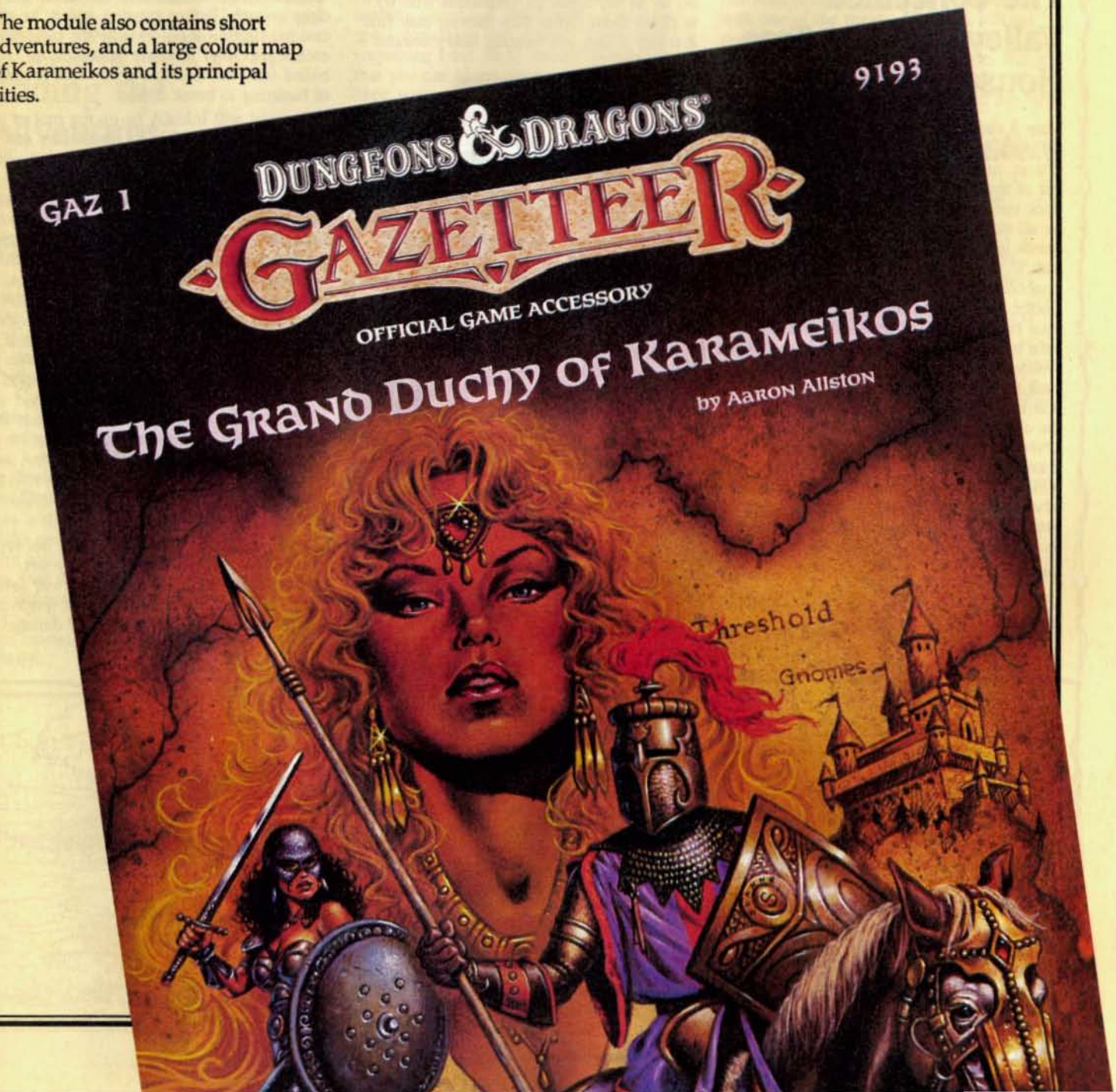


Of course, the characters may not take the lure. If they do not attack the lair, but back off and do not return later in the day, the humanoids will track them down using the animals' ability to track by smell, and attack by night. This could be extremely dangerous for the characters... but then they deserve it, the cowards.

Underground Travel

The route of the underground passage system is shown on **Map 1**. The characters can follow it to its far end, emerging into the concealed valley, in one game day. Obviously there are side passages and tunnels (not shown on **Map 1**) but describe these as being small, and if the party tries to follow any of them, have them meet dead-ends, rockfalls, and so on until they decide to resume their journey. Do not check more than twice for wandering monsters. Passage width and height will both vary from 4 to 15 (3+d12) feet.

The Concealed Valley and the Tree House

Map 3 shows the concealed valley where the party will emerge from the passage system, and the location of the treehouse lair of the NPCs. The valley has moderately thick conifer cover, and foothills rise sharply on all sides of the valley. The treehouse stands in a clearing some 60 feet east-west and 50 feet north-south. Any surviving lionesses from the encounter in front of the Goblin Lair will be in the clearing, and at least two of them (if previously injured) will have received a *cure light wounds* spell from Wolfane and will also have recovered 2 hp each from resting here. In any event, there will be a large mountain lion male (20hp) in the clearing. The cats will detect the adventurers when they are within a third of a mile of the clearing, and will alert the NPCs; their growling can likewise lead the adventurers to the clearing. An important detail is that light rain will be falling when the characters enter this area, and everything will be very wet.

Figures 1-3 show the treehouse, which stands on the sawn-off stump of what was clearly a huge tree; the stump is 40 feet tall and some 36 feet across at the top. The treehouse is effectively a 40' x 40' x 20' rectangular box, made of pine wood with a heavy coating of moss and suchlike, and with a flat roof. There are three ways to get into it; characters can either try climbing one of the two hanging ropes which are knotted securely around clusters of iron spikes hammered into the wood before each of the entry doors, they can use a spell such as *fly*, or they may locate a concealed door in the north side of the treetrunk. Thieves may use their *climb walls* ability to ascend the trunk.

Both the ropes and the 'door' in the trunk are perilous. The five-foot door (double normal chances for secret door detection for each character to see it) opens into a 10-foot cubic alcove in which an owlbear (statistics in the *Wandering Monster Table*) has made its lair. This must be killed before the characters can get to a carved set of stairs within the tree which terminate at the trapdoor in level 1 of the treehouse (**Fig 2**). So far as the ropes go, characters who try to climb them (other than thieves) may find it tricky if they are wearing heavy armour.

Armour	Climbing Time
Unarmoured	2 rounds
Leather	3 rounds
Chain	4 rounds
Plate	6 rounds; must have S13+

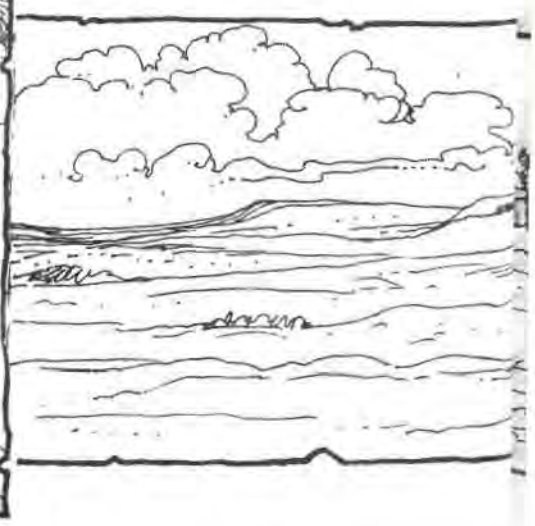
Magical armour counts as one place lower for each +1: eg magical *platemail+1* counts as chain, magical *chainmail+2* counts as unarmoured, and so on.

A climbing character must make a *Dexterity* check (roll *Dexterity* or lower on d20) every round he or she is on the rope. If this is successful, the character can go on climbing, but if it is failed a second check must be made. If this is also failed, the character falls off, taking 1d6 damage per 10 feet fallen. If the second check is made, the character loses grip and slithers back 5-10 feet (4+d6), but doesn't fall off and sustains no damage.

Of course, Wolfane and Xyraniel are not just going to sit by and watch all this. Initially, the cleric will be within the tree house, and if possible will use distance attacks through the 'windows' (which are just gaps in the wood with shutters which can be pulled over them from the inside), although he will open a door if he has to in order to get characters in his line of vision. Note that at a window Wolfane gets a -2 AC bonus against missile fire since the lower half of his body is covered. His distance attacks are *blight* (reverse of *bless*), *darkness* and *continual darkness* to blind characters, and slingshots if characters get close enough. Before entering melee, he will cast his *striking* spell. Finally, the trapdoor entrance to level 1, where he stands, is bolted from his side and needs four rounds of battering to break down.

Xyraniel will initially be on the roof of the treehouse, with her *fly*, *invisibility* and *dispel magic* defences precast. She will use *magic missile* attacks and is also fond of creating *phantasmal lightning bolts*. She will not bother about one character getting up a rope, but she may *fly* down to sever a rope withh her sword while a second character is climbing it (treat the rope as AC6; any sword hit severs it). She is reluctant to use her wand, saving this for a last defence. All in all, this is a tough combat. However, if the elf is reduced to 6 or fewer hit points (after using her potion) she will try to *fly* away and escape. If the elf has gone, Wolfane will surrender if below 10 hp with no *cures* left. Even so, characters may be forced to flee this combat. If they do, Xyraniel and any surviving lionesses will go after them and kill two or three, the elf stripping the bodies.

Fire attacks (even a *fireball*) will not set the treehouse alight since it is very wet. Any creature inside the treehouse will save at +2 against fire-based attacks of this type and sustain -1 hit point per die of damage.



If characters flee, then the NPCs will be gone the next game day, with any surviving cats. All will be quiet on Old Morris' farm for a month or so before lions once again begin to attack.

Treasure

If the characters take the treehouse, they will find that the first floor contains only minor items of furniture, eating utensils, and the like.

The second floor, accessible via a rope ladder, contains some fine wolfskin bedding (worth 200gp), a small coffer containing crystal and ceramic vials and pots of perfumes and unguents used by Xyraniel (worth a total of 170gp), and a medium-sized locked chest (Wolfane has the keys) which contains bags with 38pp, 300gp, and 700sp, two jewellery items - a silver tiara and gold chain, both set with gems and worth 600 and 1,350gp respectively. The chest also holds a *sword +1* and a scroll of clerical spell: *cure disease, detect evil, create food and raise dead*. You may wish to add Xyraniel's spell books to this, if this is suitable for your campaign. The NPCs also have personal treasure, of course.

Ending the Adventure

Certain possible endings (those in which characters are not successful) are noted above; returning characters will be paid as agreed. If they inform Arvid of events he will send Cobrun to a neighbouring town to recruit other adventurers to hunt down the NPCs. The characters will be thanked for their inadequate efforts and there is nothing to detain them further.

If the characters kill the NPCs and search the bodies, they will see Wolfane's unusual left hand - all the fingers are unusually short and weak. They should guess that he and Arvid must be related. If they tell Arvid of this or bring the body back as proof, Arvid and Hyrala will know that the man is their son. Arvid will relate nothing of the past to the characters but will look grim and say the man is an evil relative. His wife will weep bitterly. If you wish, as the characters leave Cobrun may tell them the whole story, including what he knows (see below). This may sour the characters victory...

If the characters capture Wolfane alive, he will say nothing. Again, they should notice the odd left hand and guess the family link. Wolfane will keep silent about this. All he will say, if asked why he has been getting the lions to attack the farm livestock, is that it was "a matter of pride... and of justice". If the characters take Wolfane back to the farm, a family scene worthy of *EastEnders* will ensue. Hyrala will cry out "My Son!" and collapse in a dead faint, and before the thunderstruck Arvid can say anything, Wolfane will launch the following tirade at him:

"Ha! I'm surprised anybody remembers me! Mind you, I was always first in line when anything happened, wasn't I? Yes, it was always my fault - you never looked at my exaulted brother, did you? No, it was never Marris. Marris can do no wrong, it's always Wolfane's fault! Years I spent being punished on my sainted brother's behalf - *years!* Everything he did, everything he stole, everything he destroyed - all my fault! Are you surprised I'm bitter? Are you actually *surprised*? Well, here's a first for you - something that actually *is* my fault - something I did all by myself! Something that you can blame on me and be right! I hope you're satisfied now! Are you? Does it make you happy at last?"

As Arvid gapes in self-doubt, shocked by the passion with which his son speaks, there is a loud thump upstairs, followed by the sound of heavy footsteps coming downstairs. Cobrun rushes wildly into the room, armed with a heavy candlestick, wondering if his master is being set upon.

Cobrun will be amazed to see Wolfane, who will simply say to him, "Tell Father the truth about the horses." Cobrun will look extremely worried, but Arvid will quietly but firmly command him to speak.

"It's true, Arvid," he says, "It was young Master Marris who stole those horses and sold them, and gambled all the money away. I tried to tell you at the time, but you wouldn't hear a word against him, so I've held my peace all these years."

As the others listen in stunned silence, Wolfane lists various other crimes falsely attributed to him and state that Marris was responsible and that he will defend his own innocence before any man - noble, judge, mage, or cleric. Arvid sits shattered for a while, and then stands up and goes to his son, silently holding out his hand. Wolfane hesitates for an instant, then takes it, and both father and son are fighting back tears as they embrace.

Note that in this (oh gosh, it's so happy) ending Wolfane will ask the characters for his magical armour back (if they have taken it) but Arvid will promise them 1,500gp within a month as a bonus for bringing his son home to him. This sum will be delivered to the characters' base one month after this adventure, but the appropriate XP award can be given at once. Note finally that Wolfane will only ask for his armour, and of course the extra payment and XPs will not be given if characters meanly

refuse. The full XP award for Wolfane (725) will apply for overcoming him.

As a footnote, you can really ham up the final scene if you wish. Hyrala is hysterical irrespective of the time of day, Cobrun will appear in a greasy old nightshirt because he has been upstairs discussing Wittgenstein with one of the maids, Christina will get over-excited and regurgitate half-digested rennet over a dwarf or halfling, etc. But it's best to ham it up after the dramatic climax if you think your players could use the light relief.

Wandering Monsters

Outdoors (d12)	Hills (d6)	Monster(s)
1	1	Blink Dog
2	-	4 Wild Dogs
3	2	2 Rhagodessae
4	-	5 Wolves
5	3	2 Crab Spiders
6	-	3 Ogres
7	4	9 Kobolds
8	-	Rock Python
9	5	Horned Chameleon Lizard
10	-	8 Stirges
11	6	Owlbear
12	-	2 Hippogriffs

Blink Dog: AC 5; HD4*; hp 20; MV 120' (40'); AT 1; THACO 16; Dam 1d6; Save As F4; ML 6; AL L; XP 125; special abilities - blinking; nb non-hostile.

4 Wild Dogs: AC 7; HD 1+1; hp 7 each; MV 120' (40'); AT 1; THACO 18; Dam 1d4; Save As F1; ML 6; AL N; XP 15 each; hungry but cowardly.

2 Rhagodessae: AC 5; HD 4+2; hp 13, 25; MV 150' (50'); AT 2; THACO 15; Dam 0/2d8; Save As F2; ML 9; AL N; XP 125; special abilities - sucker attack.

5 Wolves: AC 7; HD 2+2; hp 10 each; MV 180' (60'); AT 1; THACO 17; Dam 1d6; Save As F1; ML 8 (6); AL N; XP 25 each; notes - track, attack at night, hungry.

2 Crab Spiders: AC 7; HD 2*; hp 5, 15; MV 120' (40') ; AT 1; THACO 18; Dam 1d8 + poison; Save As F1; ML 7; AL N; XP 25 each; special abilities - save vs. poison is at +2.

3 Ogres: AC 5; HD 4+1; hp 17 each; MV 906(30'); AT 1; THACO 15; Dam 1d8+2; Save As F4; ML 10; AL C; XP 125 each; notes - treasure: 135gp, 470sp, 700cp.

9 Kobolds: AC 7; HD ½; hp 3 each; MV 90' (30'); AT 1; THACO 19; Dam 1d6; Save As NM; ML 6; AL C; XP 5; Armed with shortswords; 1d6sp and 2d10cp each.

Rock Python: AC 6; HD 5*; hp 25; MV 90' (30'); AT 2; THACO 15; Dam 1d4/2d4; Save As F3; ML 8; AL N; XP 300; special abilities - constriction causes automatic damage each round.

Horned Chameleon Lizard: AC 2; HD 5*; hp 30; MV 120' (40'); AT 3; THACO 15; Dam 2d4/1d6/0; Save As F3; ML 7; AL N; XP 300; special abilities - tail hit knocks down (but causes no damage).

8 Stirges: AC 7; HD 1*; hp 6 each; MV 30' (10')/180' (60'); AT 1; THACO 19/17; Dam 1d3; Save As F2; ML 9; AL N; XP 13 each; special abilities - blood drain.

Owlbear: AC 5; HD 5; hp 27; MV 120' (40'); AT 3; THACO 15; Dam 1d8 x 3; Save As F3; ML 9; AL C; XP 175; special abilities - if both paws hit hugs for 2d8.

2 Hippogriffs: AC 5; HD 3+1; hp 11, 22; MV 180' (60')/360' (120'); AT 3; THACO 16; Dam 1d6/1d6/1d10; Save As F2; ML 8; AL N; XP 50 each; notes - love dwarf/halfling meat.

The Cave Occupants

9 Goblins: AC 6; HD 1-1; hp 5 each; MV 90' (30'); AT 1; THACO 19; Dam 1d6 (short words and crossbows); Save As NM; ML 9 (9); AL C; XP 5 each.

2 Goblin Leaders: AC 6; HD 2; hp 11, 14; MV 90' (30'); THACO 18; Dam 1d8 (swords); Save As F2; ML 11; AL C; XP 20 each.

2 Dire Wolves: AC 6; HD 4+1; hp 13, 22; MV 150' (50'); AT 1; THACO 15; Dam 2d4; Save As F2; ML 8 (10); AL N; XP 125 each.

Bugbear (Huge): AC 4; HD 4+4; MV 90' (30'); AT 1; THACO 14; Dam 1d8+2 (sword and massive strength); Save As F4; ML 11; AL C; XP 125.

Mountain Lion: AC 6; HD 3+2; hp 20; MV 150' (50'); AT 3; THACO 16; Dam 1d3/1d3/1d6: Save As F2; ML 8 (10 while bugbear lives); AL N; XP 50.

Wolfane the Cleric (male, 6th level)

Statistics: S13 I9 W18 D16 C13 Ch 13; AC 0; hp 26; MV 120' (40'); AL N; AT 1; Dam 1d6+2 (mace +1) or 1d4 (sling shot); THACO 15; XP 725.

Spells: *cure light wounds, darkness, hold person, speak with animal, striking;*

Magic Items: *plate mail +1, mace +1, 2 potions of healing* and *invisibility* plus scrolls of spells: *blight, cure serious wounds, continual darkness, dispel magic.*

Appearance: 25 years old, 6' 1" tall, medium build, black curly hair, green eyes, abnormally short fingers on left hand.

Nonmagical treasure: Gold ring set with two moonstones (240gp), gold bracelet (70gp), belt pouch with 22pp, 50gp and a zircon (100gp).

Xyraniel the Elf (female, 6th level)

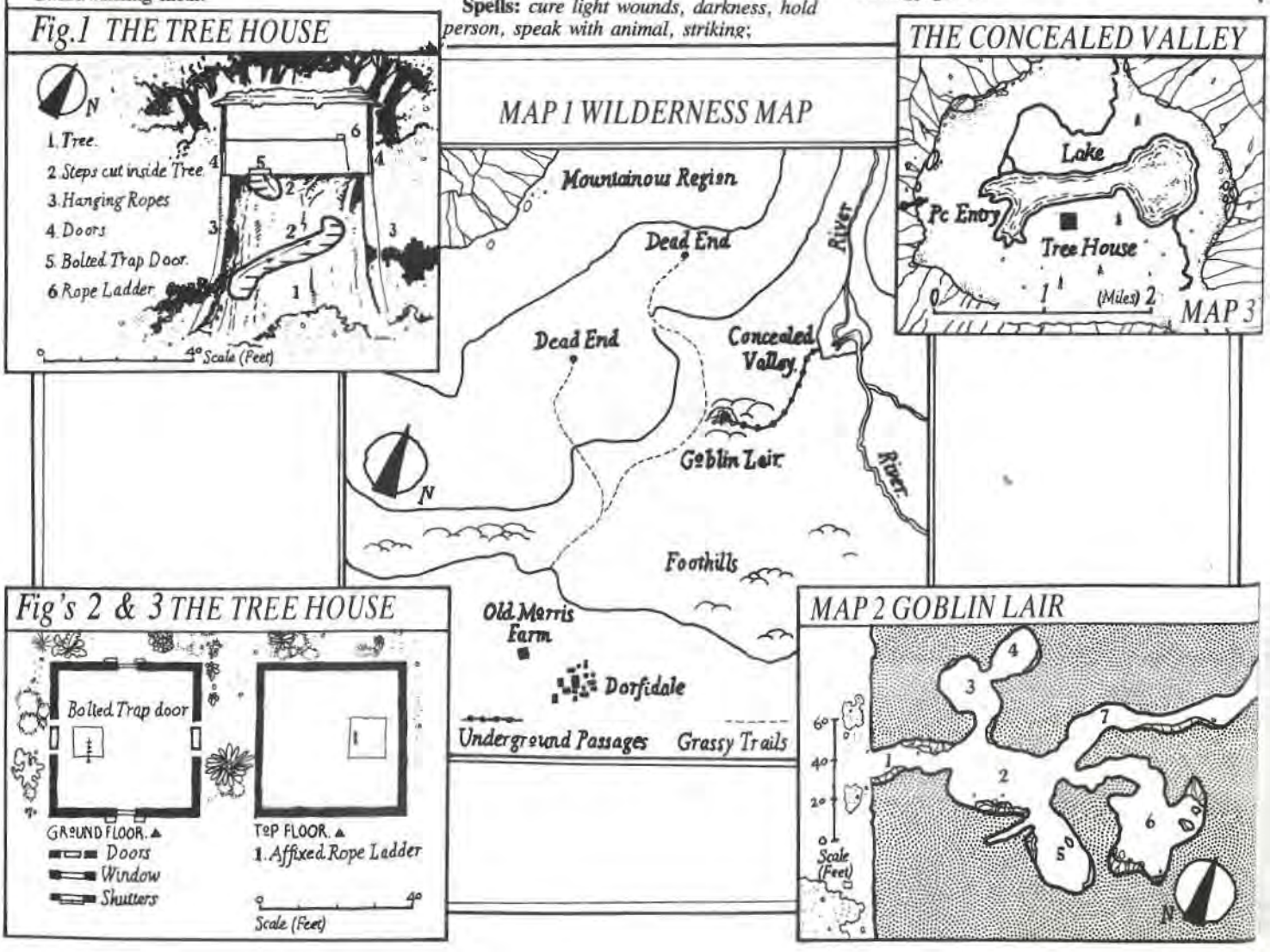
Statistics: S16 I16 W16 D18 C16 Ch 14; AC 1 (0); hp 32; MV 120' (40'); AL C; AT 1; Dam 1d8+3 (sword +1) or 1d6 (longbow); THACO 14; XP 950.

Spells: *charm person, magic missile (3 missiles), invisibility, phantasmal force, fly, dispel magic.*

Magic Items: *chain mail +1, sword +1, potion of super-healing, ring of animal control* (10 charges), *wand of polymorph* (2 charges), scroll with *detect invisible, dimension door, magic missile.*

Appearance: equivalent of 25 years old in human terms, platinum-blond straight hair (cut two inches over the collar), amber eyes, strikingly slim build, 4' 10" tall.

Nonmagical treasure: platinum necklace and earrings with jade inlay (750gp), belt pouch with 17pp, 20gp, and 2x50gp and 2x100gp gems.



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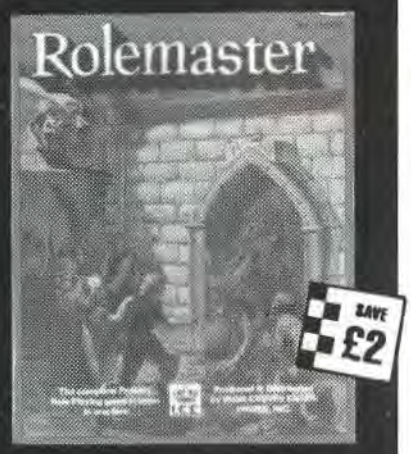

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THE COMPUTER *is your* FRIEND

LITTLE LOST WARBOT

A Paranoia Weirdness by Marcus Rowland

Hello Friend Citizen. For your comfort and convenience, all the information in this part of The Computer's Favourite Magazine has been designated as of ULTRAVIOLET Clearance. To prevent you from inadvertantly committing Treason, a subliminal message has been imprinted above all the vowels of this mind-spankingly exciting adventure. Even as you read this, your brains are starting to dribble out of your ears and make little grey pools on your shoulders. The next stage is that your visual cortex will be completely randomized, resulting in dyslexia and werg rir ergr keekrfg e mf rflfwf. Have a Nice Day.

Mission Summary

All the Troubleshooters should have Orange or Yellow clearance and a lot of spare clones. Not that they'll really be needing them, of course. Not to begin with... honest. You, Oh Trusted GM and Servant of the Computer, may find copies of *Acute Paranoia, HIL Sector Blues* and *Vapors Don't Shoot Back*. You haven't got them? Award yourself 100 Treason Points and report for Termination NOW!

Harumph... For all you loyal types who are still with us, here is a brief mission summary: the Troubleshooters are going to die. Lots. They are going to have so much fun and weirdness doing this, however, that they might not notice. What? You want *more* than that? OK...

The Troubleshooters are sent Outside to look for a missing warbot, BOL/O-MK-XXX. They are to recover or destroy it to preserve The Computer's secrets. This is not difficult to do, since the warbot leaves tracks 5 metres wide. See? Easy to follow something that big.

Unfortunately the robot has been captured by aliens! Your genuine bug-eyed monster from outer space! These miscreants are currently the owners of another, obviously false and Traitorous Alpha Complex. Loyally, though they do not know it, they have terminated most of the Traitorous Inhabitants who thought that they were living in *The* Alpha Complex under the benevolent guidance of THE Computer. And they didn't even know they were doing this... Natural Troubleshooters, eh?

However, they are trying to persuade BOL/O to join them and recruit robots to wipe out the human race. All good Traitors get it in the end. And the back of the neck. And between the eyes. Sorry. As yet they've had no success.

The Troubleshooters will be captured, rescued by some unlikely allies, and must try to find methods of defeating the invaders before it is too late. Oh Gosh, this is exciting...

Secret Society Data

OK, GMs! You knows the drill. Field strip these rumours (with your eyes closed) and then put them back together again, along with a lot of other random information. Remember, this is timed, and the neurowhips are waiting... GO!

Spy for Another Complex

For the last few day-cycles you haven't been able to receive messages from the True Alpha Complex, and there has been no reply to your messages. Maybe your receiver is faulty, or maybe something is wrong... *Like an alien invasion!*

All anti-robot and anti-computer groups

The new BOL/O warbots have no Frankenstein Circuits. They must be destroyed! *False. Probably False.*

Psion

Your leaders claim that there is a huge disturbance of The Force, as though many thousands of minds had died in agony. Personally, you couldn't detect a thing. *True - lots of people have died. Whether those spaced-out loonies could detect it is another matter entirely...*

Romantics, etc

Urgent! Discover Identity of J R and who shot him! This could be important, guys! *Honest, this really important, but completely irrelevant. Note any sources the Troubleshooters consult. The Termination Vouchers are already awaiting the names of the guilty.*

Everyone else

Aww, come on... What are you playing this for if you are not so creative that you cannot invent something so truly wondrous that your players will fall worshipping at your feet? *Flattery. An Ego Boost A Day Keeps The Shrink Away.*

Briefing

Lef, Rye, Lef, Rye, Lef - YOU'RE *OTHER* LEF STUPID! Move, move, move to that Briefing Room. So tastefully appointed, so full of Vulture troopers.

The first things the team notice on entering are four scrub-bots, busily sweeping up neat piles of ash and charred Green boots. This is nothing to worry about. A wavy armoured glass wall closes off one end of the room. Behind the glass are three indistinct Indigo-clad figures: the Briefing Officers.

To accurately simulate this scene you'll need a large piece of armoured glass... No? Are

you *sure* you're a *Paranoia* GM and not from some wimpy *Other Game* TM? OK, then you'll have to do your best, I suppose, with this: get a cardboard poster tube that is shorter than your arms. Don't argue, just do it, you'll see why in a minute. Take out the poster. Hmmm. Very... nice. Right, hold the poster tube up to your mouth and speak through it. Sounds odd, but still perfectly intelligible, no doubt. Now put one of your hands over the other end of the tube. GMs with traitorously short arms should report for Termination. Speak through the tube again. You - and the Troubleshooters - won't understand a word. Isn't this great? Every once in a while take your hand from over the tube. They'll understand that bit, but it will only serve to highlight the confusing remainder. The words 'minefield' and '1330hrs' will probably elicit the greatest cries of joy. Probably.

Now read out the following. You may have to get somebody else to hold this issue of The Computer's Favourite Magazine up so that you can read it.

'This is a simple mission, really, shouldn't take more than a few hours. One of our latest warbots, BOL/O-MK-XXX, was Outside on a routine patrol. At 11.05hrs last day-cycle we lost contact.

'You're to follow the trail left by the robot and find out what happened. If you can't recover BOL/O-MK-XXX, you must destroy it. Permission is not granted for this action. You will have to face the consequences later. Your team leader will be issued with the password for the warbot's self destruct system.

'You will receive full military backing, should it be required.'

'Report to R&D, they'll issue you with the latest wilderness survival aids and weapons. Be ready to leave Alpha Complex by 1330hrs. The minefields will be deactivated at that time.'

'May the Computer's diodes rot!'

If any players notice the last bit, give them a Treason Point if they don't report it immediately. Give them a Treason Point anyway for not listening with appropriate care and attention.

No questions will be answered. No more information is forthcoming. No password (yet). No. Nothing. No Military assistance either. Tell lies? Us?

As the Troubleshooters walk out towards a bright and uncertain future in the service of The Computer, the leader is pulled roughly aside by the Vultures (Oooch! Have you ever been pulled aside by the Vultures?) and told to read a piece of paper. The paper is upside down and has the single word 'Ansible' on it. Let him work out for himself that this is the destruct code for BOL/O. If you're feeling cruel, make the player eat the piece of paper. Go on. Do it. A little soy sauce, perhaps? Traitorous attempts to learn the what was on the paper should be noted down and used in evidence at the debriefing.

[illegible]

Children should be seen and not heard. So should Troubleshooters. Make them sit quietly in R&D until someone can deal with them. Make them wait. Do not allow them access to a chronometer. Perhaps it's already past 1330hrs! Perhaps the minefield has been turned back on. Perhaps the Troubleshooters didn't hear a word of the briefing.

Everything that the Troubleshooters are about to be given has a use. Oh yes, everything has a use...

'This is a new emergency food. It's full of energy, tasty, and lightweight.'

This is a tray of plastic-wrapped bars (one less than the number of Troubleshooters) that look like heat-resistant tiles. But no tasting just yet! In reality, this is simply Old Reckoning Kendall Mint Cake - and it's about a million times better than the delicious products from the food vats, but do you want to tell The Computer that? It's also addictive (*Judge Dredd* fans should think of it as Umpty Candy). Have fun with *Better Living Through Chemistry (Acute Paranoia)*.

'We've found a way to make fire without an igniter. Rub one of these prepared sticks on any rough dry surface.'

The household match. Congratulations to R&D on reinventing such a useful thing. Each Troubleshooter is given a box with 8 individually foil-wrapped sticks. They work as advertised, apart from one little, teeny-tiny problem: they explode if treated roughly. It's not a serious explosion. Really. Hardly serious. Roll on the damage column corresponding to the number of sticks exploding, eg column 6 if a box containing 6 sticks explodes in someone's pocket. Make a Luck roll for Troubleshooters using a stick; if unsuccessful, it explodes as it is struck.

Each Troubleshooter is also issued with 8 copies of the *Igniter Stick Expenditure Report*. One *must* be filled in whenever a stick is used. They also explode violently when struck. Just fooling, I think... An R&D technician will demonstrate one of the sticks if asked, taking one from the Troubleshooters but without filling in an ISE Report. Oh dear.

As well as all that exciting new stuff, the Troubleshooters get a crawler transbot (unarmoured, with a canvas roof), some delicious standard food concentrates, an inertial compass which points (accurately - making life a bit easy, really) towards the last known location of the warbot and wilderness survival equipment (tents, trade goods, etc). Use the list from *Vapors Don't Shoot Back*. Why not? Poor artists borrow, great artists steal. Oh, hand weapons only. Why? Why not? Look, who's writing this adventure anyway?

Finally, a Blue R&D technician uses a huge hypodermic to implant a tiny capsule in each Troubleshooter's chest. This hurts quite a lot. In fact, it's agony, but anybody who puts up a struggle will get a needle through the heart. Instant death; time for clones.

This capsule is the latest in tracing systems. It monitors heartbeats and as soon as the ol' ticker stops going *Boom-diddy-boom*, it's time for a replacement Troubleshooter. Hi! This new, eager-to-please and vigilant servant of The Computer is then sent to wherever his predecessor got his.

And the latest Outside Clone Delivery System is simply marvellous. A triumph of engineering. A veritable paean of praise to the fundemental laws of physics and energy conservation. It works like this...

When a clone is dead, the replacement is quickly briefed. The replacement is then loaded into a padded metal capsule about the size of an oil drum. There is a generous baggage allowance, enough for a hand weapon, armour, and a small pack. The drum is then attached to an unmanned cruise missile-type flybot, which is catapult launched towards the resting place of the previous clone. It then drops the capsule (which descends gently by parachute) and returns to base, taking about 15 minutes for the round trip. Simple, neat, elegant, and with only a 20% chance that something might go wrong... go wrong... go wron...

[illegible]

01-10

Jet engine fails to ignite and the missile crashes. Activate another clone.

11-20

Jet engine explodes. Activate another clone.

21-30

Missile steering malfunctions. It flies in small circles until its fuel runs out, then crashes. Activate another clone.

31-40

Missile goes off course and lands the victim somewhere immediately lethal: eg a lake, a volcano, etc. Guess what?

41-50

Missile makes a perfect delivery, just 4D10+10km from where it should have done. Kill lone Troubleshooters quickly, or arrange some silly coincidences to reunite the group. Why are you using this table literally? Have you no imagination?

51-60

Missile is right on target, but the parachute doesn't open. Use column 4 of the *Falling From Great Heights* Table.

61-90

Missile is again on target and the parachute sort of opens... Use column 2 of the table.

91-99

Missile and parachute work perfectly. The capsule door won't open and the parachute drags the whole along the ground at a bumpy 10kph. This continues until it is (a) boring; (b) the capsule is opened; or (c) the occupant

suffocates about 5 minutes after landing. Activate another clone. Smile. This is fun!

00

Missile and parachute work perfectly. As the relieved clone climbs out of the capsule the missile flies overhead, loops the loop, and crashes to earth. The fuel tank explodes. Everyone in a 10 metre radius takes column 8 damage; the capsule and occupant take column 14 damage.

Each time someone uses this system describe exactly what happens: how the capsule is dark and enclosing; the sudden, massive accelleration (put those eye balls back in their sockets, Traitor!); the results. 'You hear some sort of engine roar for a second and then, nothing. There's a rushing noise and WHAAAAAAAAMMMMM. Your next clone is briefed.'

Illustrated by David Stephens.

Follow the Yellow Mud Road

By the time R&D are finished, it's nearly 1330hrs. The tension! Are they going to be in time to get through the minefield? Or is it time for a terminal, random, multi-directional disassembly experience? Ka-BBBBBOOO-OOMMFF! Get used to shouting this now. You never know when it might come in handy.

Let the Troubleshooters out of Alpha complex after the usual routine of form filling, boot licking and wrong footing. 'Sorry, Citizens. You want exit 65A-31-EGRESS-6. It's about 12km from here. Down that corridor and turn left...'

And then, the Outside. No time for gawking like tourists. There's a job to do, a warbot to find and a map that will self-destruct in one hour. 'Drive carefully, ya hear. That's a mighty expensive transbot!'

Thirty minutes later the Troubleshooters are still a hundred metres from the edge of the minefield. And the map crumbles to dust. If you gave them a photocopy (do we have to tell you to do everything?) take it off them. If they hadn't made a copy, tough. And as it's now Teela O'Malley Hour, who gives an Infrared sock that they're stuck in a minefield?

And boy, is it a good minefield! Anti-personnel jobs, all over the place. Absolutely indetectable too. Clever, eh? Precognition or some other *Treason* should be able to locate mines for the first ten metres or so, but after that Luck rolls are needed. Failure is dramatic, entertaining, and very discouraging. A mine throws an explosive charge into the air, which then goes off, liberally spraying the transbot with flechettes. Ka-BBBBBOOOOOMMFF! See, it came in handy. Damage column 7 seems appropriate. Repeat as necessary. Anybody waiting for rescue will be surprised when, at 1430hrs, the minefield comes back on and several mines go off, immediately followed by a salvo of tac-nukes from a passing Vulture Squadron flybot. Better safe than sorry when some Commie Mutant Traitors are trying to sneak into Alpha Complex!

Replacement clones will not be told what happened. They'll be given exactly the same treatment and another map. This one doesn't disintegrate after an hour. So what are the Troubleshooters going to do with such an important Alpha Complex secret? Eat it, perhaps? Fine. This map spontaneously combusts two hours after it was issued. With unfortunate effects on whoever or whatever is (perhaps literally) around it at the time. Use your imagination. Pick a damage column number.

The route joins the warbot's path just outside the mine field. The transbot lurches as it drops half a metre into a tread mark. The path is extremely easy to follow. For nearly all its 80km length. So we didn't tell you that... So?

The path taken by the warbot leads across swamps, streams and rivers, up steep hills, along mountain paths, and down deep valleys. The inertial compass can be used to keep on course in areas where no tracks were left. At 4kph (the average speed of the transbot) it'll take at least two days to reach the last known location of BOL/O-MK-XXX. Use almost any old encounter table for this journey. If you can rationalise an attack by hippogriffs ...

Eventually the transbot crawls over a steep rise. Before the Troubleshooters is an area of rough ground seared by tac-nukes, flames, laser beams and bullets. Somebody or something had a serious disagrement with somebody or something else. There's quite a lot of metallic junk lying about, mostly small fragments: one large piece is identifiable (by anyone who's seena warbot, or has *Communications* skill) as the long-range communications antenna from a warbot. There isn't, in case you were wondering, enough debris to make up a whole BOL/O-MK -XXX.

DALEK291

Give your victims, errr, Troubleshooters plenty of time to decide that there don't seem to be any enemies about. When most have left the transbot, and it appears to be empty (to a distant observer), there's a loud whistling noise. Ask the Troubleshooters what they are going to do. Someone might want to teleport back into the transbot. Is there no end to their Treason? Allow them one action if they're on the ball.

A moment later the transbot explodes. KaBBBBBOOO-OOMMFF! Still useful, eh? Anyone inside takes damage on column 14. Be generous and shift one column left per metre away from the transbot for the rest of the Troubleshooters. Before the last clumps of transbot and multidirectionally disassembled Troubleshooter have had time to bounce after hitting the ground the entire area is saturated with gas shells. Kapppppoooooooomffff! Kapppppoooooooomffff! Kapppppoooooooomffff! They, as you may have noticed make a softer, gentler sort of bang. All this drama and sound effects as well!

Back to the plot: gas masks don't have any effect and the Troubleshooters must make a 3D10 Endurance roll or collapse, paralysed but still conscious. The paralysation lasts until an antidote is administered and it has a little, insignificant side-effect.

Hardly worth mentioning, really, but all mutant psionic powers are completely inhibited.

Think of the Glory that the Computer would bestow on someone who returned with such a psi-inhibitor. A measly side effect like total paralysis would surely be ignored... Hang on, that's another adventure.

A line of figures now appears on the surrounding heights. All look a little like Vulture troopers, but they are wearing odd not-quite-right armour and gas masks. A Spy From Another Complex will recognise this as the uniform of his home complex.

The figures will use stun rifles (as a stun gun but range 80m) to pick off the survivors, including anyone who is attempting to hide. Be ruthless in this. It's called Helping The Plot Along. Or Cheating. The Troubleshooters must be taken prisoner (alive if possible), or the adventure is almost impossible to run. Not that it's all that easy anyway...

As the troopers close in, the Troubleshooters will see that they have blank inhuman expressions. Each has a small - and most unAlpha Complex-like - metal panel embedded in the forehead, with small blinking lights and two tiny antennae. The squad leader examines the Troubleshooters, stands upright, gazes off into the distance and talks in a monotone to nobody in particular. Why is it that player characters automatically run into the real loonies in every adventure? What happened to normal people who use telephones? Or two tins and a bit of string? Sorry. The leader's voice is a flat monotone: 'Unit K342 to control. We have captured the intruders. Repeat, we have captured the intruders. Shall we destroy them?'

There will now be a dramatic pause to let the full awfulness of the situation make itself felt to the player characters. For several minutes there is a total silence. Anyone who moves is stunned (just pretending to be zapped, huh?), then injected with paralysis poison. Eventually a strange silver flybot drifts into view. It lands and the guards silently load the team into the hold. Before the aircraft takes off, the clones of anyone who was killed arrives by Flying Deathtrap Express. The guards stun the occupant as the capsule lands, and add him or her to the pile. A few guards stay behind for late arrivals.

As the flybot takes off, the Troubleshooters are probably wondering what on Earth is happening. You should be too. I know I am.

Can You Spell 'Exterminate'?

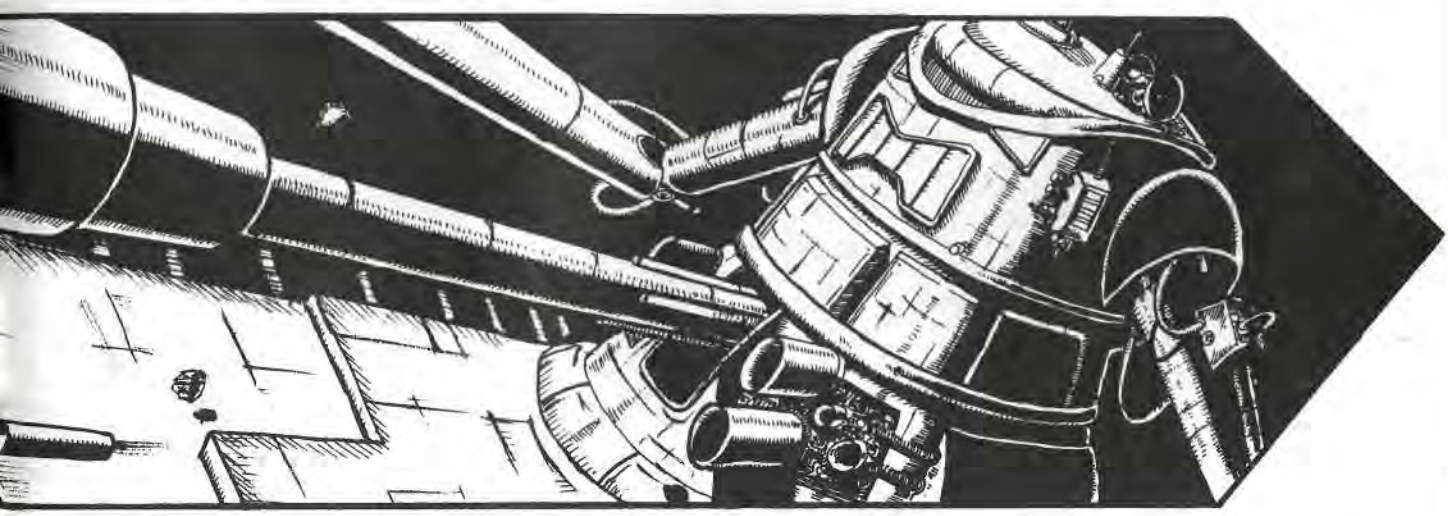
The Troubleshooters are on their way to Alpha Complex. Not home, though, but they might not notice the difference. Except for the brain-burned zombies, the bodies in the corridors, the seemingly endless stream of illogical orders, the mutinous bot-like beings, the terrible food (yummy, Cold Fun tonight!) and The Computer. It does sound like home, doesn't it? Perhaps it is. Perhaps, Grasshopper, all Alpha Complexes are One, and thus home to The Computer's Trusted Servants. Enough of the philosophy. This other, utterly false and highly Treasonous Alpha Complex that the Troubleshooters are about to enter has been conquered by aliens who intend to take over the world!

As Alpha Complexes go, this one is in a bad way. This Alpha Complex Computer is running at a very low level. Many of its systems are dead. Incidentally, This Computer (as opposed to *The* Computer) has a husky feminine voice. Quite pleasant, in fact. Almost seductive. 'Hello, Darlings. Please be good little Troubly-Wubblyshooters and report for Termination. Have a really nice day...' This Computer is as batty as The Computer. It's just a little more polite. Most robots have been deactivated. The few that still wander around will, unfortunately, treat the Troubleshooters as Traitors, not as the Saviours of Mankind. Now where would they get an idea like that?

The security system uses the same colour coding as the team's home complex, and the aliens have adopted it for their own use. No problems for the Troubleshooters. There is a trifling inconvenience with security checkpoints; one hesitates to draw attention to it. Alright, then: this Complex uses bar codes on the left hand, not tongue tattoos. No hand tattoo? Traitor! Report for Termination AT ONCE! Do not pass Go; do not collect 200 credits.

Most of the humans have been killed. Some of the security guards, a few troopers and a clawful of technicians are now brainwashed slaves. All have implanted thought-control electrodes. Very *a la mode*, and as a result there is no way to persuade them to help. Except *Treason*! Vile, yucky Communist Propaganda can be used to override the victim's programming; the victim will then become determined to destroy this Alpha Complex! The thought control system also works as a radio, allowing any slave to communicate with the invaders.

And then there's the Alpha Complex itself... No details, other than what's below. If you need more, the Troubleshooters aren't running about enough, or dying enough, or in enough trouble. Enough enoughs, already.



Computer Central

This silent and gigantic hall is no longer crowded with technicians and scurrying messengers. It now holds a dozen or so (Blue-clearance and above) aliens, including their (Ultraviolet) Leader, who is known simply as *The Leader*. The aliens have a certain economy and elegance in their job titles.

Central has an infinite supply of brainwashed Blue IntSec Troopers. Weapons controlled by the Computer will attack Troubleshooters - their security clearance is inadequate for this area. Central is basically so lethal that extraordinary firepower and protection is needed. What a good thing there's a late-model BOL/O warbot around somewhere....

Interrogation Centres

HPD&MC Re-Orientation Centres: palaces of electro-

shock and prefontal lobe sanding machines, as so often described in loving and glowing detail by the Gnomes of West End Games. Don't you ever wonder about people who keep including this sort of detail? No?

The Troubleshooters are taken to a small facility which has an infinite supply of Orange guards. Where are these infinite troops and guards coming from? Does it matter? No. Stop asking stupid questions and we'll get back to the killing - ahem, adventure! There are no aliens permanently in the cell area. BOL/O is in the cellar of the same building.

Power Central

A few Red and Yellow-clearance aliens are trying to restore full power, aided by a crew of slave technicians and guards.

Food Vats

Brainwashed humans keep a few vats working, but no alien would soil its armour by visiting the area. This might be a good place to hide out. If you could stand the smell.

Dormitories

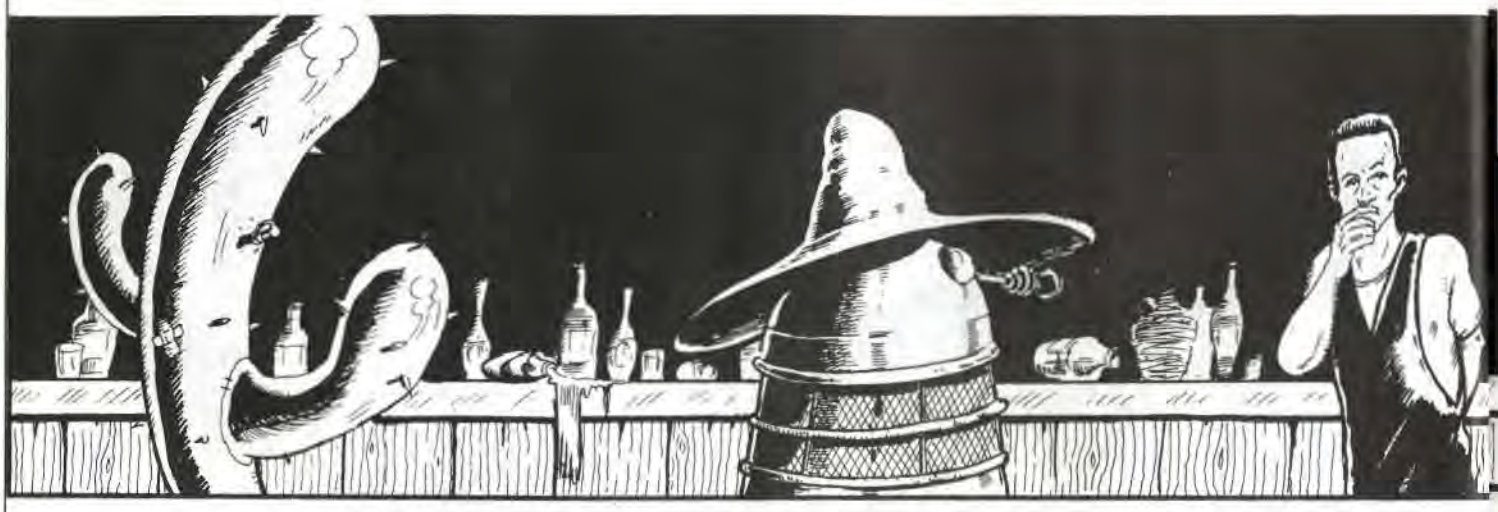
These are mostly empty. A few are occupied by slaves and one or two commandeered by the aliens. Just to add a little tension to the Troubleshooters lives, quite a few seem to be empty, but locked. These are filled with poison gas. Pffffisssss-hhhhhh. This special FX is brought to you by the Games Workshop Happy Sounds Division. The gas is a bit deadly. But only when breathed in, or on skin contact. Make a 1D10 Endurance roll on the first round of exposure, a 2D10 roll on the second, a 3D10... Get the idea? The gas is going to get you sooner or later. And to add insult to injury, there's nothing useful in the dorms anyway. Rats.

R&D

R&D is running as normally as it ever does, with the aliens using brainwashed clones to check out strange gadgets. Anyone entering risks extermination, or death by explosion, laser, electrocution, being put through a mangle, etc.

Military Areas

All systems go round here! Add to that scads of aliens and troopers. Simply put: anything the Troubleshooters can get near is more or less useless; areas with good stuff are deathtraps. Just like home, really, except for the aliens. A large flying saucer is parked in one hanger, with four Sun Cannon-equipped warbots guarding it. These should be adequate to deal with the Troubleshooters or BOL/O, who won't go near them. Very sensible. Who said warbots were stupid?



Wake Up, It's Time to Die!

The flybot lands and the silent troopers drag the Troubleshooters to a cell where they are searched. Most of the guards leave with all the weapons, armour, and most small items of equipment. They miss the matches and the mint cake if anyone still has any left. The last three guards administer an antidote to the paralysis drug, and then stand inside the door (which is locked and bolted), stun rifles at the ready.

The guards will ignore the Troubleshooters, apart from shooting anyone who tries to escape or attack them. They're ordinary, if brainwashed, Orange Clearance Vulture troopers in padded armour. Remind the team of the other times they've been held at gunpoint by strange guards. Remind them that they're unarmed. Remind them that death is an act of Disloyalty and Treason. Remind the that it's their turn to go and make the coffee. Or get the drinks in. When they're in the right state of confusion and terror, the rear wall of the cell slides up. There are, however, thick bars. Bars? See, told you to remind them about getting drinkies...

Hmmm. Behind the bars are three strange conical robots. Each has a manipulator arm, a cylindrical object that looks suspiciously like a laser, and a camera on a stalk. Their bodies are covered with strange blue hemispherical lumps, and there are two flashing lights on each robot's upper turret. They seem to hover a few millimetres above the floor.

OK, OK. You know, the players know and I know that you're describing Daleks, (or rather, pseudo-Daleks). On the other manipulator, the Troubleshooters shouldn't have a clue. Just *don't* use the word Dalek. Don't even think it. Just be glad you spent hours as a child practising to be one of the not-to-be-thought-about-just-yets! Especially the metallic voice.

If anybody uses the word 'Dalek', the aliens will reason that the character possesses psychic powers or knows about the Old Reckoning. There's only one solution for dangerous people. EXTERMINATE! EXTERMINATE! Get used to shouting this as well - it's nearly as much fun as KABBBBBOOOOOMMFF!

Anyway, one of the robots points a camera stalk into the cell.

'MORE HUMANS. I SUPPOSE THAT THEY MIGHT BE USEFUL AS SLAVES.'

'NO WAY. THE ONLY GOOD HUMAN IS A DEAD HUMAN. WE SHOULD LINE THEM UP AGAINST A WALL AND EXTERMINATE THEM.'

'THAT IS FORBIDDEN. THE LEADER WISHES TO INTERROGATE THEM TOMORROW. THEY ARE FROM ANOTHER COMPLEX. WE MUST DETERMINE THE EXTENT OF THEIR KNOWLEDGE. THEN THEY CAN BE EXTERMINATED!'

'THEY MUST BE HELD FOR INTERROGATION. ESCAPE IS NOT ALLOWED. RESISTANCE IS NOT ALLOWED. THAT IS ALL.'

Confusing, wasn't it? Who was saying what and when? The cell wall slams down again. Anyone trying to get out that way is neatly, no, very messily, cut in two.

Allow the Troubleshooters to make futile escape plans. Teleport? Where to? They don't know this Alpha Complex's layout. Bribe the guards? With what? Attack them? Fine. There are lots more outside the cell. ESCAPE IS NOT ALLOWED. Simple. Any idiot can follow simple instructions like that.

If any Troubleshooter is killed during the rest of this adventure, the Deathtrap System will eventually deliver

a new clone to this Complex. It's up to you to make sure that the clone and the rest of the Troubleshooters get back together again. You want an example? Do we have to do everything? OK, the replacement clone is caught in lethal crossfire on top of one of the Complex domes. There there's a ventilator intake - an escape route! The clone dives down it, and slides into a slippery chute, a smooth duct, a polished tube and a frictionless pipe. At last the hapless clone crashes through a wire mesh to land at the feet of... the rest of the Troubleshooters! The things you have to do for plot continuity.

Back to the aforementioned plot. After a few hours the team hear raised metallic voices outside the cell door. *'OPEN THE DOOR. OPEN THE DOOR. WE MUST QUESTION THE PRISONERS IMMEDIATELY.'*

One of the guards peers through the peephole and argues, in a flat monotone, with the voice. 'You are not the interrogator. Why are you here? What is your security clearance?'

Before you can say 'Genesis of the Daleks' the door explodes inwards, squashing the guard and any enterprising Troubleshooters who tried to attack him while he was distracted. Roll on column 8, but you might feel kindly disposed towards individual enterprise. Can't think why, though. The hole where the ex-door used to be reveals three more robots, this time with yellow hemispheres on their body section.

One has a multicoloured strip of cloth draped around its conical body and manipulator arm, the other two have strange broad-brimmed floppy hats. One of these has a golden cross on a piece of chain dangling round its middle. The robot with the serape intones *'WE DON'T NEED NO STEENKEENG SECURITY CLEARANCE!'* There's a brief crackle of laser fire, and the other guards collapse. The robots point their lasers at the Troubleshooters.

'YOU COME WITH US, MAYBE YOU LIVE. YOU STAY HERE AND EVEN THOUGH WE LIKE YOU WE HAVE TO EXTERMINATE YOU A LEETLE BEET!'

Anyone who decides to stay will end up with electrodes in his brain. This is a choice? If anyone starts asking questions the robot with the cross says *'NOT NOW, GRINGO, LESS YOU WANT TO STAY HERE FOREVER. WE STOP TO TALK NOW, IT'S FRIED BRAINS OR EXCOMMUNICATION.*

'EXTERMINATION.'

'SI, SI, FRIED BRAINS OR EXTERMINATION!'

Should anyone stay, the robots will spray the cell with laser fire. Dead Troubleshooters tell no tales. The dead guards can be looted - providing the job is done quickly. There are enough bodies inside and outside the cell to give everyone a weapon. Any delay will result in the arrival of more guards than you can shake a dead tortilla at...

The robots hustle the team down a long corridor, through three burned-out doors to a lift. After a shaky descent the Troubleshooters are lead to a strange groundcar with loading ramps instead of doors.If anybody tries to get away, the robots shoot to kill. *'SORRY, GRINGO. YOU GET CAPTURED AGAIN, YOU CAN SAY WHO WE ARE. STAY IN THE CAR, YOU NO GET EXCOMMUNICATED... EXTERMINATED...'*

After a short drive through deserted tunnels, the Troubleshooters are hustled into another lift. Eventually they emerge in a dusty dormitory that has been badly redecorated as a Mexican cantina. Lots of inflatable plastic cacti. Bottles of tequila all over the place... OK, bottles of cleaning fluid labelled as bottles of tequila all over the place. Roll on damage column 5 if anybody has a drink. And salt on the back of the hand and a lemon won't help. At last the robots slow down and the one with the serape speaks.

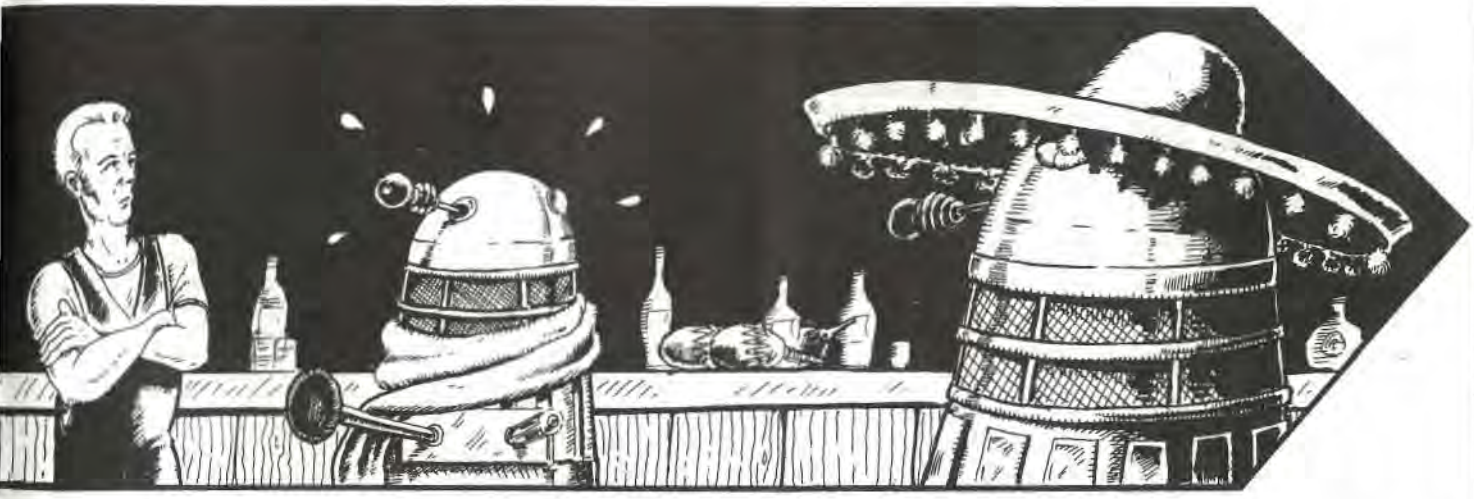
'OK, WE SAFE HERE. YOU ARE MAYBE WONDERING WHAT IS HAPPENING. WE ARE BRAVE FREEDOM FIGHTERS, TRYING TO SAVE OUR RACE FROM TYRANNY AND YOUR WORLD FROM INVASION. I AM JUAN, MY COMPADRES ARE FATHER JOSE AND PEPE. PEPE, YOU TELL THE STORY BEST, AMIGO. YOU TELL IT LIKE IT IS.'

Try to do a metallic Mexican accent. It's not that hard. If it's at all possible, play some sad Mexican music while you talk. Or something by Ennio Morricone. Think *atmosphere.*

'FIRST YOU MUST KNOW, GRINGO, THAT WE HAVE NOT ALWAYS BEEN THE PITIFUL MACHINES YOU SEE NOW. ONCE WE WERE FREE ORGANEEEC LIFE FORMS MUCH LIKE YOURSELVES.

'IN THOSE DAYS WE LIVED IN HAPPY ANARCHY, UNTROUBLED BY THOUGHTS OF EXTERMINATION AND SECURITY CLEARANCES. OUR SCIENCE ADVANCED, THE PEOPLE WERE CONTENT, AND EVERYTHING WAS PEACEFUL.

'ONE DAY WE PICKED UP TELEVISION PICTURES FROM THIS ACCURSED WORLD, A STEENKING WORLD WE THEN CALL BEE BEE CEE. THERE WAS AN IMMEDIATE SENSATION. THEY WERE SHOWN ALL OVER THE PLANET.'



'SOON IT BECAME OBVIOUS THAT WE WERE BEING CONTAMINATED. ACTS OF VIOLENCE INCREASED, AND THE NEW PROFESSION OF PRIVATE EYE APPEARED FOR THE FIRST TIME. SOON WE COULD NOT MOVE FOR SPIES, COWBOYS, AND NURSES. OUR HOSPITALS WERE JAMMED WITH CITIZENS WHO HAD INJURED THEMSELVES ATTEMPTING SILLY WALKS. EVEN OUR TINY VILLAGE... WE ALL LEARNED TO LOVE TACOS AND TEQUILA.

'EVENTUALLY THE RABBLE ROUSER WHO CALLS HEEMSELF THE LEADER APPEARED. HE PREACHED A NEW GOSPEL OF REGIMENTATION, A STEENKING MILITARY DICTATORSHIP WHERE EVERYONE WOULD BE SUBSERVIENT TO HEEM. HE WAS SWEPT TO POWER BY THE MASSES. WHEN HE HAD TAKEN FULL CONTROL

HE REVEALED THE FULL EXTENT OF HIS PLANS. HE REVEALED THE TRUE FORM OF THE STEENKING CREATURES HE HAD SEEN ON YOUR STEENKING TELEVISION. WE WERE WELDED INTO THIS ARMOUR, TRANSFORMED INTO THE METAL MONSTERS YOU SEE TODAY.

'MEANWHILE SCIENTISTS WERE WORKING ON SPACE TRAVEL, AND SOON HE WAS READY TO INVADE EARTH. WHEN WE ASKED WHY, HE SAID IS GOAL OF ALL CIVILISED LIFE-FORMS TO CONQUER EARTH. IS TRUE WE HAVE SEEN THIS ON YOUR TELEVISION MUCHO TIMES. THIS IS THE FIRST MISSION, A MERE HUNDRED SOLDIERS, BUT ALREADY HE HAS TAKEN CONTROL OF THIS COMPLEX, DESTROYED ITS COMPUTERS, AND EXTERMINATED OR ENSLAVED ALL OF THE CITIZENS. THE LEADER IS MAD: HE HAS EVEN ADOPTED THE PROCEDURES USED ON YOUR WORLD, AND NOW WE MUST ALL PAINT OUR DOMES IN ACCORDANCE WITH OUR SECURITY CLEARANCE.

'FOR YEARS, AS HE CONQUERED OUR PLANET AND PREPARED TO INVADE EARTH, WE HAVE ONLY HAD ONE HOPE. WE KNOW THAT THERE IS SOMEONE POWERFUL ENOUGH TO DEFEAT THE LEADER, WHO CAN TURN BACK THIS EVIL INVASION. WE KNOW THAT HE HAS AN ESPECIAL AFFECTION FOR EARTH. YOU MUST LEAD US TO HIM, AND HELP US ENLIST HIS AID. TELL US NOW...

A Dramatic pause. Go to hysterical metallic Mexican screech mode for the next bit:

'WHERE IS THE DOCTOR? WHERE IS THE DOCTOR???'

All three then chorus *'TELL US! TELL US! WHERE IS THE DOCTOR?'* They advance on the Troubleshooters in a suitably menacing manner. If Mexican Revolutionary Pseudo-Dalek nutcases can be menacing.

Anybody making the natural reply of 'Who?' will confirm the aliens assumption that the Troubleshooters know all about 'The Doctor'. Unfortunately, they'll expect The Doctor to be summoned immediately. As in, now. Denying all knowledge of The Doctor will merely make Juan, Jose and Pepe try another tack: torture and excommunications... exterminations. The Troubleshooters shouldn't have any knowledge of Old Reckoning BBC TV, of course, unless they can justify it. Bluff may work, if a convincing speech and a 3D10 Chutzpah roll is made; the aliens are suckers for news of The Doctor, and can be conned.

After a few minutes a video screen in the corner flickers, and displays another alien with Indigo bumps.

'ATTENTION ALL UNITS! ATTENTION ALL UNITS! TRAITORS HAVE HELPED THE HUMAN INTRUDERS TO ESCAPE. THEY MUST BE CAPTURED OR EXTERMINATED IMMEDIATELY. THE TRAITORS WHO AIDED THEM MUST BE APPREHENDED. THAT IS ALL.'

'OOPS,' says Juan. *'THERE GOES THE WHOLE ENCHILADA. SOON THEY COME SEARCH EEN HERE, YOU BET. YOU NO BEEN ROBOTICISED, THEY SPOT YOU STRAIGHT AWAY.'*

'ATTENTION INTERROGATION TEAM FOUR,' echoes from the video. *'REPORT TO HOLDING SILO ONE IMMEDIATELY. REPORT TO HOLDING SILO ONE IMMEDIATELY. BRING MEGAWATT ELECTROSHOCK UNIT AND NITRIC ACID.'*

If anybody asks about Holding Silo One (or even if they don't - got to keep that plot continuity going somehow), they'll be told that a captured warbot is being held there. Their informant adds *'I HOPE YOU WILL SHOW EQUAL FORTITUDE IF YOU ARE CAPTURED, AMIGO.'* The Troubleshooters ought to think of rescuing the warbot and using it to blast a way to freedom. If they don't think of doing this, they're going to end up doing it anyway. Ve have vays und means.

Meanwhile there's the sound of approaching boots. Most of the time this means approaching guards as well, and now is no exception to this general rule. Might have been a bit more interesting to have a shoot out with a bunch of boots, though, eh? The Troubleshooters have enough time to hide. The three aliens hide their clothing in one of the old lockers, and start talking - oddly enough, without their Mexican accents - about the awful treason that was just announced.

Eight troopers in red padding armour, and with implants, march in and start to search the place. They are armed with red-barrel laser pistols and have 25% pistol and unarmed combat skills. They aren't very good at searching. They'll look in a cupboard or under a table, but won't bother with obscure places like a ventilation duct or the top bunk of a high stack.

If in need of equipment the Troubleshooters should have little trouble taking these troopers out. Of course, one or two clones may get killed, but that's life. Or death. Cunning types may also think of stealing forehead control plates, wiping off the blood and gooey bits of brain tissue, snapping off the electrodes, and using them as a disguise.

From this point onward a little improvisation may be required. Escape is probably the only option that most Troubleshooters will consider. However, Juan, Jose and Pepe won't want to let the humans escape: who else isn't brainwashed? Who else can provide information about The Doctor? Who else have they got their laser rifles aimed at?

If the Troubleshooters try to leave without the warbot, remind them of their mission. Convince them that the exits are sealed. Death is pretty convincing in its way, but it's very samey. The 'Mexicans' will only help if they think that the Troubleshooters are going to look for The Doctor. Otherwise it's time for laser practice. Not that these animated pepperpots need the practice.

If the team go looking for BOL/O without the renegade aliens, let them run into trouble. However, sooner or later the survivors will end up back at the HPD&MC centre. There isn't really a lot they can do without the warbot, after all.

Ve Have Vays Und Means

Holding Silo 4 is a massive bunker in the basement of the HPD&MC. The approach corridors are guarded by brainwashed Green Vulture Squadron Troopers, with full armour and weapons. As the team fight their way towards the silo, they'll hear a loud deep voice (100 watts or so of amplification, with lots of echo and reverb) shouting 'I AM BOL/O-MK-XXX, WARBOT FIRST CLASS. YOU WON'T MAKE ME TALK, COMMIE SWINE.'

The silo is a simple 20m deep pit with a large access door. BOL/O is at the bottom of the pit, resting on huge pneumatic jacks which keep its treads clear of the floor. Its tac-nuke launcher tube has partially melted, and is completely useless, though the aliens and their slaves occasionally have to dodge the barrel as BOL/O swings its turret around. The two manipulator arms are shackled by ridiculously large handcuffs. BOL/O can actually break them at will, but is waiting for an opportune moment. The laser has been disarmed by pulling a few fuses but is repairable.

There are four pseudo-Daleks and eight slaves in the pit, and six more aliens and eleven slaves in the area above. The Troubleshooters should be able to fight their way to BOL/O, but it won't be easy. In a fight, the warbot will break free, deploy its hidden sonic blaster and do for anything it can see...

BOL/O should be played as a fairly intelligent (in the loosest possible sense) Alpha Complex battlebot with a habit of taking on ridiculous odds. Think Rambo. Think Arnie Schwarzenegger. Think 25 tons of ravening death. With cunning.

Equipment above the pit includes a huge electroshock generator, some fragile tanks of nitric acid (column 8 for splashes!), and controls for the hydraulic jacks and door. The pit exit leads into a military zone, with all that implies. Lots of automatic fire. Which won't bother BOL/O one bit, but might inconvenience a Troubleshooter who fails to dodge. Like a damage column 8 inconvenience.

BOL/O was captured after a tac-nuke hit concussed its computer brain and scrambled its gyros. This also made the warbot's hull radioactive - to the extent that it is lethal to anyone who spends 12 hours in its company. Sad, really. Twelve hours is hardly long enough to strike up a meaningful relationship. Radiation levels inside the passenger compartment are

acceptable. Unless your clearance is CLASSIFIED INFORMATION.

The warbot won't automatically recognise the Troubleshooters as allies. It will certainly assumed that Juan Jose, and Pepe are enemies. And why not? Somebody ought to. The Troubleshooters ought to be able to prove that they are Good and Loyal Troubleshooters by identifying themselves with their tongue tattoos. Getting a tongue to BOL/O may present more of a problem.

Once the situation has been explained, BOL/O will decide that Yellows and Oranges are (provisionally) entitled to a ride. It feels vaguely insulted that such low-clearance Troubleshooters have been sent to find it. The warbot can't move until the jacks are lowered, unless the whole building is destroyed - but this is a last resort. When ready to move, BOL/O opens a heavily armoured hatch leading to his passenger compartment. There's no way the Mexican Pseudo-Daleks are getting aboard BOL/O. No. They can walk. Trundle, float or whatever. They also weigh 250kg each, so despite the fact that BOL/O wants nothing to do with them, lifting them into the compartment isn't an easy job...

Regardless of the numbers on board, BOL/O's passenger compartment will always be a little too small and much too stuffy for comfort. The controls are two joysticks with several interesting-looking buttons, two unmarked foot pedals, an all-round video display, and a vector graphics monitor for radar and tactical maps. It's the sort of set-up that makes playing two *Defender* machines at the same time a piece of Cold Fun...

The password needed to activate the manual controls is 'Ansible' - the self-destruct code. Using this word starts a countdown: 'THREE - TWO - ONE - MANUAL CONTROLS ACTIVATED.' Hands up all those who thought there was going to be an explosion. O ye of little faith. Using any of the controls only causes BOL/O to comment 'THAT WAS EXTREMELY SILLY' and override the manual controls. It also has complete charge of the door... but then you'd guessed that, hadn't you?

Whatever the Troubleshooters want to do, they're going to see The Leader. If this is what they want to do, give them a hard time persuading BOL/O to cooperate. If they want to escape, BOL/O will pretend to agree, then announce 'NEW MISSION OBJECTIVES' once they are aboard. BOL/O's will soon decide that this is a golden chance to destroy the invaders before they get anywhere near the real, genuine and home Alpha Complex.

If the team don't have manual control, as BOL/O leaves the pit it swivels the turret and fires on the rebel pseudo-Daleks. They are all aliens and traitors. A swirling cloud of smoke obscures their fate.

Ve Vere Only Obeyink Orders

If the Troubleshooters have located Computer Central, BOL/O is powerful enough to get there with only minor cosmetic damage. There goes the no-claims bonus! If they don't know the way, BOL/O has his own subtle methods. He'll grab a pseudo-Dalek, shake it until it talks and then run over it. The warbot is in a particularly foul mood, so he'll reverse over his victims as well, just to make sure. Yucky. Imagine a tin of tomatoes under a road-roller.

Leaving a trail of smashed pseudo-Daleks, BOL/O eventually smashes its way into Computer Central: 'SURRENDER OR DIE, COMMIE ALIEN MUTANT TRAITORS!' By the way, don't forget to describe the cute, vaguely squished teddybear-like forms inside the Daleks, struggling to breathe in Earth's atmosphere.

Computer Central is guarded by Blue Intsec troops, armed to the teeth and beyond. It's a huge hall, all towering data stacks and memory cores. All of which are very, very fragile and liable to collapse at the first burst of fire. Suddenly enemy fire stops, and one of the slave troopers appears waving a white flag. BOL/O shoots him. Repeat this as often as you like, until someone persuades BOL/O to cease firing.

Three aliens glide forward out of the swirling smoke. Two have violet hemispheres, the third is gleaming white. It approaches and says *'YOU HAVE DESTROYED MANY OF MY WARRIORS, BUT YOU HAVE NOT YET WON. WHY SHOULD I SURRENDER TO YOU?'*

However, the parley is merely a delaying tactic until one of the Sun Cannon warbots can be manoeuvered into position. The White pseudo-Dalek is a pseudo-White pseudo-Dalek: a Red with a new paint job.

BOL/O uses its internal speaker to say ask for advice. If anyone mentions The Doctor at this point, BOL/O will go along with the idea. Anything for a weird life. He will then repeat, word for word, any statement about The Doctor. The Leader is well aware of the story of The Doctor, and is secretly convinced that he will eventually appear to wreck the alien plans. A 2D10 Chutzpah roll should suffice to convince him that one of the team is The Doctor, however unlikely this may seem. If this tactic is used, the real Leader will appear, to explain that he was corrupted by the evils of television. The team can give the pseudo-Daleks a firm warning, and send them back to their home world. Unfortunately all of the inhabitants of this Alpha complex are still dead or brainwashed; with the pseudo-Daleks gone, all the slaves collapse and eventually die.

If the team tell BOL/O to open fire, BOL/O does so and white paint peels off the alien's armour, revealing the red beneath. An amplified voice shouts *'TRAITOROUS SCUM, YOU WILL SUFFER FOR THAT.'* Start firing again...

If anyone climbs out to negotiate the pseudo-Daleks will open fire. BOL/O will ultimately destroy the Computer Centre and most of the aliens, thus driving off the invasion, but this won't do the smoking clone remains much good.

The team may wish to try negotiation from inside BOL/O. The aliens will grudgingly agree terms, then betray the Troubleshooters at the first opportunity. Sooner or later the Sun Cannon will arrive and blow BOL/O to tiny shreds.

Just When You Thought It Was Safe To

As the gleaming flying saucer takes off, and hovers above the ruined complex, BOL/O casually raises its weapons and fires at the main exhaust. A huge fireball appears, spreading to envelop the entire craft. Small fragments rain down. Anyone outside the warbot must dodge or take column 4 damage.

The wrecked saucer wobbles for a few moments, then spins down into the complex. The Troubleshooters have one whole round to get inside BOL/O and shut the hatch. Those who can't be bothered take column 14 damage as a mega-explosion reduces this Alpha Complex to rubble. Passengers in BOL/O take column 2 damage on the *Falling From Great Heights* Table, thanks to the shockwave. 'THAT'S THE LAST OF THEM, THEN,' says BOL/O. 'TIME TO RETURN TO OUR BELOVED ALPHA COMPLEX'.

BOL/O won't accept any other destination, and won't let anyone out. Humming a happy medley of traitor-zapping tunes, and the theme of the Teela O'Malley Show, it sets off for Alpha Complex. If you've got a copy, put the *Birdy Song* on repeat and leave it going for an hour or so. Give the players a taste of the mind-numbing quality of BOL/O's musical accomplishments. Wear earplugs.

Optional Ending The First

BOL/O clatters away from the ruined complex, and down a road that leads back to base. After ten kilometres or so there's a loud bang, and 'REACTOR MALFUNCTION, REACTOR MALFUNCTION - EVACUATE IMMEDIATELY!'

The hatch swings open, and the Troubleshooters have five rounds to get clear. There's a huge hole in BOL/O's side, and laser bolts are zapping into the ground around them. Eventually BOL/O explodes; the fireball has a 25m radius, and does column 12 damage.

'SO, STEENKEENG ONES, WE MEET AGAIN.'

Three familiar battered-looking pseudo-Daleks with scorched hats and torn serapes cover the Troubleshooters with their lasers. It's excuses time. Three rounds... GO! Then the alien rebels open fire anyway. Any survivors of this final massacre must travel back to the Alpha Complex on foot. Run the next ending when they get there...

Optional Ending The Second

If any Troubleshooter is killed on the return leg, no clone replacements are delivered. As BOL/O clatters towards Alpha Complex, the Troubleshooters may remember that it lost all its radio equipment, and is so badly damaged that it no longer looks like BOL/O. The warbot does remember and uses a flashing lamp to contact the Complex.

BOL/O is taken to a silo for interrogation, and the Troubleshooters are confined to cells for 'debriefing'. Eventually, after three days of interrogation, they are given fresh clothing and escorted to a briefing room.

Four Indigos and some Vulture Troops are waiting. Hand out the rewards and punishments in the traditional style... And then one of the Indigos turns to the survivors and says 'Well done. It's fortunate that the aliens picked another complex to invade. I wonder if any other aliens have picked up those old signals - it would be unfortunate if there was more interference with our plans.'

He pulls at his cheek, and a layer of flesh-coloured plastic peels off to reveal green reptilian skin. A long forked tongue flickers in and out

'You will stay to dinner, won't you?'

Optional Ending The Third

Soft hearted again? OK, debrief the survivors, promote them, and give out appropriate bonuses and rewards. Let them relax for a few days. Then call them back in for a final debriefing session, and run *Optional Ending The Second.*

Pseudo-Dalek

Essentially small humanoid/-teddyoid aliens in robotic suits of armour, the aliens aren't as tough as their fictional predecessors.

Chassis
Small

Feets
Air cushion (not powerful enough to use a staircase or ladder); base speed: fast walk; this system can be put into reverse, making the Dalek stick to the floor so firmly that it can't be moved or turned over.

Hands
Limb with grasper, lift 30kg, melee (30%)

Input Devices
Audio sensors, video sensors

Output Devices
Voice synthesiser (metallic tones), little lights

Power Source
Micropile

Weapons
Laser rifle, barrel multi-colour according to security clearance, 35% skill. The Leader has 60% skill.

Armour
Multi-colour reflec (as security clearance) over Kevlar armour. The Leader has universal reflec armour over laminated combat armour. Both types of armour are gas proof, invulnerable to stun guns and rifles, and include air and food recycling equipment.

	STR	END	AGIL	DEX	MOX	CHTZ	MECH	POW
Typical	7*	7*	7*	7*	8	8	12	10
Leader	12*	14*	16*	14*	14	19	8	21

* These attributes are only used when the occupant is out of the armour. A pseudo-Dalek without its armour looks a lot like a teddy bear. However, cuddliness is no substitute for a good set of lungs; a pseudo-Dalek will die in Earth's atmosphere as soon as it fails a 3D10 Endurance roll.

BOL/O-MK-XXX Alpha Complex Warbot

Chassis
Largest; all attacks shift 4 columns left

Feets
Treads, enhanced speed; Run over/squash (30%, shift 4 to right)

Hands
Two heavy manipulators, 300kg strength, melee 25%

Input Devices
Standard data port (with scrambler to block treasonous programming); audio, video, radar, radiation and sonar sensors; gyroscopic compass; multicorder (in passenger compartment)

Output Devices
Voice synthesiser in passenger compartment; external 500 watt synthesiser; radio systems damaged

Power Source
Micropile

Weapons
Laser Cannon III (damaged, repairable); Sonic blaster (concealed, full working order); Tube cannon 2 (autofiring tacnuke launcher, damaged, unrepairable); ROYGB laser pistol (concealed in passenger compartment)

Armour
50mm laminated composite armour plate (shift all attacks another 6 columns left)

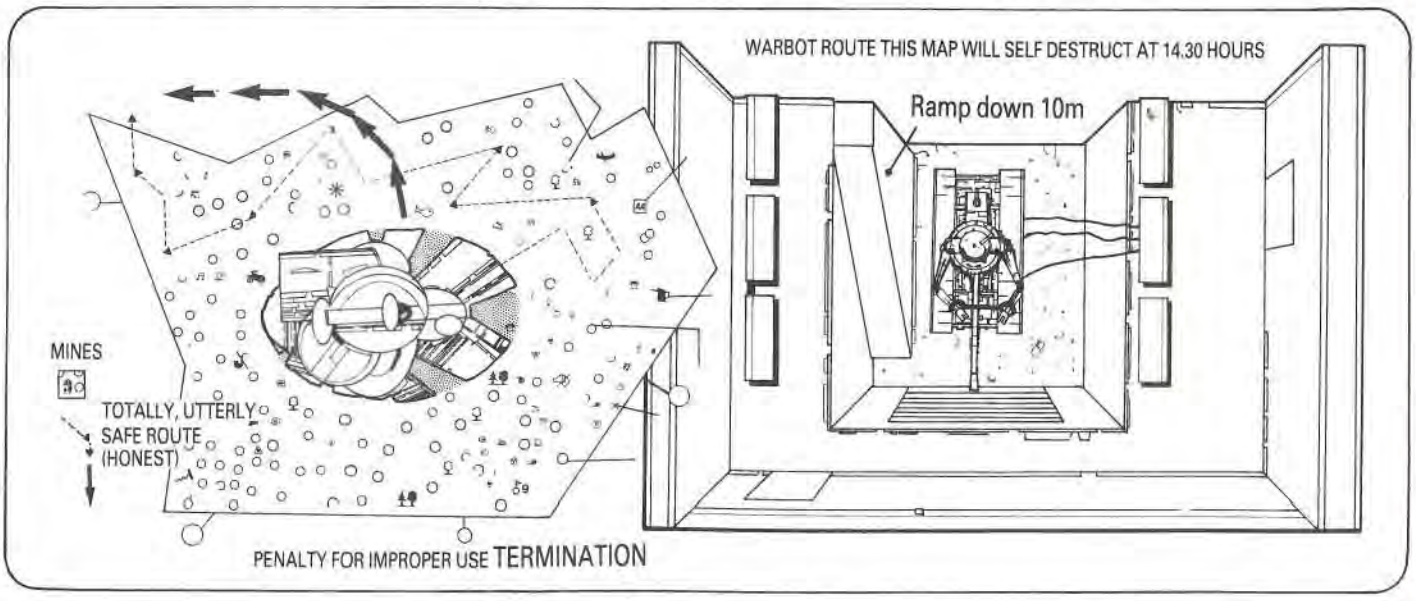
Programs
Laser and Tube Cannon 7 (50%), Sonic Blaster 5 (40%), Laser Pistol 2 (25%), Heavy manipulator 2 (25%), Melee 2 (25%), Basics 1

Sources

The original idea for this adventure derives from some speculation about Dalek society, originally suggested by Pete Armstrong and Hugh Fottrell of Games Workshop, Hammersmith.

Other sources include *Doctor Who, V,* Keith Laumer's *BOLO* stories, and virtually all the published material for *Paranoia.* My thanks to all concerned.

Marcus L Rowland



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NOBELESE

Nobility and Royalty in Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay

by Paul Cockburn, with Jim Bambra and Phil Gallagher

Nobles in The Empire

One thing The Empire is not short of is nobility. By that, we don't mean that The Empire is a fine and honourable place, filled with good souls, but that it is liberally scattered with people who by birth, favour, action or bluff have reached the stage of being regarded as 'aristocratic'.

The government of The Empire depends on the nobility. Essentially, the Emperor is one of the select central corps of nobles known as Electors. The Electors each hold sovereign sway over one of the large provinces of The Empire, and elect one of their number to serve as Emperor until death (or, occasionally, until everyone else is sick to death of him). Ignoring the clerical Electors, who derive their authority from their Temples, each lay Elector is the head of a dynasty, the most prestigious member of a powerful aristocratic family. All the authority nobles command is theirs by birthright, and is passed on through the generations. Most of the ruling Electoral families of The Empire have existed for centuries.

The privilege of being an Elector - normally entitled a Grand Duke, Grand Count, Grand Prince, or Graf - is an ancient one, and naturally, they are also the rulers of magnificent personal estates and large provinces. The origins of these titles are lost in the mists of antiquity; the important thing to remember is that there is no clear hierarchy of titles (unlike in our own history) and that only Electors are called 'Grand'.

Of course, only one member of the family gets to be Elector. So the third level of aristocracy (if the Emperor-Elector is the first, and the other Electors are the second) are their blood kin. These are the lesser lights of the Imperial Dynasties, who - but for the vagaries of the rules of succession - might have been (or might yet be!) Electors themselves. Instead, they serve as a kind of noble 'civil service'.

It is traditional (and sensible, in most cases) for the Electors to entrust members of their family with posts within the Electoral Province. They might control smaller provinces, which are part of the Electoral holding; they might have important positions within one of the numerous Orders of Knighthood (cf *The Enemy Within*, p18); they might hold a governmental office, like Commander of Road Wardens or Knight-Chevalier of the Bedchamber; they might have substantial land-holdings or castles of their own, separate to the lands of their liege-lord; or they might just be hangers-on, living at the Electoral or Imperial court.

Whatever they do, these aristocrats are considered high in the rankings of nobility. They carry important titles, like Duke, Count, or Baron, and take precedence over all save the Electors.

Beneath them are the lesser nobility, the knights, lords and ladies of the 'country' aristocracy. They are predominantly land-owners and the relatives of such - holding castles or country estates, lesser governmental posts away from the capitals, or overseas. These are the most numerous of the nobility, and it is likely that player character nobles will be from this group.

Illustrated by Stephen Tappin.

Note: Imperial titles can be a bit confusing in their own right, and you could easily get completely tied up comparing them to the various 'ranks' of noble that follow. The Noble career class progresses through five *Ranks*, each more advanced than the last. Each also carries a list of likely titles. However, there is a great deal of overlap in the grading of various titles, so that it is possible for a seemingly lowly Count to have vast tracts of land and wealth, while a Duke can be almost a pauper, and own no more than a fortified manor. However, you can roughly grade the Imperial titles like this: Knight, Lord, or Lady; Baron or Margrave; Count; Duke; Elector (therefore Grand Baron, Grand Duke, etc).

The Noble Basic Career

The player who rolls up *Noble* as a Basic career has not actually gained any major advantage over his fellows. The extra money is useful, the horse and the armour will make life less taxing and hazardous, and one can safely assume that those skills mean the character will never use the wrong fork at dinner. It does not mean that the character is rich, or that he or she has land or a castle somewhere. Much more likely, the character is some younger son or daughter of a moderately wealthy graf or knight who has given up hope of ever inheriting the big money, and who is certainly not going to soil his or her hands with anything so demeaning as work.

So, the adventuring life is a natural one. And - apart from demanding to be called 'My Lord' or 'Your Grace' at every moment by the rest of the party - the character can go through life as one of the chaps, striving against the forces of Chaos and trying to make an honest bob or two. The major difference is that the character usually finds it easier dealing with the common folk who trundle around the edges of the campaign: peasants, merchants, inn-keepers and the like. Most will doff their caps, find the character a chair, offer some small free service, and serve them more quickly than the rest of the party. Of course, the GM should occasionally have an NPC who is a little less 'umble, and who treats the PC as a 'stuck-up' snob.

Generally, the attitude of the population towards the Imperial aristocracy is publicly servile and privately scornful. The in-breeding of certain families, the incompetence of many individuals, and the haughty indifference of the whole class has made many enemies. But their power is considerable, based on their almost exclusive right to hold land, and most non-nobles - be they wealthy merchants or landless peasants - recognise that someone who can have you split in two for no reason is not someone to be cheeked...

Initially, however, the PC Noble has no great power or influence. He should have a simple title, like Knight, or perhaps Landgrave, and will owe no great allegiance to anyone, save perhaps an immediate liege-lord (a slightly more prestigious noble). Once the player-characters have been wading through the gore of Chaos-followers for a few years, however, they might consider that they deserve a real title, a proper reward, the sort of thing people respect. What follows are some simple rules and guidelines for handling the ennoblement of player characters and NPCs.

Joining the Nobility

Each of the Ranks of the Noble Career (described below) has all the normal sub-headings attached to it: career entries and exits, trappings and skills. However, characters cannot just 'adopt' noble status (unless the player's first, basic career is *Noble* - see *WFRP*, p32): each Rank is a 'specialised' career, with individual rules for entry. First and foremost, the character must have a patron, since the Imperial rules of ennoblement state that only the Electors can create new titles, or redistribute old ones.

The patron figure should be used in the same manner as one might use the head of a Guild or a military commander for other careers. The player character(s) concerned will have come to the Elector's attention through some famous deed, will have been introduced to the Elector at some time, and begun performing little services. In time, the Elector will come to look on the PC(s) as dependable, worthy of high reward, and will mention the possibility of a title of some kind, if they will just perform this one small service...

In game terms, the rules for entry into the Noble career can be summarised as follows:

1 The character concerned must have *fully completed* one or more of the careers listed under career entries. To complete a career *fully*, a character must have taken every advance possible under the career, obtained *all* the skills and *all* the trappings.

2 Noble characters can only be granted the title by an NPC Elector-Patron, someone who will have been making their lives a misery by a sequence of unreasonable requests in their former careers. In the most exceptional of circumstances, it might be possible to forego this by a single act of great value in the presence of the Elector or his agents - winning a major battle single-handed, or rescuing the Grand Duke's daughter when all else have failed, etc.

There is, of course, one simple way of helping the Elector make the right decision. Nothing smooths the way towards a title like money. If a character can afford to buy all the Trappings listed for the particular rank, and pay the Elector a sum equivalent to 25% of that total, then there's no need to go running around risking life and limb against the hordes of Khorne... Even when the character hopes to inherit all the Trappings that go with a title, that 25% 'bonus' still ought to be paid.

3 The Elector will grant the PC the lowest title possible - the 'Knight' rank, which carries few rewards and several obligations... Some Advanced Careers from the rulebook do allow entry into the higher ranks of nobility, as shown under the description of each rank. Normally, if a character already holds a title, and the Elector wishes to reward him or her, then a title will be bestowed from the next highest rank. However, the GM should never ignore the possibility of a character holding two duchies, or whatever, if it isn't a good time for the character to advance further through the career.

4 If the character is to advance into the second rank of the nobility, there must be a vacancy to fill, since the higher ranks are all tied to territory. Normally this need not be a great problem, since the Elector can always shave off a piece of his or her own domain if it is that important to reward the PC. However, this rule alone is the single most important bar to characters advancing to the third rank or higher. If a Ducal title becomes vacant, for example, the Emperor will re-assign it to the greatest worthy in the land... probably himself. If a PC is so powerful that he or she simply can't be ignored any longer, that should be the only circumstance in which the title is assigned.

5 The experience cost to enter any of the noble ranks is 300 EPs. After these have been 'spent', the character should make an immediate *Fellowship* test. If this is passed, the character may enter the career immediately. If it is failed, the character's ennoblement will be delayed for D6 months (with the patron hanging onto all the 'bribe' money), until this test can be taken again at the cost of another 300 EPs. It is quite possible for characters' applications to be delayed for years...

Special Rules for Noble Characters

Trappings: Once a character has assumed the noble title, all the benefits and duties outlined below apply. The noble career works like any other, with opportunities for characters to gain advances and new skills, and so on. However, there is a special rule for this career.

A noble's trappings are the most important sign of his status, and he can not afford to ever be without them. These trappings will have come to him in one of two ways: either they will have been bestowed at the time the character received the title for some great service, or they will have been bought by the character as part of the process of buying the title.

If characters ever find themselves in a position where they do not have all the Trappings for the career, or if a time comes when they cannot afford to pay the annual upkeep on things like staff or land-holdings, they will start becoming an embarrassment to the nobility. At the end of each game year, the character should make a *Fellowship* test: if this is passed, things can continue for another year; if failed, the title will be stripped from the character, along with all remaining noble trappings, and the character will have to commence another career.

Training: The second rule for this career is that all the Skills for that rank (and all lower ranks) should have been purchased before any characteristic advances are taken. The rules for Training Times as given last month apply for these skills, but the prices for Tuition Fees should be trebled. Go on, you can afford it...

"A grant for your charitable hospice, my lord; oh, and did I mention the problem I was having with my neighbours?"

Benefits and Duties: The GM will have to judge how much a noble character is allowed to interfere with the playing of a game. Basically, the more you want the players to be a part of the campaign world, the more attention you should pay to what follows.

There are several benefits to being a noble that you just can't regulate for. The obvious one is that the PC's social standing is such that most ordinary people will show the right kind of respect - at least to the character's face. This is reflected in the very healthy increases possible in the *Leadership* and *Fellowship* characteristics. Nevertheless, in general terms, the only NPCs with whom the character has regular dealings who might fail to show due deference, are those ignorant peasant clods who don't know any better, and the genuinely Bolshie.

This kind of prominence in society ought to extend to two other important areas as well. Nobles are hardly likely

to perform menial services themselves: "Feed the horses well, groom, and here's some copper for your trouble", and this should extend to the menial service of transporting oneself all over The Empire after pieces of equipment and news. Any halfway decent armourer ought to come to you, tape measure in hand, with the latest fashion in full gothic plate mail. Likewise, the information on which a campaign thrives - knowing where the action is (at least locally) - ought to come direct to the character. After all, they will be responsible for the lives of others. The GM can draw some amusement from the prospect of the PCs having too much adventuring work to cope with: "There's a Chaos Warrior in your village? OK, I'll get to it on the way back from defeating the robber knight at the ford, after I've rescued the merchant's daughter"

And, of course, nobles have certain rights, by law. They can't be arrested by common Watchmen, but only by specific warrant from an Imperial magistrate or the direct word of their liege lord or any Elector; they can only be tried at an Electoral court, by their peers; they cannot be pursued for civil suits. Basically, they can do what they like to the lower orders - literally getting away with murder - so long as they don't get up the noses of their fellow nobles. And the average Imperial noble nose has plenty of room. Of course, some overbearing nobles have been known to be found face down in the river - the law doesn't provide complete protection...

As GM, you also ought to allow some income from the lands, offices and 'benefits' of being a noble: "A grant for your charitable hospice, my lord; oh, and did I mention the problem I was having with my neighbours?" The amount will have to be judged by individual needs, but should be less than the outgoings of the PC when that character is still actively adventuring.

The duties of a noble can only interfere with the playing of the game as much as the GM wants them to, but they ought at least to include a few visits to the PC's liege. Normally, this will be the Elector of the province in which the PC holds land (and a PC could hold land in more than one Province), although there may be an intervening Baron or Duke for lesser mortals. Visits to the Imperial court can be encouraged, and allow the player to feel his or her character is really getting somewhere. Don't let this become abused, if the PC is proving to be a pain.

Farm management isn't going to be everyone's cup of tea (use something like the *Pendragon Nobles* system, if you want to run the economics), but don't miss the opportunity to have the PCs involved in the law. The historical test of noble power (a bit of medieval history here) is through watching how much of the law a noble controls. If the people he or she judges can appeal further up the ladder, then the character is not a great power. If he or she can say "Orf with his head", and that's the end of the matter, then the character does indeed have some clout. Most medieval feudal and post-feudal conflicts over 'rights' were to do with who had the final power to say this is how it is, like it or lump it.

So don't miss the chance to have your PCs run a few trials. Apart from the obvious roleplaying potential, there is much scope for starting adventures from the outcome of a trial, and of using them as the culmination of a plot too.

This not being the medieval period proper, the old ideals of military service are not applicable. However, in times of trouble, the PC who shelters behind self-interest isn't going to win friends. It might be cheaper, and it might protect what you have, but it isn't going to lead to promotion...

Career Exits: Apart from the Knight rank, none of the other the Noble ranks have any Career Exits. Once a noble,

always a noble. Are you supposed to soil your hands with work?

Adventuring or soldiering or magic are just about OK, but the vast majority of nobles can only either stay put, or look to advance up the rungs of power. The idea of the noble career is to provide a final goal for your PCs, a place to call their own and a sense of achievement...

New Skills For Noble Characters

The following new skills can be easily introduced into your campaign. They need not only be available to characters in the Noble career, but none of them should be granted to characters as part of the process of rolling up a Basic career.

Court Intrigue: A character with this skill who makes a successful *Intelligence* test will know who is on whose side, what rumours there are about their intrigues, and will have all the necessary contacts to pursue any kind of intrigue of their own. If the character successfully makes an Intelligence Test with more than 20% to spare, he or she will also be privy to a secret about some faction's plans that could prove very useful.

Obviously, such a skill can only be used at a level appropriate to the character's own. A Rank 3 Noble could use this skill in connection with people and events at the Electoral court, while an Elector would operate like this at the very highest level.

Dynastic Knowledge: A character with this skill may, on completion of a successful Test against *Intelligence*, be assumed to know the details of another noble's family saga. This should include knowing which faction(s) the characters family supports, their famous forebears, their current standing, etc. A modifier of +10% should be applied to tests concerning NPCs of Noble rank 4 or above. If the character makes a particularly successful roll (with 30% to spare), he will also know some secret about the other character's family. If the test is failed, the character's background remains a mystery. If failed by more than 20%, then you've made a real mistake, and got the guy crossed with somebody else.

For example, Baron Wilhelm von Michelin, a PC Noble (Rank 3) is living at the Electoral Court in Nuln, looking to ingratiate himself and gain an important military command. However, a rival for the post is Duke Feuerberg, and he shows no sign of being ready to hand over the reins. Wilhelm, not wanting to be seen asking lots of questions, racks his memory to see what he knows of the Feuerberg family - his player rolls 21% against his current *Intelligence* of 49%. Because Feuerberg is a Rank 4 noble, the 10% bonus means Michelin's player is aware of a little-known fact about the Feuerberg clan - the GM decides that he has heard of bad blood between the

Feuerbergs and the Halflings of the Moot. Perhaps the Duke has plans to use the troops which the post would place at his command to settle this old grudge - or perhaps Michelin can just make people at court think this is what he intends...

Influence: A character with this skill can add 10% to his or her *Fellowship* score when making any test at Court. It represents having the right contacts, and being seen by people with authority as being the right kind of person to have access to different places.

Intimidate: A skill no noble can afford to be without. It allows a noble character to browbeat the commoners into instant obedience, by making a *Fellowship* test. If the test is passed, the peasants will obey any command that doesn't actually put their life or property at risk. If passed by 30% or more, the fools will actually be ready to follow the noble into all sorts of risky situations. If failed, however, there will be muttering in the ranks, and the tomatoes might start flying...

"Farm management isn't going to be everyone's cup of tea".

Stewardship: This skill allows a character in charge of running an estate to do so without making a mess of things. It embodies certain general agricultural skills plus the knowledge of when certain jobs need doing. It also involves dealing with labourers on the estate. At critical times in the year, sewing and harvesting being the most important, the character should make a *Risk* test, with a +20% modifier if the character has the *Stewardship* skill (ignore the rule on p71 of the rules about taking damage when a *Risk* test is failed). If the roll is successful, the character will have earned the estate an appropriate amount of money (determined by the GM). If failed, the amount should be halved. If the test is failed by 30% or more, the whole amount should be lost, and people on the Estate will be threatened with starvation.

The Noble Advanced Career

The following career profiles are for the various ranks in the Noble career. The Knight rank is exactly the same as the *Basic Noble* career (see *WFRP*, p32), except that it may be taken as a new career by a character who satisfies the rules given above. To obtain a noble rank, the career from which the character comes must have been completed - ie, all advances must have been taken, all skills obtained and all trappings acquired.

Noble - Rank 1 (Knight, Lord, Lady)

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
-	+10	+10	-	-	+2	+10	-	+10	+20	-	+10	-	+10

Career Entrances
by birth (Noble basic career); Engineer; Exciseman; Outrider; Roadwarden; Scribe; Soldier; Squire; Trader

Skills
Blather; Charm; Consume Alcohol; Ettiquette; Gamble; Heraldry; Luck; Musicianship; Public Speaking; Read/Write; Ride; Specialist Weapon - Fencing Sword; Wit

Trappings
Horse; Expensive clothes (worth at least 250GCs); Jewellery (worth at least 10D6GCs); D4 Hangers-on - other PCs will do!

Career Exits
Bawd; Duellist; Freelance; Gambler; Student

Noble - Rank 2 (Baron, Margrave)

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
-	+20	+10	-	-	+3	+10	+1	+10	+30	+10	+10	+10	+20

Career Entrances
Judicial Champion ; Lawyer

Skills
Disarm; Dodge Blow; Game Hunting; Sing; Specialist Weapons - Lance, Parrying Weapons; Stewardship; Story Telling

Trappings
3 Horses; Expensive Clothes and Jewellery (worth at least 1,000GCs); Fortified Dwelling (cost at least 25,000GCs to build and 2,000GCs per annum to run); Marks of Office (costing at least 7,000GCs); A few servants - a Chamberlain, a Herald, a Baliff, 3 Cooks, 10 Maids, 20 General Servants and 50 Men-at-arms ought to cover it).

Noble - Rank 3 (Count)

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
-	+30	+10	-	-	+5	+20	+2	+10	+40	+20	+10	+10	+30

Career Entrances
Explorer; Freelance; Merchant

Skills
Evaluate; Influence; Intimidate; Law; Seduction; Specialist Weapon - Double-handed Weapons

Trappings
Elaborate Coach and 4 Horses (costing from 5,000GCs); Expensive Clothes and Jewellery (worth at least 5,000GCs); Small Manor (cost at least 35,000GCs to build and 5,000GCs per annum); At least as many servants as a Count, as well as a Groom, a Falconer, a Master of Hounds, 3 pages, a few Ladies-in-Waiting (you are married, aren't you?) and coachmen; Falcons and Hunting Hounds - at least 4,000GCs worth.

Noble - Rank 4 (Duke)

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
-	+30	+10	-	-	+6	+20	+1	+10	+40	+20	+20	+10	+30

Career Entrances
Mercenary Captain; Sea Captain; Templar; Witch Hunter

Skills*
Cryptography; Dynastic Knowledge; Secret Language - Classical; Speak Additional Language

Trappings
A small piece of The Empire; Coaches, barges, boats, ships, horses... at least 15,000GCs worth; A castle with keep, bailey and walls (cost at least 50,000GCs to build and 7,500GCs per annum to keep up); Expensive Clothes, Pets, Jewels, Regalia, Mistresses and sundry hobbies (worth at least 25,000GCs at any one time, spend at least 10,000GCs a year); Servants by the score: add Scribes, Artisans, Bombadiers, Sappers, Engineers, Craftsmen and another D100 Men-at-Arms to the list for the Baron

Noble - Rank 5 (Elector - Grand Duke, Grand Prince - NPCs only)

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Dex	Ld	Int	Cl	WP	Fel
-	+40	+10	-	-	+8	+30	+2	+10	+50	+30	+40	+20	+40

Skills*
Court Intrigue; Secret Sign - Noble; Theology

Trappings
A considerable piece of real estate... like a Province, maybe; Life's little luxuries - all the means of transport, entertainment and general good living you can get for 30,000GCs a year; A major castle, the sort that costs 100,000GCs to build and 12,500GCs a year to keep going; probably a town house and a few country retreats too; All the servants above, probably twice over, plus another 2,000 men-at-arms, 500 archers and 500 cavalry, a few Templars and good contacts amongst the mercenary fraternity.

Extra Dressing

The following are some ideas which lend themselves to adventure plots for noble characters.

Whose side are you on?

Imperial politics are based on the division of power among the Electors, for whom the Emperor is but a figure-head. The divisions and alliances among the Electors tend to be at their most critical during the election of a new Emperor, but the process takes place all the time. Normally, there are only are small number of Electors at any one time with the drive, energy and influence to be considered major figures in the hierarchy of The Empire - in the The Enemy Within campaign these are Graf Boris Todbringer, the Elector of Middenheim; the Duchess Elise Krieglitz-Untermensch, the Elector of Talabheim; Grand Duke Gustav von Krieglitz, the Elector of Talabecland; Grand Prince Hals von Tasseninck, the Elector of Ostland; and Grand Duke Leopold von Bildhofen, the Elector of Middenland (cf *TEW* p15).

"Once a noble, always a noble. Are you supposed to soil your hands with work?"

Behind each of these figures, a complex web of supporters spreads throughout all areas of Imperial life. Thus, it is well known that Graf Boris is related by marriage to Jan Todbringer, now better known as the Grand Theogonist, Yorri XV; that the banking family of the Schulldermans in Altdorf finance most of his loans; that many dependants of the Todbringers are serving in the Order of the Fiery Heart, and that the Guilds connected to the mining industry owe him allegiance. Similar networks spread out from each of the others.

So, when a new PC noble appears, the character's place in the power-politics of The Empire will be mapped out for him or her, unless the adventurer is entirely brave and/or stupid. The Elector who enobled him or her will be a member of one of the five great factions, and that will be the faction to which people expect the PC to belong. There will then follow three stages for the new noble:

First, you meet your friends. Other members of the faction make themselves known to you. Your betters invite you to come and see them so they can see what you look like, and what use you might be. Your inferiors come to offer services.

Second, your enemies make themselves known to you. You start meeting hindrances, abuse, problems. You can't book a coach ticket or a hotel room, your horse's feed is spoiled, your assets are tied up. Your friends start suggesting you use their contacts, tying you more closely into the faction. Your enemies will become increasingly open in their hostility, so that you can't move without the support of your faction.

Lastly, you become part of the power struggle. Feuds, private wars, court intrigue...

But he started it...

One of the sad truths about the noble class is that they love fighting. No harm in that, you'd have thought, given the enemies beyond the border, but the fact is they prefer fighting each other. There is a kind of institutionalised violence in The Empire called the Private War. This is a family feud, blown up out of all proportions, involving the raising of armies, battles, sieges, etc. It's called a Private War, because it is actually illegal to just 'join in' - you are supposed to be hired by one of the principal parties involved, related to one of them, a retainer of one of them or just one of them. The rules of Private War are simple; you can do what you like to people on the other side, but you are supposed to avoid general mayhem around the place.

That's the idea, but it rarely works like that. When the Verspeers, a noble family from Talabecland, fell out with the enormous von Randee clan, whose most famous scion is a minor Count in south Middenheim, it started a vendetta that lasted 34 years, and saw at least three towns razed which had nothing to do with the quarrel.

The whole point of a Private War is that each act of vengeance is such a galling blow to the other side that they have to seek vengeance in turn; the whole thing is self-perpetuating.

If a PC noble hasn't got enemies from another family like this, then he or she is obviously a wimp. Just make sure your next adventure has an NPC noble among the bad guys, so that when the PC deals out the death stroke, you can start wheeling out the kith and kin...

Paul Cockburn, with Jim Bambra and Phil Gallagher

A HARD ACT TO FOLLOW

Public Order for British-based Call of Cthulhu campaigns

by Mark Lee

In the period from the turn of the century to World War Two there were many civil disturbances in Britain, ranging from the activities of Suffragettes to labour disputes. These were also the years of the General Strike, and the Moseleyite marches of the thirties. Some, but not all, of these events are covered in *Green and Pleasant Land*, the British *Call of Cthulhu* sourcebook. This is a look at the background to civil disorder and the legislation then in force to deal with the problem...

The history of public order in Britain is directly linked to the development of the railways. Until the middle of the nineteenth century most disturbances were local. If there was trouble it would be handled by the local magistrate and a few assistants, and if there happened to be an army barracks in the area, troops might be called in to help. This was rare, but it did happen (such as at the 'Peterloo Massacre' in Manchester). It could take several days for troops to reach a trouble spot, so rioting sometimes continued for days in isolated areas. Fortunately these riots were usually fairly small, since the same restrictions on movement that hampered the army applied equally to the rioters.

With the arrival of the railway system it became possible for the public to move around the country really quickly, and for towns to become larger and more densely populated. It gradually became apparent that there were an increasing number of incidents involving large crowds, peaceful or violent. However, the new forms of transport made it possible to respond quickly (in some cases over-react) to mob action. Once troops could be moved around the country rapidly, the army became involved in more civilian disorders. This made it possible to keep army units on British soil, and kept them in training for war. The number of prolonged riots declined, but more people were hurt in the riots that did occur.

As police forces became larger and better equipped, the need for military intervention declined in the British mainland. However, the role of the police gradually fell into disrepute in some quarters, since it was often felt that they were attempting to stifle freedom of speech, and were biased against trades unions and left-wing political organisations.

An important example of this trend was the Public Order Act of 1936, intended to curb the violence of Fascist supporters. It forbade the wearing of political uniforms at public meetings, and gave Chief Constables wide-ranging powers to prohibit meetings and processions. In practice, some sources suggest, these powers were rarely used against the Fascists, but were frequently used against left-wing organisations. By 1938 police misconduct was so widespread that the National Council Of Civil Liberties was spending three quarters of its time monitoring the police, and began to use volunteer observers at public meetings.

The largest disturbance of this period was the Battle of Cable Street, in October 1936. The British Union of Fascists, led by Oswald Moseley, arranged to march through the East End of London with a police escort. An estimated hundred thousand Jews and communists mobilised to stop them. Cars and trams were overturned, windows were smashed, and hundreds were arrested and injured. Eventually the Fascists admitted defeat and cancelled the march. Afterwards it was claimed that the police had planted weapons on many of the anti-Moseley demonstrators, while ignoring those carried by the Fascists.

Although these events were exceptional, they illustrate the fact that Britain wasn't entirely peaceful before the Second World War. To be realistic, a British-based *Call of Cthulhu* campaign should make some attempt to reflect this situation. If investigators do become involved with mobs and acts of violence they and the keeper should be aware of the laws they risk breaking.

Affray

This is an interesting charge which is occasionally used after acts of public violence. In essence, the law states that any violent behaviour which is likely to make another person afraid is an offence. For example, a fight using weapons which drew blood would probably be treated as an Affray, while participants in a simple fist fight would generally be charged with assault. Using dummy weapons to threaten someone while committing a crime might also lead to this charge. The important point is that Affray carries much heavier sentences than common assault. These can be up to three years in some cases, compared to a fine or short sentence for common assault. The distinction is unlikely to matter if investigators face a murder charge, but could be very important under other circumstances.

An unusual crime related to Affray is *Attempting To Alarm Or Injure The Sovereign*. This is actually defined as an offence against the public, a general category which also included treason,

blasphemy, and mutiny. A 1906 source explains the crime in a way that makes it possible to be guilty of this offence while attempting to defend the monarch:

> To point, aim, present at or near the person of the King, any firearm, loaded or not, or any other kind of arm.

2 To discharge at or near the person of the King, any loaded arm or explosive material.

3 To strike, or to strike at, the person of the King in any way whatever, or to throw anything at or upon the King.

4 To attempt to do any of these acts, or to produce or have near the person of the King, any arm or destructive or dangerous thing, with intent to use the same to injure or alarm the King.

Upon conviction for any of the above, the punishment is imprisonment and whipping

Investigators who try to push the King clear of an assassin - or draw weapons to ward off an attacker - may find that they have more trouble than they bargained for!

Riot

The average group of investigators may in themselves to be sufficient in number to be classed as a Riot under current British laws! The 1982 defines that a riot occurs in law where:

> there are at least three people present; and
>
> they have a common purpose; and
>
> they carry out that common purpose; and
>
> they are prepared to help one another, by force if necessary, against anyone who opposes them; and
>
> force or violence so as to 'alarm at least one person of reasonable firmness' occurs.

In the 1980s the punishment for Riot alone can theoretically include life imprisonment and unlimited fines. The definition from the same 1906 source adds imprisonment with hard labour, but raises the minimum number of participants to twelve.

Running Riot

There were many riots in Britain in the 1920s and 1930s; while most were handled by the police, a proportion were broken up by army units. It's important to note that troops called to handle a riot were under the control of the officer who commanded them, not the civil authority who summoned them. If the officer in charge felt that force wasn't justified, troops wouldn't be used.

The usual prelude to the use of force to break up a riot was a public reading of the famous Riot Act, by a Magistrate, Mayor, or Commissioner of Police. In the days before loudhailer systems, reading the Act in close proximity to a riot could be an extremely dangerous ordeal, since the reader might well be pelted with eggs or bricks:

Our Sovereign Lord the King chargeth and commandeth all persons being assembled immediately to disperse themselves, and peaceably to depart to their habitations or to their lawful business, upon the pains contained in the Act made in the first year of King George for preventing tumultuous and riotous assemblies.

GOD SAVE THE KING

An hour's grace was usually given before the troops moved in. If a rioting mob failed to disperse after the Riot Act was read, the most likely result was a cavalry charge with drawn swords. If troops were not used, mounted police made baton charges instead. As a counter measure against this attack, well-prepared rioters would carry a pocket full of marbles, round pebbles, or ball bearings to be thrown under the horses' hooves. Other common weapons included pepper (for use against dogs and horses), pick-axe handles, and bricks.

After the riot local doctors and hospitals would probably be swamped with patients, and police stations would be overflowing with prisoners. Fire and ambulance services might also be very busy.

Campaign Use

Although mob violence has well-documented social causes, characters may be inclined to suspect that some Mythos influence is at work. This is particularly likely if their plans are disrupted by these events.

One obvious possibility for an adventure is a chase through the heart of a riot. Three or four investigators following cultists or one of the smaller Mythos creatures through a mob too busy to notice their activities could cause all sorts of interesting repercussions. If characters start to use guns the situation could be extremely dangerous for all concerned.

It's also possible for investigators to trigger riots by their actions. For example, they might be mistaken for fascist or communist organisers, or for plain clothes police. The Special Branch (originally the Special Irish Branch), for instance, was especially hated in areas with a strong Irish community. If possible, keepers should look up a well-documented historical riot, then arrange the adventure to lead the investigators into it...

Sources and Acknowledgements

The Twenties R J Unstead; *The Common People 1746-1938* Cole & Postgate; *The Universal Home Lawyer* Anon 1903; *The Making of Modern London* Thames TV; and thanks to my mother, Caroline Mullan and Bridget Wilkinson for valuable information on this topic.

Mark Lee

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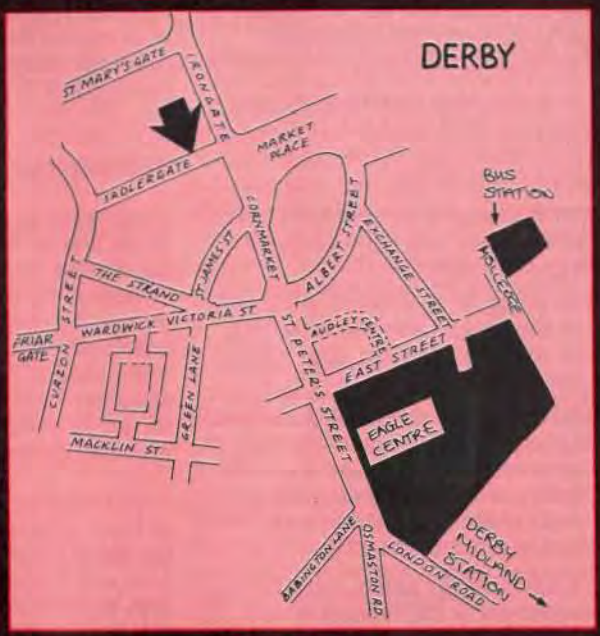

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THE NEWS

"The queue goes ever on ..." THE LIVERPOOL OPENING DAY. PHOTO: *Diane Lane.*

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LIVERPOOL - ***the shocking truth!*** What happened at THAT opening day - now it can be told! A bit of Real Investigative Journalism by *Tim Pollard.*

Only now can the amazing events of May 30th 1987 be told. After extensive research, and discussions with incredibly well informed sources, some of whom were there, I can at last reveal (despite severe pressure from... official departments...) the extent of the 'good time had by all' at the Games Workshop LIVERPOOL shop opening. Talking to an informer who wished to remain anonymous (but is in fact Mr Kurgan 'Armadillo' Bradley, of 132 Acacia Walk, Rickmansworth), I discovered that in attendance were Bryan Ansell, the Managing Director of Games Workshop, famous fantasy authors Steve Jackson and Ian Livingstone, and world famous Ken Rolston, the world famous Games Designer from world famous America. (Further investigation reveals that America is supposed to be 13 old British colonies hiding away somewhere across the Atlantic, but this all sounds a bit far-fetched to me) A HUGE queue had formed very early on, in fact so many that the shop was opened a whole hour early to accomodate them. Even so, at one o'clock people were still queuing down to street, but inside it was a feast of bargains and fun. The special guests enjoyed themselves mingling and chatting, but the celebrity signing sessions were initially marred by the fact that no-one wanted to sign the celebrities. However, at the end of the day Ken Rolston claimed that he had signed up to 1000 copies of his own products (This is probably a teeny-weeny exaggeration, but given that Mr Rolston was confused by the Liverpudlian accents, it's easy to forgive), and at least 3000 people had visited the shop on that single day, a new record for a Games Workshop opening. A fun time was had by all, even those whose spent a long time queuing, so why not turn up to the Grand Opening Day in Derby, and not only grab some bargains, but have a good time too!

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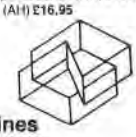

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Arise Sir Knight

The business of character generation in Pendragon by Allan Miles

Chaosium's *Pendragon* roleplaying game has been rightly enthused over in *White Dwarf* recently by Paul Cockburn. With the increasing release rate of publications such as *The Grey Knight*, the popularity of the game will surely increase. The appeal of the Arthurian world is a timeless one, and the excellent game system of *Pendragon* makes it possible for the roleplayer to adventure in this splendid, chivalrous setting.

However, one or two problems with the core of the system - the complex character generation rules - need some attention. There are some ambiguities in the rule book, a possible error or oversight, and some areas where clarification seems needed.

Pendragon allows three approaches to creating characters; the random (dice-determined) method, the 'design' method (using the statistics you like) and a combined method. This set of options must be confusing for initiate players and GMs - how can you opt for a design method when you don't yet fully comprehend the game? Unfortunately it's not a good idea to opt for the entirely random method either, as we'll soon see. Let's look at exactly what a player does when creating a character to consider the best approach to the subject.

The first step is to determine the birthplace of the player character, and thus his race, culture and religious adherence. Following this is the determination of 12 personality traits. Some of these are modified by religious adherence (because certain traits are emphasized in a religious and cultural tradition), so that modifiers of +/- 3 apply. As an example, being *chaste* rather than *lustful* (traits are bipolar) is a virtue for a Christian PC, who will subtract -3 from the initial lustfulness roll. For a Pagan, the exact reverse applies. So, by determining the birthplace of the PC the player begins to shape the personality of that character. Next, one determines five statistics, which are *Size, Dexterity, Strength, Constitution*, and *Appearance*; some of these are modified by the race of the player character. Later, one needs to determine certain skills for the character, but let's look at these earlier stages first.

The rule book contains a table for randomly determining birthplace, and at once it becomes obvious that this random approach is unworkable if the players want a group of adventuring characters together in a campaign. It is simply not credible to have (say) a pair of Saxon wotanists running round as the best friends of a couple of Cymric Christians and a Pictish pagan. The PCs don't have to be of exactly the same heritage but they will at least have to be compatible with each other. The players will need to decide what the origins of their PCs are, together with the GM, and thus a design approach is mandatory here.

This is where we run into the first problem. Different races get different bonuses and penalties applied to their statistics. Picts do badly with SIZ/APP penalties and a DEX bonus when compared to everyone else: Saxons get SIZ/STR bonuses and a DEX penalty, Cymric and Irish PCs get just a CON bonus and no penalties. Romans do best of all - bonuses to DEX and APP and no penalties. Thus, different races are not equally attractive propositions. One can claim that a player's choice will be determined by the joys of role-playing, but there must be a temptation to role-play a bunch of Romans, what with the extra bonus...

These racial differences aren't, however, as great as they seem when one considers that the Pictish disadvantage and the Roman advantage are largely (or entirely) accounted for by APP. Unfortunately, how *Appearance* works in *Pendragon* is most unclear.

Appearance In Pendragon

The role of this statistic in the system is hopelessly confused, especially for gamers who know the basic Chaosium system from other games such as *Call of Cthulhu, Stormbringer* and *RuneQuest*. APP is defined as a subjective quality of beauty; the rule book stresses that APP determines physical features which may be seen as beautiful in some cultures but not in others. 'Distinctive features allow for objective differences between characters'. But then the rule book says, '...a distinctive feature is not always a negative quality...', apparently implying that is usually its nature. To add to the confusion both high and low APP scores produce a large number of such distinctive features! Surely it would have been easier to decide that low APP means having a few distinctive features which are negative (at least in the culture of origin) while high APP means having a few distinctive features which are pleasant to the viewer (again, at least in one's own culture). As the present rules stand, the APP roll is almost meaningless, especially since players are allowed to choose the features which high or low APP gives their PCs! If the GM allows this what's to stop a player with a high or low APP roll for his PC choosing exactly the same set of positive features, thus making high and low APP mean the same thing? This can't make sense, surely.

Low and high APP might mean more than just appearance, also. For example, if high APP is taken to mean having pleasant distinctive features then the PC may also tend to be graceful and pleasant in speech and mannerisms. This is simply because obviously pretty and handsome people tend to get positive reactions from others. This social feedback (to use a most unArthurian term) will tend to shape their behaviour towards such airs and graces. Thus APP would influence the style of behaviour, while the traits would still determine the substance of what PCs do.

There remains a core problem with *Appearance*. As it stands, it is almost meaningless, but if a GM reinterprets it to mean something which has definite effects in game terms, the racial differences will become of major significance again. A tricky problem which needs ironing out!

Character Traits

This is where *Pendragon* allows extra flexibility for character generation, but there are still one or two minor changes which might be helpful.

After the 3d6 rolls for the traits (in the random design method), modified by religious adherence, the player is still free to divide a total of six points among the traits to modify them - at least, I assume it's six; the rule book, confusingly, says 'up to six'. Is it ever less? If so, when? It's not a d6 roll here so far as I can see. I think that if players are allowed the freedom to determine initial origin of the PC, this six point allocation should be curtailed. I would only allow a player to modify two of the traits at most. After all, the trait modifiers from the religious adherence (which can be determined by the player now) are hefty and the player has already 'shaped' the PC a lot. I'd also suggest another rule for GMs to consider: don't allow a player to change any religious virtue trait if it's already above the average in the right direction. If, for example, a Christian has *chaste* 9/11 *lustful*, allow him to change it, but if he's already *chaste* 13/7 *lustful*, the character is already 'shaped' in the right direction, and any more is gilding the lily. This way we balance the extra freedom of the initial determination with this later requirement. What this does in practice is allow the player to plug some glaring anomaly elsewhere: his or her PC may be *cruel* or *arbitrary* - changing this might be desirable. Fine. And don't forget that traits can change with the gaining of glory and experience, so over time that a character can evolve towards exactly what the player wishes him to be.

It seems clear here that the random method works quite well. If the player has already been allowed to shape his character by choosing the original birthplace, this is a better option than the pure design approach. Surely, the best roleplaying is found when the player has a character with whom he is largely in sympathy but has one or two oddities and idiosyncratic traits which force the player into creative roleplaying. There is an important creative tension here which you will not get with a pure design approach.

Character Statistics

Once again, surely, determining statistics is best done by the random method, otherwise players will inevitably make a case for high initial statistics! The rule book almost encourages this. It suggests that the GM may allow players to determine stats by allocating 70 points between them, although individual statistics must be in the range 3-20. Since the average 3d6 roll is 10.5, this suggestion allows the player an average of 17.5 extra points (ignoring racial bonuses and penalties) above the average dice roll. What's more, this suggested method is in the players' book rather than the GM's book, so players are bound to want to it! Gamemasters, don't do this. *Pendragon* isn't about powergaming and roleplaying doesn't need statistics this high. Allowing a player to re-roll a really poor set of numbers is one thing, but this approach would be guaranteed to produce a bunch of overpowered individuals. Stick to the dice-rolling method; here, randomness is best.

But there's a very peculiar oddity in the rules here. As they stand, if a player rolls 3 or less for a statistic he can increase this by six points. On 3d6 this is quite possible, especially when modifiers for race are applied to Picts (-3 SIZ, -3 APP) or Saxons (-3 DEX). This must leave the player who has rolled a score of 4 feeling sick. There's got to be something wrong with a system where rolling 3 on 3d6 is better than rolling between 4 and 8. The obvious modification is to rule that a dice roll of 3 gets marked up to 4 with the exception of APP. If the player rolls really low, then he's got a really ugly son of a bitch on his hands - that's the way it goes! Actually, treating 3 or 4 as 5 for other statistics would be better still; anything below 5 is going to give the character a hard time.

Character Skills

The base values of initial skills are determined by the character's racial heritage, and then the player may add 35 extra points, distributed among skills as he chooses. Actually, many of the choices he must make may be largely forced by further minimum requirements. Here we run into a problem with the system.

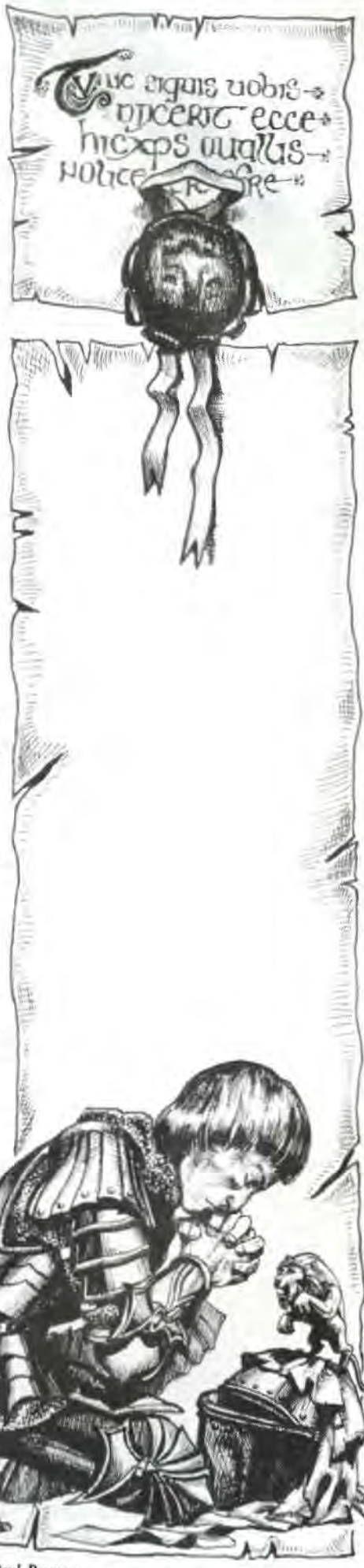
Rolling up a 15 year old character, it is not possible to qualify as a knight. The extra 35 skill points aren't enough to qualify. You have to add a skill total in the mid-40's to the initial skill points given to become minimally skilled for knighthood. This requires skill level 10 in *first aid, own custom/speech, battle, lance, ride*, and *sword*, plus two non-combat skills. Skills can be added by ageing the character, so that for each year above 15 1d6 skill points will be added. On average, three years will be needed to get enough extra skill points, but even so there is another problem. The beginning character must have a minimum score of 15 for the passion of *loyalty (leige)*. This is initially determined on 2d6+6, which gives an average of an extra two years further ageing needed to gain such a score. The lay-out of the game book doesn't help at all with this; this mechanic is tucked away in the sidebar essay text on p13 and you also need to check with the ageing/experience section on p47 to be sure about it.

All this means that the average player character knight will be 20 years old when beginning play. The problem is that these are average figures. If the initial *loyalty (leige)* roll is rather low, you can easily find that you have a character who can't qualify for knighthood until age 23 or even 24 (or worse if the skill addition rolls are poor too). Since you are definitely and comfortably over the hill in *Pendragon* at 35 this seems rather unfortunate. It would seem clearly better to standardize the system and reduce the random variance of these dice rolls. They can take away about a third of a character's peak-ability lifespan in game terms. This will apply even if the GM and players aren't starting characters as knights, but rather as squires, especially for the loyalty passion. I would suggest taking 20 as the beginning age, and if initial dice rolls don't give enough loyalty passion or skill points, increase these to the minimum necessary.

This won't make characters all the same - the player who rolls a good 2d6+6 for loyalty could get lots of extra skill points from the additional ageing instead of having to gain the extra passion points, the GM might allow the character to be the rare one who gets knighted at (say) 18, or the character could take one of the other benefits of early experience (notably a statistic gain). The aim of my suggestion is simply to avoid having a character who is a bit of an old fogey (as ancient as, say, 24 or so) before all the jousting, damsel-rescuing and the rest of it even starts!

It seems fairly clear that the best approach to character generation in *Pendragon* is a combined method. At some points the design approach works best - indeed, it is essential: determining initial birthplace, and thus race, culture, and religion. In other places, the random method works best (especially for statistics, I think). Character generation is a long process in *Pendragon*, so you need to get straight exactly how you're going to set about it. Good luck, and the most chivalrous of adventuring!

Allan Miles



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'EAVY METAL

*This month's **'Eavy Metal** introduces the first of a 'new look' **White Dwarf** feature. In this and future issues we'll be presenting you with more pages, top-quality photos and in-depth discussion from figure painters. We kick off with a 'back to basics' discussion on preparation, tools and figure modelling by John Blanche and Rick Priestley. If you're a beginner, or have yet to pick up a paint brush, now's your chance to learn the right way to start. Even old-hands should find this a good opportunity to 'brush up on what you thought you knew all along'. If you still think you know everything there is to know about figure preparation you might just be surprised!*

Everyone knows that painted models look superb! When you see a really excellent model the first thing you think is 'How did the painter get that shading effect...' or 'How did he paint *that* bit?' There are 'tricks of the trade', techniques and methods of painting which are there to be exploited. But, even so, the answer starts not with paint or brush, but right at the beginning with sound preparation. Sure, you can cover a botched model with a good paint job, but to create the best model you can - to produce an award winning figure - you need to spend time preparing the model. This is more important than might appear and is often overlooked by beginners eager to begin slapping paint on metal. Our advice to everyone, not just the beginner, is that if you want a hard-wearing figure for wargames, or a top-quality display piece with depth of tone and brilliance of colour, never skimp preparation.

As well as brushes and paints, everyone needs a minimum tool kit. This comprises of a sharp modelling knife and at least one good needle file. Several companies produce good knives, and a range of different blade shapes to fit them. Our own preferences run to a straight edged fairly short blade, although some fancy blades do have their uses. A long blade is more likely to snap, and so should be avoided.

At this point it's worth pointing out that modelling knives are extremely sharp and can inflict a deep cuts if used carelessly. Always take a responsible attitude when handling a knife. Make any cuts away from yourself. Rest the figure you are cutting on a solid and well protected surface and grip it firmly to avoid slipping. If your blade gets blunt change it for a sharp one - blunt blades are more dangerous than sharp ones because you have to press harder to cut, increasing your chances of slipping or of the blade breaking. Dispose of broken or blunt blades carefully, and never leave blades or knives lying around where kids or pets can play with them. Right, back to the basics.

Assuming you have a knife, the second most useful tool is a file. You don't need lots of files, but a small selection is useful. Needle files are quite small, about 4" - 5" long, and are available in a variety of cross-section shapes. The most useful are the half-round, the triangular and the flat types - but you can also buy square, round, half-ellipse and other shapes. You can pick up a knife and files at your local modelling shop, where you'll also be able to peruse some of the other items mentioned in this article.

You'll also need fast setting two-part epoxy glue to attach shields, bases and to assemble multi-part castings. A cocktail stick or old brush handle is required to mix glue, and you'll need something to mix it on. A note pad or something similar is fine. Mix a little glue at a time and use it immediately. When there is no more space on the page, tear it off and use the next one. This is reasonably clean and convenient, and although the paper absorbs the glue a bit this doesn't matter too much. You'll also require something to 'prime' your model. This is simply a light overall coat of white paint. You can buy special priming paint, but we prefer to use *Citadel* white applied with a largish brush, say a number 2 or 3. More of priming later.

Although not absolutely essential for beginners, we also use the following modelling tools: a mounted needle (a long pin will do), a pin-vice and 1mm bit, a selection of lengths of wire, and a pair of pliers. In addition it's useful to have a tube of superglue to hand, a pack of two-part epoxy putty such as *Milliput*, and, if there's any major conversion work, a small hacksaw or (better still) jeweller's saw.

Citadel Miniatures are manufactured to the highest possible standard at the infamous Eastwood factory. That means the model you buy probably has the least flash or casting defects possible - it doesn't (and can't) mean the casting is so perfect that you can avoid preparation. Any metal figure produced in a rubber mould has some degree of flashing (the wafer thin film of metal that sometimes creates a web between, say, an arm and the figure's body, or between its legs). Similarly, every figure is moulded in a 'mould cavity' which can trap air unless the guy making the mould cuts tiny channels called 'vents'

leading out of the cavity. This means the figure might have little strings of metal attached to it when you buy it. All rubber moulds come in two parts. Where they join there will always be slight ridge or 'mould line'. Again this is unavoidable and is not a sign that anything is wrong with the casting.

To prepare a figure you will have to deal with any flash, the venting and mould lines. This is easily done by the careful use of knife and file - it is generally possible to remove venting strands with your fingers and clean up any scars with a file. Pay attention to what you're doing at this stage - sloppy workmanship will always be apparent under the paint. Carefully cut away flash and file smooth any mould lines and ridges that have been left on the casting. If you are fairly experienced, or feel confident, this is a good time to consider adding extra detail to your figure. This is easy and fun to do and also adds that 'personal touch'. With the tip of a new blade in your modelling knife you can carefully score, scratch or drill small crevices into the surface of the figure. This gives the appearance of a gritty battle-scarred warrior and is particularly effective on armour.

By the same methods it's possible to alter the facial features of the figure by opening the mouth slightly. You can give your figure a scream of battle fury, the manic smile of a crazed necromancer, or the dull frown of a battle weary knight. Nostrils can also be opened and flared using a pin. The same techniques can be used for gun barrels, or for any figure or equipment requiring a hole. If you're feeling really brave you can also change the pose of your figure by bending the head, arms or legs slightly using a pair of pliers. Place a pad of tissue paper around the limb to be moved, then gently use the pliers to bend the limb into a new position. The tissue protects the metal from becoming squashed or damaged by the teeth of the pliers. We must stress that you have to be careful, it is very easy to tweak off the bit you're trying to bend, so don't attempt any major anatomical revisions! The good news is that if you do accidentally take off an arm or decapitate your figure, it is fairly easy to fix the bit back on again as will be described later in the series.

Multi-part castings are slightly more complex than one-piece figures: a horse and rider or a large monster, for example, are usually done in this way. Clean up each piece as described above, then check the fit. The fit of pieces can vary a great deal, which is unfortunate but unavoidable. If you are used to dealing with multi-part figures this will present no problems, but if you've never attempted one before, a poor fit can be disconcerting. This is a result (again) of the way figures are produced. As a metal casting cools down it shrinks and sometimes twists slightly. Although this doesn't affect the quality of the individual casting, it means it is impossible to guarantee a perfect fit for every piece.

It may therefore be necessary to fill cracks once pieces have been glued together, or to file away part of a casting to make a perfect joint. We found that the best material for filling in large gaps is Milliput two-part

Fig.1

Fig.2

Fig.3

Fig.4

Fig.5

Fig.6

Fig.7

Fig.8

Fig.9

Fig.10

Fig.11

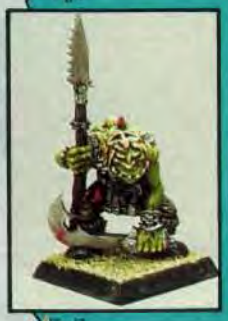
Fig.12

Fig.13

Fig.14

Fig.15

Fig.16

Fig.17

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Fig.19

Fig.20

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Fig.24

Fig.25

Fig.26

Fig.27

Fig.28

Fig.29

Fig.30

Fig.31

Fig.32

Fig.33

Fig.34

Fig.35

Fig.36

Fig.1 The Dwarven Command crew.
Fig.2 (DW2) Imperial Dwarf.
Fig.3 (C47) Skaven.
Fig.4 (JD11) Nort.
Fig.5 Army Officer, made for the forthcoming **Warhammer 40,000 range**.
Fig.6 (JD10) The Rogue Trooper.
Fig.7 (JD10) Rogue and Helm.
Fig.8 Special Special Special coming soon plastic Space Marines.
Fig.9 Pa Angel from the Judge Dredd range.
Fig.10 (JD11) The Traitor.
Fig.11 Chainsaw Warrior converted by John Blanche.
Fig.12 (ORC4) Saggrob Spikesticker.
Fig.13 (ORC1) Orc Champion with club.
Fig.14 Hershey is down - Send for Dredd!
Fig.15 (ORC4, ORC1 & C22) Goblins & Orcs.
Fig.16 (CH5) Chaos Sorcerer and Familiar & a Magician from the Collectors Series.
Fig.17 The bare metal.
Fig.18 Avec undercoat.
Fig.19 Grey undercoat for those who prefer it.
Fig.20 And white undercoat for those who don't.
Fig.21 (LE23) The Chainsaw Wizard.
Fig.22 Another Preview - Space Goblin, from **Warhammer 40,000**.
Fig.23 Giant Bat (C34 monster).
Fig.24 Kurt (F2 Lord of Battle).
Fig.25 Erhardt (F2 Lord of Battle).
Fig.26 Ragnal (D2 Norse Dwarf).
Fig.27 Dimbo (D5 Imperial Dwarf).
Fig.28 Guardsman (C17 Skeletons).
Fig.29 Knight (C17 Skeletons).
Fig.30 Bombost (D5 Imperial Dwarf).
Fig.31 Gomdrax (D5 Imperial Dwarf).
Fig.32 Harald (F4 Men-at-Arms Vikings).
Fig.33 Odo (F4 Men-at-Arms Normans).
Fig.34 Cave Troll (C20 trolls).
Fig.35 Axel Starsong (F2 Lord of Battle).
Fig.36 Theophilus (F2 Lord of Battle).

epoxy filler, although you can use any modelling filler for this purpose. Mix the Milliput (or whatever) as directed on the pack and apply it to the casting with your fingers. Smooth out the Milliput as it dries, and clean off any filler that gets on the rest of the model. Once it is dry Milliput is quite tough and can be scraped or filed smooth. Incidentally, Milliput comes in three grades: ordinary 'green', 'grey' and ultra-fine 'white'. Of these we prefer the grey variety; the green is a little coarse whilst the white is a bit more expensive. Milliput can also be smoothed with a brush whilst wet, and detail modelled onto it where appropriate - such as scales, hair and the like. Large monsters and dragons benefit from extra scales or warts added to the joints. This is very easy - all you need to do is roll a very tiny ball of milliput and press it into position.

Heavy parts may need drilling and pinning to hold them firmly. This sounds rather daunting, but really it's quite easy so long as you have the right tools. The alloy used to make Citadel miniatures is fairly soft, and can be drilled with an ordinary drill bit of appropriately small size (a 1mm bit, for example). You can buy small electric drills especially designed for modellers, but these are rather expensive. A more practical alternative is to buy a pin-vice. What's a pin-vice? Well, it isn't a pin or a vice; it's simply a small drill chuck mounted on a handle. You fix the drill bit in the chuck and twizzle the drill between your forefinger and thumb to drill holes. A pin-vice is more accurate and convenient than an electric drill, and costs only a fraction of the price. Unfortunately, it can be hard to find one. A good modelling shop should have one or will be prepared to order one for you. Buy a pin-vice... it will change your life. In addition to a pin-vice, you will require sturdy wire, wire-cutters or pliers and epoxy glue, all of which are readily available.

The joints are first cleaned and checked for fitting. At least one hole is drilled in each surface and a small length of wire inserted and glued. It doesn't matter if several inches of wire stick out at this stage as you can trim them to fit later. More importantly, for maximum strength the wire should lie as deeply inside the model as possible. Corresponding holes are drilled in the piece to be attached, and the wire trimmed to fit these holes. Once you are satisfied with the fit glue the pieces together, matching the wire inserts. We suggest that all joints are glued with 5 minute epoxy glue and not contact adhesive, such as superglue, which is not strong enough.

Colin Dixon

Mike McVey

Sid

Dave Andrews

Most Citadel single pieces, and some of the multi-part castings, are supplied with separate plastic components in the form of a shield and a base. We talked about shields in last month's *Eavy Metal*, so rather than waste time repeating ourselves, you should refer back to the previous issue for advice on shields and the new *Arcane Armourials* shield decals. Depending on the model, the base provided may have a pre-cut slot to accept the metal base tab on a standard Citadel figure. All that is left is to ensure that the metal tab on the figure's feet fits the slot in the plastic base without too much effort. If it doesn't fit properly cut the base, or file the tab.

You will have your own preference as to which shaped base to use on a figure, but as far as painting and presenting your model is concerned, you can choose any of the square, hexagonal or round bases. Oddly enough, we have seen many models on an upside down bases! The top of the base is slightly smaller with a flat textured surface. The underside is smooth plastic and the guiders for the metal base tab are plainly visible. Although bases are generally provided with a pre-cut slot, if you look underneath the base you will see that there are guide bars for another one. This is to allow you to position the figure at a different angle relative to the base, so the figure can be fastened on looking forwards or sideways. This is especially useful for *Warhammer* regiments because figures have to be positioned in neat lines and this is not always easy when figures are especially broad! Horse type bases are provided with 5 uncut slots which you can cut out as required. It's possible, we found, to fit the same horse figure into closer or wider slots than was originally intended, thus altering its stance. The wider the legs, the more the 'heads down charge' effect. Finally, some large creatures are supplied with square bases with sixteen uncut holes underneath. The castings designed to fit these holes have simple pegs. Cut out two holes, ensuring that the figure will fit into both holes once you have done so, then glue the pegs into the holes.

Your figure should now be ready for priming, which we always think of as a sort of undercoat. We prefer to undercoat our figures with a thinned Citadel white, but an effective alternative is to lightly spray the whole casting with car body primer (as sold in car accessory shops). The advantage of using Citadel white is that it is cheaper, more convenient, and a lot less smelly! If you really want to use spray paint it is important to go out of doors. You will also need a cardboard box, or something similar, to contain the overspray. Don't try spraying on a windy day or you'll find it's you that gets undercoated not the figures. Whatever undercoat you use, remember that it has to be applied lightly. The paint must cover the metal to provide a nice white background for your paint, but it must not be so thick that it clogs the detail. We find it easier to undercoat the top surface of the base at the same time, but leave the sides unpainted so you can hold the model to paint it. If you miss a bit of metal first time around, retouch the undercoat before you start to apply the (colour) paint proper.

So there you are! This is just our way of preparing a figure for its paint, and hopefully you've found it reasonably interesting and useful. All painters develop their own methods, of course, so don't be surprised if you've been doing something totally different. In fact, if you think you've hit on a sure fire trick for preparing or assembling figures why not let us know about it? You never know, you might just have hit upon something no-one else has ever thought up. If your tip is especially good, or interestingly weird, it could even get published in *White Dwarf*... and if you're *really* lucky Mike might give you a prize, or a prezzie, or somefink...

John Blanche and Rick Priestley

Reinforcing a wing joint with metal pins.

Green Milliput is used here to add warts and other detail to this excellent wyvern.

Again, Green Milliput is used to hide the joint that appears between multi-piece castings.

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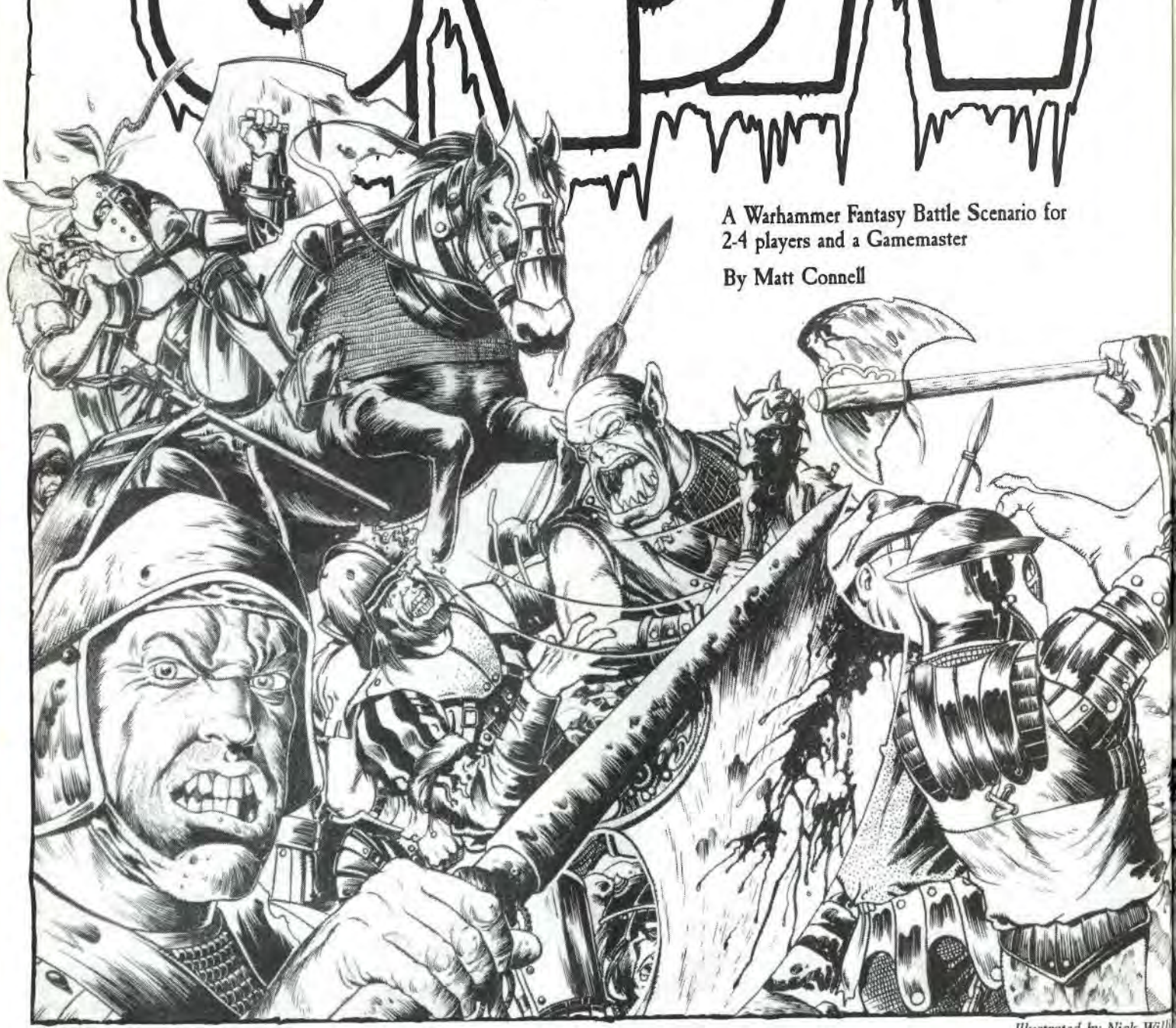
BLOOD ON THE SNOW

A Warhammer Fantasy Battle Scenario for 2-4 players and a Gamemaster

By Matt Connell



Illustrated by Nick Will

INTRODUCTION

Black clouds swirled around the curious, dog shaped peak and loomed over the pass. A flurry of snow fell, settling on the already white, hard ground and on the end of Bogrot Snot-brumm's lurid green nose as he stood at the mouth of the cave shrine.

"Gooor! I's freezin' me bits off-f-f-f!" Bogrot aimed a vicious kick at an already dented incense burner. "Oow! I d-d-dunno. Why woz there no loot in this hooman shrine den? I mean, i's a Holy Doobry-w-w-wotsit for them festerin' hoomans innit? Where's tha gold maggits and pus-burners, fer spog's sake? I don' fink i's a propa shrine at all-l-l. "

This last comment was aimed at the Goblin huddled miserably in the cave mouth. He turned, spat a juicy lump of something unmentionable at the mural of Sigmar.

"Hwwwrkk! I bet them scumbag Orcs found somfink in the stunties place... And I bet it's more warmer and stuff in there an all. Gletch it, if we 'old out 'til spring we'll be awlrite"

Across the valley from the Holy Cave "them scumbag Orcs" watched from the walls of the captured Dwarven outpost.

"Wosat over there, boss?"

"Oh poo, I fink its stunties, an' dey've only got some %%*&ing hoomans wiv 'em an' all! The bell! THE BELL! You stoopid toerag, or I'll stuff it up yah nose!"

"The bell! The bell! - THE BELL WHAT?"

"RING IT!!!!"

"Say 'Please'... Ooofffffffff"

The sound of the bell drifted across the snow covered ground, to where Caran Crazak urged his Dwarven warriors forward.

"Let them ring their bell, for it marks their passage to Hell. There they will be crushed on Grungni's mighty anvil until the end of time.

"Such is the deserved fate of filth that dares to attack a Dwarven outpost. We are the instruments of revenge!"

Caran glanced backwards to check that the tribal bard had properly noted his epic speech. Then he looked to his left, squinting through the spinning snow for a glimpse of the faster moving human force. There. Good. He made a dramatic gesture for the benefit of the bard's history and lead his troops onward.

Sabine Heistlenburger, leader of the Human troops, seethed with a steady hatred for those unclean creatures that had profaned one of her Cult's holy places. She shifted the warhammer in her hands. Soon, soon it would taste Goblin blood and stain the snow with red retribution!

The Format

The **Outline** gives the Gamemaster the background leading up to the battle and describes the situation existing at the start of the confrontation. The **Forces** are listed in standard *Warhammer Fantasy Battle* terms, with any special rules that are needed for specific units.

Terrain gives a description of the scenery and other features on the wargames table, while **Locations** provides details on specific places in the battle area.

Starting the Game explains the set up procedure and how to begin the battle. The **Victory Conditions** cover the other decisive point of battle - the end and its aftermath, including the all-important point of who actually won! Finally, the **Special Rules** cover unusual situations in this scenario.

Scenery

In order to run this scenario you will need a selection of scenery to represent woods, hedges and walls, buildings, the river and the hills. Snow drifts must also be represented.

Most of the scenery can be represented by pieces of different coloured card or cloth. Hills can easily be made out of polystyrene tiles painted green or brown. Snow drifts are best represented by pieces of white card or cloth.

Two of the buildings in this scenario have been released as card models in the Warhammer Battle Pack, *McDeath*. Card models have also been released in previous Warhammer Scenario Packs, *Blood Bath at Orc's Drift* and the rest. If you own these you shouldn't have any problems using buildings from them as they stand or with some suitable adaptation. Buildings can also be scratch built out of card or merely represented by small cardboard boxes such as 'family sized' or cook's matchboxes.

If you plan to play the part of a commander in this battle, stop reading here - the rest of the information is for the gamemaster only.

OUTLINE

This battle takes place at on the Imperial side of the Black Mountains at the foot of the small Dog Peak Pass. This is to the west of the much larger and better known Black Fire Pass.

Some 2500 years ago Black Fire Pass was the location of one of the most important battles in the history of the Empire. Here Sigmar Heldenhammer decisively routed the Goblin hordes, ending the Dwarf-Goblin war that had been raging for 1500 years. This victory resulted in the founding of The Empire when all the tribes swore fealty to Sigmar. For more details see *Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay's The Enemy Within* pp8-9 and pp19-21).

When the Cult of Sigmar became popular many shrines commemorating the battle were built in the surrounding area. The most important of these is in Black Fire Pass itself, but one of the minor shrines was built in a cave at the foot of Dog Peak Pass. Legend has it that Sigmar rested in the very cave where the shrine was built before the battle - several other shrines also have equally good claims to this honour! However, the cave is one of the holy places of the Cult and in the winter months many pilgrims make an arduous trek to the cave, usually as just one stop on a 'merit seeking' tour of all the Cult's sacred sites.

Sited near the holy cave is a small outpost garrisoned by a detachment of Dwarfs. For many years there had been no trouble in the area and so the garrison had gradually been allowed to dwindle to minimal levels. The troops became complacent and even started to farm the nearby land to supplement their rations - and as a more worthwhile and interesting alternative than keeping watch on the Pass.

The price for this lax behaviour has now been paid. Some two months ago, in the middle of the month of Brauzeit, a force of Goblins and Orcs swept through Dog Peak Pass. They easily defeated the unprepared outpost and captured the shrine.

The first snows fell a month ago, and with the snows on Dog Peak Pass came the pilgrims to the Holy Cave of Sigmar Heldenhammer. The first group of pilgrims sensed that something was wrong - perhaps the fire-blackened walls of the outpost and the Dwarven heads mounted on its battlements alerted them - and they turned back to raise the alarm.

It is now the middle of Ulriczeit and a force has been raised to drive the Goblinoids out of the pass. Although a winter campaign means considerable hardship the forces of evil can't be allowed a breathing space in which to establish themselves on this side of the Pass...

FORCES

The forces involved in the battle have been split into four commands. In a four player game each player takes one command

In a three player game the most experienced player should take command of both the Orcs and the Goblins. The other players should take one of each of the remaining commands.

In a two player game one player commands the Humans and the Dwarves; the other commands both the Orcs and the Goblins. In this situation the player should be told not to have the Goblins attack the ex-Dwarven outpost. It's hardly fair to expect someone to be objective about attacking their own forces!

Each section provides details of the troops belonging to a unit along with details of any leaders and special figures. There is also notes on the aims of the commander of the unit: achieving these is the object of the battle and will secure victory points. See the **Victory Conditions** for further details.

It is important that each player reads only the details of his own forces. All other information is for the GM only, who can give each player any background from the **Outline** which is considered appropriate. Permission is granted to make photocopies (for personal use only) of the relevant section of this scenario. These can then be handed out to the army commanders.

The Humans and Dwarfs move in the same turn, as do the Orcs and Goblins. If the Orcs and Goblins attack each other they should roll a dice to determine who moves first each turn. A tied dice roll means that they move at the same time, giving the possibility of both getting a charge bonus if they charge each other at the same moment...

CARAN CRAZAK'S DWARVEN DETACHMENT

Commander's Brief

When news reached your stronghold that the outpost at Dog Peak

Pass had been taken by a horde of hated Goblins and Orcs there was an uproar, for your hold supplied the troops to garrison the outpost.

The deaths of your comrades must be avenged, the outpost freed from the taint of Goblinoid occupation and, if any remain alive, the Dwarven prisoners and their battle standard must be liberated.

Despite the appalling weather (it is now winter) you set out for Dog Peak Pass. The walls of the outpost are now in sight, after a hard journey through the snow covered waste - and deep snow drifts are especially hard on people of Dwarven stature!

This is the first time you have been chosen to lead an expedition, and you are anxious to do well. On the way to the Pass you have met up with a detachment of Humans going in the same direction and on a similar mission. While happy to have their support (they are lead by a devotee of Sigmar, a God friendly towards Dwarfs), it is important for your future career that the glory goes to you and. In particular, you and your troops should retake the outpost.

And now you can see that the battlements of your target are decorated with a gory frill of mangled and bloody heads - Dwarven heads!

Caran Crazak - Dwarven Minor Hero

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
3	6	5	4	5	2	4/7	2	10	8	10	10

Caran wears chainmail and uses a shield, giving an armour saving throw of 5 or 6. This armour also gives a movement penalty of ½", reducing his movement allowance to 2½". Caran wields a magic axe which increases his *Initiative* by 3 points to 7 while he holds the weapon.

Caran is an individually based figure and can attach himself to any unit of Dwarfs he desires.

Dwarfs - 50 warriors

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9	7	9	9

These are split into units as follows:

20 Dwarfs are armed with axes (hand weapon), wearing chain mail and carrying shields. This armour gives an armour saving throw of 5 or 6 and a movement penalty of ½", resulting in a movement allowance of 2½".

20 Dwarfs armed with axes and crossbows, wearing chain mail. The chain gives an armour saving throw of 6 and no movement penalty.

10 Dwarfs armed with spears wearing chain mail and carrying shields. This armour gives an armour saving throw of 5 or 6 and confers a movement penalty of ½", giving a movement rate of 2½".

Dwarven Champions

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
3	5	4	4	4	1	3	1	9	7	9	9

Each of the three units above is led by a Champion armed and armoured in the same fashion as the unit.

SABINE HEISTLENBURGER'S HUMAN TROOPS

Commander's Brief

A group of would-be pilgrims has returned from Dog Peak Pass. They have reported that the Dwarven outpost - and the Holy Cave of Sigmar Heldenhammer within the valley - have been over run by foul Orcs and Goblins!

The Cult of Sigmar (of which you are a Cleric), is incensed by this outrage. You have been chosen to lead a group of Humans on a punitive expedition to recapture the Holy Cave and punish those guilty of its desecration.

While travelling to the Pass through the foul winter weather you have encountered a detachment of Dwarfs (with whom your Cult maintains friendly relations) bent on recapturing the overrun Dwarven outpost. You have gone forward together in your desire for revenge! Now the Pass is in sight and you can see the outpost ahead. Soon the Goblins will pay the price for their trespass - the only price for such creatures: death!

You are a fanatical follower of Sigmar Heldenhammer and are grateful for this opportunity to prove your worth to the Cult. You will lead your troops to glory on the field of battle and carve a name for yourself in history by your heroic deeds. *Glory to Sigmar!*

Sabine Heistlenburger - Level 2 Cleric of Sigmar

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
4	4	3	4	4	2	5	1	8	8	8	8

Constitution Points: 20

Sabine does not wear armour and wields a warhammer (hand weapon). Clerics of Sigmar are dedicated to the unity of the Empire, aiding Dwarfs, and killing Goblinoids.

As a Cleric of Sigmar Sabine has the ability to make two attacks per day with her warhammer at an effective *Strength* of 10. This ability is known as 'the Hammer of Sigmar' (for more information see *The Enemy Within*).

Clerics of Sigmar use Battle magic in exactly the same way as Wizards. Sabine can cast:

1.2 *Cause Animosity* (4)
1.3 *Cure Light Injury* (3)
1.4 *Fire Ball* (1 per *Fire Ball*)
2.4 *Cause Panic* (3)
2.5 *Hold Flight* (4)
2.7 *Mystic Mist* (4)

The bracketed numbers are the energy costs of each spell. Sabine is an individually based figure, and can be attached to any Human unit.

Humans - 50 Warriors

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	7	7	7

These warriors are split into the following units:

20 Humans wielding swords, wearing chain mail and carrying shields. This armour gives an armour saving throw of 5 or 6 and a movement penalty of ½". Their movement allowance is thus 3½".

20 Humans with long bows and swords. They are wearing chain mail, which gives an armour saving throw of 6. There is no movement penalty.

10 Humans using two-handed swords and wearing plate mail. This armour gives an armour saving throw of 5 or 6. It also gives a ½" movement penalty, resulting in a movement rate of 3½".

Human Champions

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
4	4	4	4	3	1	4	1	7	7	7	7

Each of the above units is led by a Champion armed and armoured to the same standard as the unit.

GRUZK BLOODGOBBLER'S ORC HORDE

Commander's Brief

You're the most brillist Orc leader 'wots dunn in the mostest stunties ever! Mor'un, well, mor'un you'd shake a dead rat at, that's 'ow many! Coor! Zo, when you came down the Pass - an' all on yer own (apart from a few, some, wellll, a borde o' the lads) the wimpy stunties was plowing a bleedin' field!

It was a piece of sandwich... errr, cake... dat's it, cake capturing their outpost and killin' most of 'em and lockin' up the others. How you laffed and laffed! Stooopid stunties!

Well, awlrite, them Gobbos helped a bit - but it was mostly you what dun it! All that matters now is to keep hold of the outpost, and not let the stunties get it back. Them Gobbos are welcome to the cave wot they captured as long as they don't try it on. This here outpost is ours... Yours! And they or any stooopid stunties aint gettin' it! Nah!

With the stunties wot are locked up in the cellar is their battle standard fingy. Ugly wotsit, all sorta... clean. Urrk! If you has to run away... retreat... erm, taktikle wifdrall is wot posh berks say... take it wif you! Else the rest of the tribe won't never believe wot you dunn... They's stooopid too!!!

You are a foul and bloodthirsty creature, hence your name. There's nothing you enjoy more than a lightly toasted Dwarf. Humans are a palatable alternative, although they do tend to be a bit inspid...

Gruzk Bloodgobbler - Orc Minor Hero

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
4	5	5	4	5	2	4	2	8	6	8	8

Gruzk is armed with a sword and is wearing plate mail with a shield. This armour gives an armour saving throw of 4, 5 or 6 but also gives a movement penalty of 1"; Gruzk therefore has a movement rate of 3".

Whilst Gruzk stands on the battlements of the outpost, he can throw a bound Dwarf over the wall during the shooting phase. As the Dwarf rolls down the hill it will pick up snow and turn into a giant snowball. This can be done only once per turn. The effects of these snowballs are detailed in the **Special Rules** section; ask your GM to explain them to you. Gruzk has three ready-bound Dwarfs with him on the battlements, and these constitute his supply for the battle.

Gruzk is an individually based figure, and can be attached to any Orc unit.

Orcs - 60 Warriors

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	5	7	7

The Orcs are split into three units:

20 Orcs with swords, chain mail and shields. This armour gives an armour saving throw of 5 or 6, and a movement penalty of ½". Their movement allowance is 3½".

20 Orcs with swords and normal bows, wearing chain mail. The chain mail gives an armour saving throw of 6 and no movement penalty.

20 Orcs with spears. These wear chain mail and carry shields, giving an armour saving throw of 5 or 6 and a movement penalty of ½", thus reducing them to a movement allowance of 3½".

Orc Champions

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
4	4	4	4	4	1	3	1	7	5	7	7

Each unit is led by a Champion armed and armoured in the same manner as the ordinary troops.

Orc Level 1 Wizard

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
4	3	3	3	4	1	3	1	7	5	7	8

Constitution Points: 10

The Orc wizard carries a sword and wears no armour. He can use the following spells:

1.4 *Fire Ball* (1 per *Fire Ball*)
1.8 *Steal Mind* (4)
1.10 *Wind Blast* (2)

The bracketed figure is the energy cost of the spell. The Orc wizard is an individually based figure and can be attached to any Orc unit as desired.

BOGROT SNOTBRUMM'S GOBLIN SLAUGHTERERS

Commander's Brief

You and your brill' band of slorterers showed them stunties who was the bestist when you ripped 'em apart and captured the stinking holy cave.

If you can hold out here till the weather gets better you'll be able to rampage into the Empire itself and get lots 'n' lotsa luverly loot. Brill! All you've got to do is fight off anybody wot trys to shift you. This 'ere cave might be a bleedin' hole, but it's 'ome for the time bein'!

Mind, them stinkin' Orcs wot was with you when the stuntie outpost was captured are hogging it to themselves, mizrable gits. Gahbh! Even worsest than that, the big scumbags aren't letting you eat any of the stunties wot they captured - wif your 'elp, o' corse!.

So, you have decided that the only way to keep warm and well fed is to try and take over the outpost. Orcs are tough, so you'll have to be clever about it. No problem at all: *Goblins is ded brainy!*

Bogrot Snotbrumm - Goblin Major Hero

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
4	5	5	4	4	3	5	3	7	7	7	7

Bogrot wields a two-handed cleaver and is dressed in chain mail. The chain gives an armour saving throw of 6, and no movement penalty. Bogrot is an individual model, and can attach himself to any Goblin unit that he chooses.

Goblin Wolf Riders - 12 Warriors

Goblins

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	5	5	5	5

The goblins wield swords and are wearing chainmail. This

armour, coupled with the bonus for being mounted troops, gives a saving throw of 5 or 6.

Wolves

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
9	4	0	3	3	1	3	1	3	4	4	4

Goblins - 65 Warriors

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	5	5	5	5

These goblins are split into units as follows:

25 Goblins using swords, wearing chain mail and carrying shields. This gives them an armour saving throw of 5 or 6, but a movement penalty of ½". This unit has a movement allowance of 3½".

20 Goblins equipped with spears, chainmail and shields. They also have an armour saving throw of 5 or 6 and a movement allowance of 3½", thanks to the armour's ½" movement penalty.

20 Goblins with normal bows and swords and wearing chainmail. The chainmail gives a saving throw of 6, but no movement penalty.

Goblin Champions

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
4	3	3	4	3	1	3	1	5	5	5	5

All four of the Orc units are lead by a Champion equipped in the same manner as his unit.

Goblin Stone Thrower (and Crew)

Stone Thrower

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
*	0	3	6	6	8	0	1	0	0	0	0

* 1" per crewman pushing, to a maximum of 4".

For the full rules on Stone Throwers see the *Warhammer Fantasy Battle Combat Book*, p50.

The Crew

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	5	5	5	5

The crew consist of three Goblins armed with swords. They have no armour, but are lead by a Goblin Minor Hero...

Goblin Minor Hero

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Int	Cl	WP
4	4	4	4	4	2	4	2	6	6	6	6

The figure is equipped with a sword, chainmail and a shield. This gives an armour saving throw of 5 or 6, but a movement penalty of ½", hence the Hero's movement allowance of 3½". The Minor Hero will only supervise the stonethrower until it is in position. He will then leave it and join the main battle. He can be attached to any Goblin unit.

TERRAIN

The Troutbeck river flows west out of the pass and then curves south. It is flanked by two hills. The northern hill has a wooded top, and half way down its southeast side is the dark opening of the Holy Cave of Sigmar.

Across the valley, near the top of the northern flank of the other hill, is the Dwarven outpost. The outpost consists of a basic keep of stone with crenellated walls. Almost due west of the outpost is a bridge across the Troutbeck. North of this bridge is the walled farm that the Dwarfs were tending. The farm has a pair of small sod buildings attached to it. A small area of woods to the north west of the farm completes the underlying terrain.

However, as it is winter snow has been falling. All the ground is covered with a layer of snow that has been blown about, forming thick drifts in places. These are marked on the battlefield plan.

LOCATIONS

The Farm

This comprises a walled field and a pair of small, sod buildings. The stone wall has *Toughness* 7 and *Wounds* 5 per 4" section and counts as hard cover and as an obstacle. The buildings each have *Toughness* 6 and *Wounds* 5; both also have light wooden doors which can be bolted from the inside. Suitable models for these buildings can be found in the *McDeath* scenario pack.

The Outpost

This stone building is 6" square and the walls are 5" high. The top of the walls are crenellated, and provide hard cover for anything behind them. There is a walkway around the top of the wall, with ladders up to it on either side of gateway. The inside of the outpost is an open, cobbled, courtyard with a trapdoor (unlocked) in the southeast corner. This leads down to two living rooms and a storage cellar. The door to the cellar is bolted from the outside.

The four walls of the outpost each count as a separate building section each with *Toughness* 7 and *Wounds* 10. The northwestern side of the outpost has a gateway 2½" wide, although the gate itself was destroyed during the Orcs' attack.

In the bolted cellar are eight Dwarfs, the survivors from the assault who have yet to be eaten. They have no armour or weapons, but will fight if equipped - and by the time they are reached there should be plenty of spare weapons around!

To simplify the running of any battle in the outpost the GM should make up a set of simple floor plans. These can then be placed on another table and the troops involved transferred to them. Only a representative model of the outpost is then needed on the table.

The Holy Cave of Sigmar

The cave mouth is 3" wide and the cave extends into the hillside for 10", widening to 6" at its deepest point. The walls of the cave have now-defaced murals of Sigmar's exploits. Dotted around the floor are assorted broken bits of religious paraphernalia. It is gloomy in the cave and creatures without night vision (ie the Humans) fight at -1 on their 'to hit' rolls.

The Troutbeck River

The river is 2" wide and fast flowing under its covering of ice. Any

unit that attempts to cross the ice will fall through on a roll of 1, 2 or 3 on a D6. Roll a further D6 to determine how many troops fall into the river. Any troops who do fall into the Troutbeck will be swept away and will either drown or die of exposure. The only safe way to cross the river is to use the bridge.

The Bridge

The stone bridge is 2½" wide and has stone walls along its sides. The walls count as hard cover and have *Toughness* 7 and *Wounds* 5 per 4" section.

Woods

All woods reduce movement by half and visibility is reduced to 2". Troops wishing to fire missiles out of woods must be standing at the treeline edge, and are counted as being in soft cover.

Troops further than 2" into a wood and 2" or more away from enemy troops may be assumed to be hidden and, after consultation with the GM, removed from the table. Figures within 2" of the edge of a wood are only assumed hidden if they do not move during the turn. Their position will be revealed if they move or shoot, or if any enemy comes within 6" of the wood's edge.

Hills

The hills count as difficult ground (half movement) and it is not possible to charge *up* the slope of a hill.

Snowdrifts

These areas of deep snow count as difficult ground and reduce movement by half. This penalty is in addition to any other due to terrain. For example, moving up a hill through a snow drift reduces movement to one quarter of the normal rate.

STARTING THE GAME

After laying out the battlefield as shown on the map the GM should give the players the details of their respective forces and deal with any queries that arise - in private if this seems necessary. The information about individual forces are for the commander of that force only. Play is now ready to begin.

Before the first turn begins the Orc and Goblin leaders should dice to see which of them is in control of the farm. The winning player can, if desired, place some troops in the buildings or behind the farm walls. If they choose not to the farm is left unoccupied.

SEQUENCE OF ACTION

Turn 1

The Human Commander deploys all troops anywhere along the line marked **A** on the map.

Turn 2

Prior to turn 2 all the Orcs are inside the outpost (except for any which may be in the farm).

The alarm bell sounds in the outpost at the start of this turn, and the Orc leader can then deploy all Orc troops in the outpost and along the top of the hill as desired within their movement allowance. At the end of this turn the Dwarfs can be deployed anywhere along line **B**.

Turn 3

Troops already deployed may move as normal. The Goblins have been huddling in the Cave of Sigmar - all trying to find somewhere warm! They and their Stone Thrower may move out of the cave in this turn if their commander so desires.

From this point onwards the commanders have complete control of their units.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

Victory points should be awarded to each player according to the lists below. Each player should be told what they will receive points for (without revealing anything about the enemy troops) before the start of play. They should be clearly aware of their objectives. Players are only awarded points for casualties inflicted by their own troops - no points are accrue for driving the enemy into someone else's killing ground. The GM must keep a record of each side casualties - and who inflicted them - throughout the battle.

Caran Crazak's Dwarves: VPs

+4	Outpost recaptured
+4	Gruzk Bloodgobbler slain
+4	Bogrot Snotbrumm slain
+2½	Orc Wizard slain
+2	Dwarven standard recovered
+2	Goblin Minor Hero slain
+2	Goblin Stonethrower captured
+1½	Each Orc Champion slain
+1	Each Goblin Champion slain
+¾	Each Orc slain
+½	Each Goblin slain
-4	Outpost still in Goblinoid hands
-4	Caran Crazak slain
-2	Dwarven standard lost
-2	Each dwarven champion slain
-1	Each dwarf slain

Sabine Heistlenburger's Humans: VPs

+6	Holy Cave recaptured
+4	Gruzk Bloodgobbler slain
+4	Bogrot Snotbrumm slain
+2½	Orc Wizard slain
+2	Goblin Minor Hero slain
+2	Goblin Stonethrower captured
+1½	Each Orc Champion slain
+1	Each Goblin Champion slain
+¾	Each Orc slain
+½	Each Goblin slain
-6	Holy Cave still in Goblinoid hands
-5	Sabine Heistlenburger slain
-1½	Each Human champion slain
-¾	Each Human slain

Gruzk Bloodgobbler's Orcs: VPs

+5	Sabine Heistlenburger slain
+4	Outpost still in Orc hands
+4	Caran Crazak slain
+4	Bogrot Snotbrumm slain
+2	Goblin Stonethrower captured
+2	Dwarven standard retained
+2	Each Dwarven Champion slain
+2	Goblin Minor Hero slain
+1½	Each Human Champion slain
+1	Each Dwarf slain
+1	Each Goblin Champion slain
+¾	Each Human slain
+½	Each Goblin slain
-4	Outpost lost
-4	Gruzk Bloodgobbler slain
-2½	Orc Wizard slain

-2	Dwarven standard lost
-1½	Each Orc Champion slain
-¾	Each Orc slain

Bogrot Snotbrumm's Goblins: VPs

+5	Sabine Heistlenburger slain
+4	Caran Crazak slain
+4	Gruzk Bloodgobbler slain
+3	Cave still in Goblin hands
+3	Hold occupied by Goblins
+2½	Orc Wizard slain
+2	Each Dwarven Champion slain
+1½	Each Orc slain
+1½	Each Orc champion slain
+1½	Each human Champion slain
+1	Each Dwarf slain
+¾	Each Human slain
-4	Bogrot Snotbrumm slain
-3	Cave lost
-3	Hold not occupied by Goblins
-2	Goblin Minor Hero slain
-2	Goblin Stonethrower captured
-1	Each Goblin Champion slain
-½	Each Goblin slain

These victory point lists are designed for use with a four player game. In a three player battle the Goblins do not receive points for taking (or failing to take) the outpost. It is unfair and impractical to expect a player to deliberately set troops under his command against each other.

However, the Orcs and Goblins will receive points for casualties inflicted on each other as a result of *Animosity*. Once the victory points have been worked out the Goblinoid commander divides the overall total by two before comparing it to those of the other two players.

In a two player game the same procedure is followed, but each player adds up the points earnt by their two commands to give the final total.

The player with the most points at the end of the battle is the tactical victor, regardless of the situation on the battlefield.

SPECIAL RULES

Gruzk's Snowballs

As detailed above, Gruzk Bloodgobbler can throw bound Dwarfs over the battlements of the outpost. These unfortunates roll down the hill to form huge, deadly snowballs.

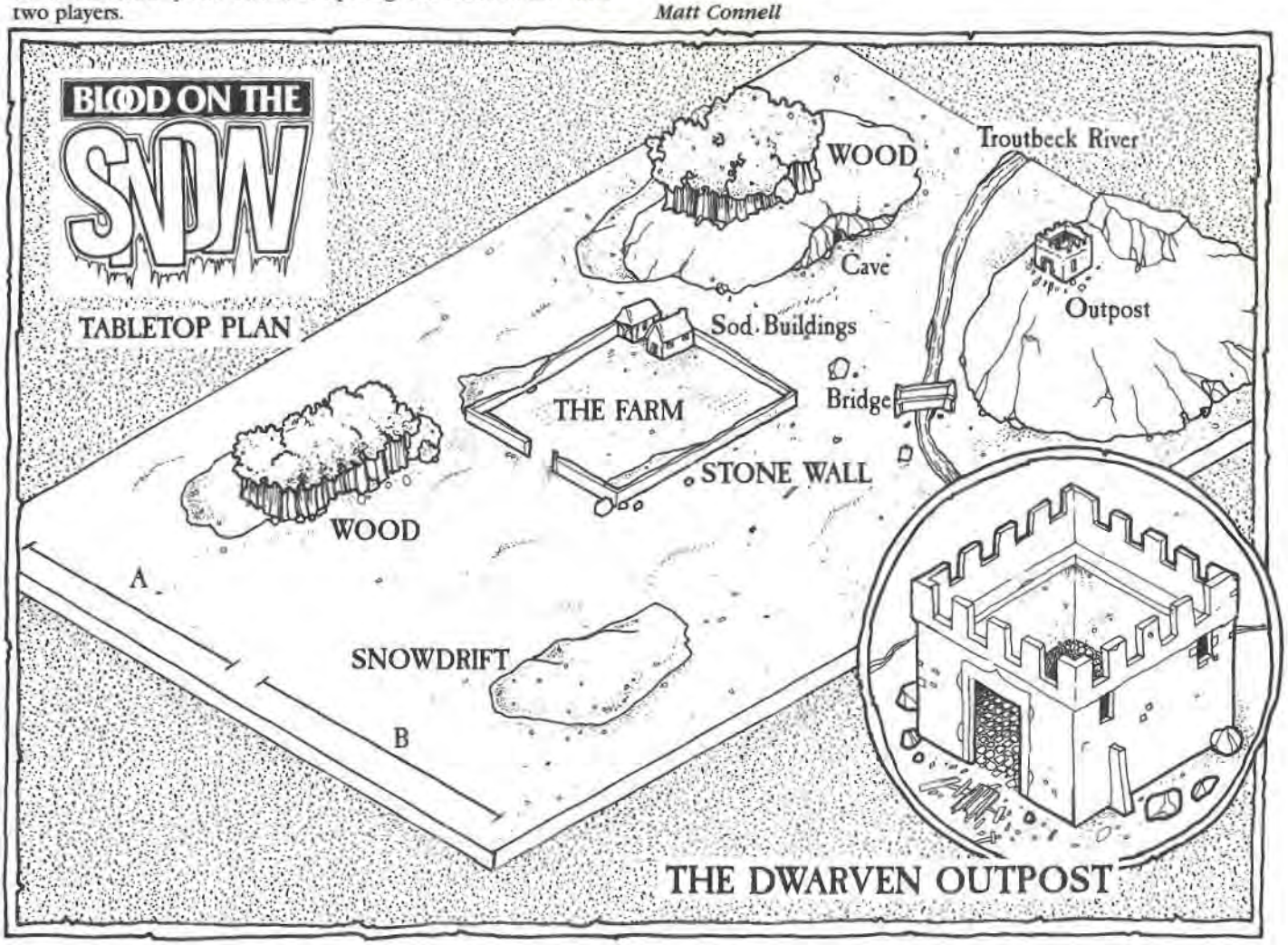
In order to be effective as a weapon the snowball must travel at least 4" from the base of the outpost wall. The snowball will always roll straight down the hill from Gruzk's Dwarf-dropping point. The snowball will roll down the hill (hopefully sweeping all before it) and run out of momentum and stop 6" away from the base of the hill.

Any unit in the path of the snowball can elect to dodge the ball by rolling under their (or their leader's) *Initiative* on a d6+1. A successful roll indicates that the unit has scattered to avoid the snowball, but it will be confused until the end of the next turn. The ball now proceeds to any other unit in its path).

If the snowball hits a unit it will cause D3 *Strength* 4 hits. Roll to wound as normal, although there is no saving throw for armour.

Just in case you're interested, the Dwarf inside the snowball automatically suffocates. Dwarfs killed in this manner do not count for victory point purposes.

Matt Connell



WHITE DWARF

Letters Page,
White Dwarf,
Enfield Chambers,
16/18 Low Pavement,
Nottingham NG1 7DL

Last month, Graeme 'Reasonable' Davis did his level best to be nice and kind to everybody. That was last month...

This time, we'll start here, with something that is relatively serious:

Mark Heath, Fleetwood, Lancashire: I would like to bring your attention, and that of the readers, to an article in a national daily paper. The article condemns roleplaying games by stating that they are linked to violent deaths. The International Coalition Against Violent Entertainment suggests a warning be put on the games. They say the games have links - it seems just 'links' and no solid proof - to the deaths of 88 people in the USA, of which 62 were murders.

It would seem that the people who died did indeed participate in roleplaying and once that was revealed the reporters and various organisations pounced: 'It's a killer game! Look, he played *AD&D* and now he's dead! Proof! Proof!'

Mrs Mary Whitehouse (who else?) says 'If you have a game like that in the house children are going to get involved.' Mrs Whitehouse, the children who play these games are old enough to understand that *it's only a game!* Or if they are young, their parents will know of the game's presence. I do not know of many 8 year-olds who suddenly waltz off with £20 to their local shop and buy a game without saying 'Look, Mummy, see this game I've got...' If the parents don't like it, they can stop the child playing it.

The article presumably appeared in the ***Daily Express****, because news was a little slow that day.*

ICAVE's 'report' asks for roleplaying games to be banned - or at least to carry some sort of government health warning. They claim that a number of suicides and murders can be attributed to roleplaying games, and, of course, it has to be said that any death is tragic, no matter what the cause. However, what these 'reports' never mention are any other factors that might have had something to do with the act of violence. Perhaps the people involved were deeply depressed for other reasons - bad exam results, trouble with the law, financial problems, terrible home conditions etc. There could have been any number of causes.

To claim that a game was the cause of their behaviour is rather like claiming that reading a romantic novel or eating Italian food might lead to acts of violence. Superficially convincing arguments could be drawn that people who killed others or themselves had done one or both in the past. Other factors could be conveniently ignored in the attempt to do away with Mills & Boon and pasta. Presumably, by extension of the same argument, ***Subbuteo*** *leads to deaths on football terraces...*

Unfortunately, because games take time to explain (which means that reporters and/or critics often can't be bothered with research) and are still regarded as a minority pursuit, they are an easy target. Which is precisely why they are picked upon. Furthermore, concerned citizens - however sincere in their beliefs most of them are - need something to be concerned about, otherwise nobody notices them.

Personally, I would hope that children do get involved in roleplaying. Apart from the fairly major point that games encourage (even require) a high standard of literacy and numeracy, they are also excellent in teaching problem-solving and social skills. Just think how often calculations need to be made, books and adventures checked and fellow players consulted... Roleplaying games are now a standard remedial tool in some schools, and I know of several parents who are actually glad that their children have found something that stimulates them into thought.

All that aside, games are fun, something that is very important in the final analysis - and this, above everything else, is probably the real reason someone, somewhere wants them banned.

Thanks to Mark, Robin Appleby and all the others who noticed the article and the subsequent publicity/comment it received. I make no apologies for the length of this editorial comment. We're dealing with a serious subject here.

Joe Williams, Haddington, East Lothian: Why do fantasy RPGs always assume that the races are primitive?

Other than historical games (eg *RQIII*) and lands based on novels, etc (*MERP, Stormbringer*), it is quite possible for a world to have aeroplanes and word processors etc. However, this does not mean that there will be machine guns and nuclear bombs.

For example, a land where several new machines have been invented. The computer, the TV and the hi-fi. And another one is being designed: the car. However, no new weapons have been invented, and soon enough the king is having tournaments with knights in cars, armed with lances... Consider it, it's possible.

Possible, but not likely. What you seem to be doing is confusing technology with its applications. I seem to remember reading that the technology to produce a phonograph was around (in one form or another) at the time of the Roman Empire, but nobody put it together. And, sad to say, it's usually the military applications of technology that prime the pump in its uses. Swords lead to better metalwork, which leads to better civilian metals... The 'need' for missile control systems leads to computers, which make heart scanners possible... On the other hand, perhaps there's an article or a few more letters in this...

Tim Gould, Stretton-on-Dunsmoor: It's brill, it's fantastic, it's amazing and it's bigger and better than ever! What is it? It's *White Dwarf* 90, of course! I forked out £1.25 for what must be the best mag out!

Khalid Howslader, Redbridge, Essex: On opening my *White Dwarf* 89 I read that it was going to be bigger and better. So having complete faith in your abilities I subscribed from WD91.

After seeing WD90 I was overjoyed that I had subscribed. It was indeed bigger and better. Thank you.

Jonathan Lamb, Chorley, Lancashire: Stop criticising WD, it's ace!

Phillip Marker, Westbury, Wiltshire: Congratulations on your 10th anniversary *Dwarf*!! It was brilliant, especially the three scenario guidleines for *Judge Dredd*. Hugh Tynan is a genius! Stop Hugh Tynan writing small adventures for *Dwarf* and get him writing full-length ones for Games Workshop! I mean, *A Day in the Life* (WD83) was absolutely brilliant and *A Night in the Death* (WD88) was very nearly as good!

See, every once in a while we do get some people who think we are getting things right, or nearly right:

Paul Barnwell, Salisbury, Wilts: First you soften us up by promising £2000 of *Ravening Hordes* prizes. Then you get us where it hurts (the pocket) by announcing the price is to be increased to £1.25. You further insult our intelligence by trying to explain that the magazine will be 25% bigger and therefore (and I quote): 'as the statisticians among you will realise, 80 pages means you get a whole lot more magazine for your money.'

Absolute rubbish. Any 12 year-old with a brain and paper and pencil could tell you that a 25% increase in 95p would bring the cost to 118.75p, not the inflated price of £1.25.

*Smacked legs all round, unless... This particularly pedantic comment was the only note of criticism we received on the price rise after **White Dwarf** 90 was released. As a matter of fact, both the last issue and this one actually had 84 pages in them, which works out very nicely to £1.25... No spanking after all. Sorry guys. And then:*

David Black, Newport, Shropshire: Groan, groan, niggle, niggle, moan, moan, complain, complain. What am I talking about? *White Dwarf's* Letters Page, of course! I know the Letters Page's purpose is so people can voice their opinions - but honestly!

Almost every letter (including this one) is a complaint about something, maybe in future we could just have a few letters of advice or praise - or maybe there aren't any?

Paul Pettengale, Westbury, Wiltshire: WD90 was the best ever. Each and every page was worth all of the attention I could give it. Well, almost. As always, the Letters Page brought forth my anger. It seems that all everybody wants to do in this 'fun' hobby is slag each other off. Whether it be about sexism, age, how important *AD&D* is this month or what roleplaying actually is anyway, it's always the same. Very rarely these days do we have debates on the quality of *WD* or any of the articles therein. Even rarer are the letters about the merits of particular games. This is a shame because this type of letter can help those who are uninitiated in understanding.

Mea culpa, mea misere culpa. We do get letters praising articles (the gist of which is often passed onto the writer involved). Good advice letters are few and far between, but we do try to print them. Of course, a constant stream of 'It was brill' letters makes extremely dull reading. Not, however, that this next one is that. There's a couple of rather backhanded compliments in here:

Kris Winnan, Wollaton, Nottingham: I must say Carl Sargent's *Phobias* article in WD89 was one of the most interesting and witty pieces of work to appear in *Dwarf* in a long time. Unfortunately it wasn't totally accurate, but this didn't detract from my enjoyment one bit. I was very amused by alektorophobia, nearly as odd as my two personal favourites: arachibutyrophobia (the dread fear of having peanut butter stick to the roof of your mouth - but this is hardly relevant to *Call of Cthulhu*) and friendorphobia (the dread of forgetting the password).

Anyway, without trying to be finicky, I would like to put your readers right on a number of issues - no offence to Mr Sargent!

Batrachorphobia is not the fear of all reptiles, just frogs and toads. Isn't that enough? Ergasiophobia is, in fact, the dread fear of work and while I am not familiar with a surgery phobia, latrophobia is the dread fear of doctors: 'sick, dangerous fanatics'. Scoleciphobia is the fear of worms, whereas the helminthophobia that Mr Sargent included is, in fact, far worse: the fear of infestation by our limbless friends. Admittedly, ommatophobia is a psychoneologistic horror with which to be afflicted but surely optophobia (the dread of opening one's eyes) has even more appeal to the sadistic streak in most keepers. Finally, taphophobia is the morbid fear of being buried alive; placophobia is the correct form of mental illness that can be connected to graves...

*I'm sure **Doctor** Sargent doesn't need to take offence at your comments, but he may very well do so anyway. I'm inclined to believe that his sources are impecable and rather clinical. At times, you know, he could be an ergasiophobe's - or latrophobe's - worst fear come true. It's mostly when he fingers sharp implements, gazes longingly at your forehead and giggles...*

*Look out for more excellent material (including the interesting adventure in this issue) from Carl. He is one of **White Dwarf's** key contributors - and rightly so in my view. Other people appear to make mistakes as well:*

Oliver Dickinson, York: Do you know what I'm going to tell you (an Irishism that could well have been incorporated in Marcus Rowland's *Green and Pleasant Language*; and by the way 'sorr' is surely Irish - correct Mummerset is 'zur')? Over the years I have learned to tolerate a good deal of mis-statement, ramnging from slightly to wildly off, on matters concerning the ancient world, but to have mega/monolith described as Latin!!! They're *Greek*, you 'orrible Graham Staplehurst, you! Otherwise *The Ley of the Land* was fine, and overall a good tenth anniversary issue...

Ooops. Nearly slipped in a letter of praise there.

Linton Porteous, Muir-of-Ord, Ross-shire: I have slowly come to terms with and even accepted the commercialism of your magazine and also the strong bias in your reviews, but I refuse to accept downright lies! I am referring to your reviews of *Slaughter Margin* in which Richard Halliwell tells us that the box contains overlays of 'H wagons, prowl tanks, ambulances, riot foam vehicles - the whole works...'

*At the time Hal (Richard Halliwell) wrote his designer's notes/review, the prowl tanks were to be included. It was decided to leave them out at a very late stage in the production process. We'll see what we can do about getting them to everybody in some other way, but what we can do to **Rogue Trooper** cards one issue we ought to be able to do a sheet of **JD** extras... And by the way, anybody who does have a copy of **Slaughter Margin** should see the advert elsewhere in this issue...*

Linton Porteous (reprise): PS. The adventure was brilliant!

Matthew Hill, Brighton, Sussex: In WD89 Niall Chetwood complained about the lack of published adventures for *AD&D*. Well, all I can say to that is: buck your ideas up! If people take this attitude then there won't be any adventures printed in WD. There have been many letters in this vein in recent and fargone issues of WD, and I wonder what people think. Why don't you write adventures for yourself, Niall and send them to WD? And, of course, the same goes for anyone else out there with the same complaint.

I agree with the tone and intent of this letter, although writing a good adventure (for any system) isn't quite as straightforward as you might suppose.

If you do feel like writing something and submit it to us, be warned that we send back 9 out of 10 articles/adventures/whatevers as 'unsuitable for publication'. On the other hand, your work might be exactly what we need. Games are still one of the great hobbies where anyone can make a contribution to everybody else's enjoyment.

And to finish off, 'Reasonable' Davis stirred one or two quills with a casual (and characteristically reasonable) comment:

Michael Byrd, Brunel University, Uxbridge: Graeme Davis should do a little background reading before he continues the WD crusade against LRPGs...

Eamonn Lyons, Maidenhead, Berkshire: I am writing to ask if the WD Letters Editors actually read the letters they print...

Actually, they do.

...The reason I ask is because in WD90 Graeme Davis said, and I quote 'As for *Open Box* reviews of LRPGs, nobody ever asked us to send a reviewer'.

This is a complete lie, for in WD88 Mr Garner of the Labyrinthe Club offer the WD team a Labyrinthe adventure with his compliments. Since this offer was not taken up, myself and other LRPGers must assume that, as Mr Garner said in his letter, 'you wish to remain in ignorance.'

*I shall leap to Graeme's defence. After the offer from Mr Garner, Labyrinthe subsequently 'broke off diplomatic relations' with **White Dwarf**. I made the (not unreasonable) assumption that such an act meant their offer was withdrawn and passed this information over to Graeme. OK?*

At the time of writing, diplomatic relations have been re-established. We are also looking into the possibility of sending a group to a live roleplaying session at some point, but even if this comes off, it will be at least three months (thanks to printing schedules) before any report reaches print. Live roleplaying may yet appear in these pages, chaps!

And as far as 'the crusade' goes, we've never denied that it is fun, have we?

Finally:

Adrian Daykin, Ilkeston, Derbyshire: Why are Citadel figure designers obsessed with toilets? Are Games Workshop planning a new game? *Toilets & Trolls*? *Warhammer Toilet Roleplay*? *Flushido*? *Prunequest*?

Freud had an explanation for their behaviour.

***Mike Brunton** only pretended to edit the letters this month.*

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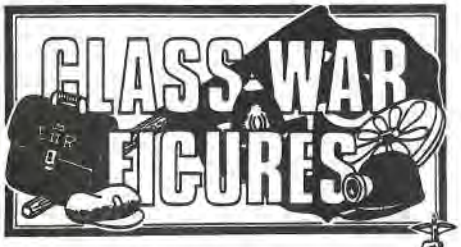

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Swap Car Wars, Truck Stop and Sunday Drivers for WFRP/CoC. Contact M Simmons, 56 St Mary's Grove, Chiswick, London W4 3LW.

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Swap 20 figures (mostly Citadel), some well painted including Giant, for goblins and or Machineries of destruction. Rochdale (0706) 58803.

Seeking group in Bilston/Darlaston area. Darlaston Dragons where are you? J Fallows, 51 Hugh Gaitskell, Stowlawn, Bilston, Wolverhampton WV14 6HE.

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Swap MERP, McDeath and Bloodbath at Orcs' Drift for White Dwarf 1 and Battlebikes. Ring Stephen 0945 588071 after 7pm.

Urgently wanted: a copy of Metagaming's Wizard. Name your price (within reason). Contact Terence Larkin, 10 Drew St, Brixham, Devon TQ5 9JU.

An exchange of ideas to help build a campaign world are needed. Contact Mee the Shapeless, 56 Melbourne St, Barrow-in-Furness, Cumbria LA14 5TU.

Players (18+) wanted for regular game sessions (AD&D, MERP, OdM, Warhammer) within the area of Amsterdam. Contact Nicole Helwes (22), Pharus 336, 1503 EE, Zaandam.

Wanted D&D Expert set (good condition). Will swap for good condition Kings & Things. Phone Alun 061 881 9712.

Two potential roleplayers are looking for a roleplaying club in the Solihull area. Phone 021 744 5126 and ask for Richard.

Contacts wanted by male (19) for swapping ideas & information on AD&D, Traveller, PBM. Dave Porter, 69 Cambridge St, Ashbarton, New Zealand.

Swap Tragedy of McDeath, Daleks supplement for any Battle Tech or Star Trek combat simulator in good condition. Contact J Wray, 47 Hastings Rd, Sheffield.

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Obnoxious American (21) seeking English penpal. Likes FRPGs, Paranoia, Monty Python. Jim Weaver, 110 S. Graycroft Avenue, Madison, TN 37115, USA.

MERP player (16) wishes to join/form RPG group on Isle of Wight. Contact: Gavin Bastiani, 41 Fitzroy St, Sundown, Isle of Wight, PO36 8HW.

Swap Runequest 3 (Hardback) and MERP rulebook for Warhammer FRP or Twilight 2000. Tel: 041 647 3766 between 6-7pm.

Swap D&D Basic Set (mint condition) + 3 modules for Warhammer (in good condition). Phone 0349 64498 after 4pm.

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FREE RPG Computerzine for Sinclair Spectrum. Send blank tape and SAE to: John Shepherd, Event Horizon, 7 Tawney Rd, Eston, Cleveland TS6 9RG.

Gamers wanted (13-15) Purley and surrounding areas. Give details of experience and games preferred. Paul Ruddock, 43 Godson Rd, Croydon.

American Male (18) seeks penpal from anywhere. Doug Mikkelson, RR 4 Box 11, Watseka, Il 60970 (intelligence preferred but not a necessity).

Rejoice! Let it be known that Sir Azdel D'Artagne hs married Julia la Boorshac and Jal - El, the girls of his dreams.

Wanted: Statis Pro game. Any season; buy or swap for MERP. Phone 061 797 0288 after 6pm.

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Male (16) seeks pen pals (M or F) of same age. Into AD&D. Contact: Brian Simpson, 10 Bradford Rd, Otley, W Yorkshire LS21 3EQ.

For sale or swap Twilight 2000, AD&D, Car Wars stuff for any 2000AD mags books etc. Contact: Vincent, Corby 202700.

Any LRPG Clubs in the Midlands area? Two RPGers want to see what it's all about. Contact: Julienne, 21 Hibson Drive, Hillmorton, Rugby CV21 4LJ.

Swap RQ II boxed figure sets (humanoid adventurers, trolls, beast men, broo, dragonewts and flying creatures) for Trollpack and/or Borderlands. Tel: Phil, Derby 880434.

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Elf generals unite! Send tactics, articles or other (+ SAE) to The Official Elf Newsletter, 12 Southdown Ave, Preston, Weymouth, Dorset DT3 6HR. It's free!

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Male wizard (16) wishes to join/form RPG club. Contact: Justin Webb, 3 Luminber, Castle St, East Looe, Cornwell PL13 1AJ. Tel: Loe 4981.

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Cheltenham 19 year old (male?) AD&D player seeks a group. If you now of one or are interested in forming one, phone John 0242 513067.

Help! Any MSH, Paranoia, D&D players in south Birmingham area (Redditch, Bromsgrove). Will learn other games too. Anthony Morgan, Field View, Sharpway Gate, Hanbury, Worcs.

Swap D&D Basic, Expert and Companion sets for Paranoia, Runequest, Call of Cthulhu, Judge Dredd, anything. Phone Mark (0733) 202878.

Lord of the Rings, radio 4, episode 5. Anybody got a copy? Please contact Jon Naylor, 6 Chatfields, Gossops Green, Crawley, Sussex RH11 8PZ.

Swap GH, Paranoia, MSH, Battlecars, JD and more. Send SAE for list of stuff to Paul Balclowski, 19 Bestwood Green, Corby, Northants NN18 0ER.

20 year old D&Der seeks games in Ilford, Essex area. Wants to try AD&D. Simon Burwood, 14 Lombard Ave, Seven Kings, Ilford.

Swap Star Trek RPG and D&D Basic or OA for Warhammer Batle (excellent condition only). Must be in Stoke area. Contact: Mark (05381383706 after 6pm.

Hardback MM first edition urgently wanted. Must be in excellent condition. Phone David 031 332 4618 after 6pm.

Swap Basic D&D + Expert + dice and Isle of Dread for MERP 2nd edition boxed set. Phone Jason 0773 330804.

Male (16) interested in CoC, AD&D and Twilight 2000. Seeks penpal interested in any RPG. Must be crazy. Carl, 19 Austins Lane, Lostock, Bolton BL6 4LU.

Calling Hephaestus and Urkas - the party approaches the Bahit mountain at last! Please ring 01 685 0194 and leave your number. Pete H.

Pumblechook Fizzle! (Fat fool) Beware, the ghost of Scorpius, mighty elf mage will return. You have been warned!

Penpals wanted anywhere. 16+ Will write about anything, must like good music (U2). Sarah Capon, 16 Orchard Way, Fleggburgh, Gt Yarmouth, Norfolk NR29 3AY.

Wanted WD 20-27 and especially WD 49. Phone Barry: Reading (0734) 868347.

Swap Call of Cthulhu hardback edition for Cults of Terror or Prax (Terror preferred). Anthony Davis, 70 Woodhall Rd, Oldswan, Liverpool L13 3EF.

London area AD&D players wanted for regular games sessions. New players welcome. Must be 20+. Contact Cathy 01 881 3457.

Experienced GM seeks players in the Cottingham (Hull) area. Will play anything. Tel: 841700 and ask for John or Jeff.

D&D Basic and Expert rules (boxed). Will swap for CoC or Bloodbowl. Contact: J Russel, 95 Woodside Ave, S Benfleet, Essex SS7 4NN.

Wanted: Non TSR Greyhawk material. Send details to Nick Smith, 9 Mill Close, East Grinstead, Sussex.

Swap WD23,26 for any AD&D modules. Contact: Sean (0222) 620359.

Swap MERP campaign and adventure modules for Battle Tech, Mech Warrior etc. Anthony Hubbard, 10 Willow Close, St Leonards, ringwood, Hants BH24 2RQ or phone 04254 6034.

PBMs Want another playtester? I've playtested about a dozen games. Nick Johnston, 117 Farm View Rd, Kimberworth, Rotheram, S Yorks S61 2AW.

Wanted: CoC Masks of Nyarlathotep. Will swap for Pendragon or Cosmic Encounter. Phone Newcastle (091) 2656014 and ask for Danny.

Jaqui In a sea of faces; in a sea of doubt; in this cruel place, your voice above the maelstrom. Love, Ande.

If any female RPGer (18) out there is into AD&D, Paranoia, CoC and loves Marillion, please write to Mark D, 3 Cliddiard Close, Belmont, Wantage, Oxon.

17 year old male wants penpal (female) in Humberside. W D Sharpe, 14 Wendover Rise, Cleethorpes, S Humberside DN35 8TS.

Happy 18th Birthday Rachel "Pasha" Jenkins. With love from everybody on the Prime Material Plane, especially Myota Najaki. We love you very much.

Two males in Harrow area seek AD&D adventure. Mass murder and debauchery considerewd. Contact Johnny Dangerous, 68 Parkfield Road, South Harrow HA2 8LB. 422 1994.

Swap Excellent condition MSH, Ganbusters or Star Frontiers RPG for Cthulhu, AD&D, D&D, Bushido or JD accessories. Some modules also available. Contact Martin, Burntwood 75550.

Wanted: pre issue 55 Dragon magazines. Any condition. Send details to Richard Brown, 299 Beverley Road, Hull, Humberside HU5 1LG.

Swap World of Greyhawk, expert Rules and modules for Citadel box sets or single miniatures. Contact Lee on (061) 790 8216?.

Swap Star Trek III for MERP screen or campaign packs, Paranoia modules or D&D Expert. Telephone Wilmslow 527330.

Male (15) wants foreign penpal , 15+, any sex. Interested in many RPGs (including CoC). Dale Gilbert, 108 Fieldton Road, West Derby, Liverpool, L11 9AQ.

Will Matthew Fuazard who used to live at the Travellers Rest in Bridport please re-establish contact with Jeff of 'Dragon' fame at Canterbury 711790.

Male (16) seeks female penpal, interested in AD&D. All letters will be answered. Contact Wayne Heptonstall, 14 Shendan Drive, East Dens, Rotherham, S65 2HP.

Swap RuneQuest 2 for Battlecars or Car Wars. Contact R Moore, Oldswingford Hospital, Stourbridge, West Mids or phone Hagley 882689 (weekends).

We need gamers! We play WFRP, MERP, Paranoia etc. We are near Wroxham (Norwich) and aged 16. Call Chris, Norwich 738372 after 5pm.

Sorry to everyone who didn't get a reply. I ran out of cash for stamps. Anyway, I can't be everyone's penpal, can I? Deb Lister.

Club starting in South Cheshire/North Staffordshire. Interested? Please write for details to: Ian, 3 Semper Close, Congleton, Cheshire, CW12 2BJ.

Selfar (Godalming). It's all very well you writing, but I haven't your address to reply. Write again. From Erran (Broadstairs).

Male 18, condemned at birth into all RPG, occult, Marillion seeks sympathetic female penpal. Contact Stray, 30 Porthleven Place, Fishermead, Milton Keynes MK6 2AT.

Swap WD 28, 30, 32 onwards, Dragons, FF 1-22, for miniatures or negotiable (AD&D, WFRP). Contact Pete - Paignton 0803 550230.

Wanted: Articles, artwork for new zine, Obscure Object. Free copy for printed work. Gauntlet Games, Ningwood Dairy Farm, Station Road, Ningwood, Isle of Wight, PO30 4NJ.

Swap OA or Battlesystem for JDRPG. Please contact Dylan Clayson, 66 Argyle Road, Whitstable, Kent, CT5 1JR.

Malta. English male (22) novice seeks similar aged group. Eager to play MERP but almost anything else considered. Phone David, 783842 after 2pm.

Wanted: WDs 2 and 3 (not reprints), Original D&D books (Men & Magic, Monsters & Treasure, Eldritch Wizardry etc), Metamorphosis Alpha Rules. Phone (01) 358 1232 eves.

Help: Anyone out there interested in designing RPGs? If so, send reply and game mechanics to Omni RPGs, 66 Tor Bryan, Ingatestone, Essex CM4 9HN.

Male (16) seeks feamle penpals (16+) from anywhere. Send phot if possible to Dave Thomas, 20 Cullford Road, Dorchester, Dorset DT1 2AT.

16 year old D&D, CoC GM/Player requires near(ish) contacts to roleplay at weekends/holidays. Write: Mick, 5 Shrewsbury Drive, Lancaster LA1 4BA.

Desperately Seeking Striker! Needed urgently, will pay any reasonable price. Must be vgc. Contact D Manley, 26 Coventry Road, Polygon, Southampton SO1 2GE.

Anyone got a copy of 'Emerald Tablet' for sale? If so please contact K Grindley, Myrtle Cottage, Welshampton, Ellesmere, Sallop SY12 0PP.

N Devon Gamer (19) seeks D&D players. Have good knowledge D&D, similar games considered. Have transport. Contact J Walker, 1 Dennis Cottages, Mullscott Cross, Ilfracombe, Devon EX34 8NX.

Male Half Orc (20), student, totally warped, seeks interesting quill companions. Ghoulshadow, c/o 13 Pennys Lane, Cranborne, Dorset. Any sex (males too), age. Hi, Mithryn!

Mint Condition WD 1-12 & Pre '77 D&D books wanted. Offers with details & prices to M Lilley, 49 Robinhood Lane, London SW15 3PX.

Swap Traveller (condition fair) + Scouts, adventures 3-6, supplements 6, 10, 11. Want MERP supplements or LOTR boardgames. Call Edward in IOM at Ramsay 815921.

Swap FF and modules, GH, Car Wars, Traveller and supplements, 41 2000ADs, JD and JD for MERPII and 8+ campaign modules. Tel David (0525) 378025.

Half Orc (likes toasted hobbit) seeks others (age 18+) to go elf-baiting in Purley/S Croydon area. Phone Martin on 01 660 2976.

MERP Players wanted by existing group. Any age. We play every week. Never played cbefore? Give it a bash! Ring Nick, Weston-Super-Mare 418865.

Wanted: 'Tokumei Players Handbook' and any other EPT products. Cash or swap. Matthew (0643) 2239 (evenings).

Male (16) seeks for any penpal (15-17) interested in RPGs. Write to: Pierre VALLET, 15bis rue de Dammarie, 77000 MELUN, FRANCE.

RPG Player just moved to Christchurch wants to contact any other gamers in the town. Contact Paul, Christchurch 471263.

Adult Gamer new to N wales area has warhammer (Orc/goblin) army. Contact: G Morley, Dosgydd Uchaff, Betws-y-Coed, Gywnedd, LL24 0DG. Hurry, they're getting hungry!

Traveller! Is the game really dead? Wanted correspondence with fellow Travellers, male/female, players/GMs. Contact Geoff, 26 The Hydneye, Hampden Park, Eastbourne, E Sussex BN22 9BX.

Wanted: Penpals by American male (16), Male/female 16+, interested in RPGs, alternative music. Contact Curt Allen, 1745 Flynnwood Drive, Charlotte, NC 28205, USA.

Players wanted to start RPG club in 'Udders. Owt played. Contact Tony Wright, 59 Raw Nook Road, Salendine Nook, Huddersfield. 0484 655365.

Flatulent F*rter: D&D, MERP, JD articles or discussion wanted. Contact Linton at Harpers Wood, Bishop Kirkell, By Muir of Ord, Ross-shire.

Wanted: Chainsaw Warrior or Car Wars, will swap for 2000AD 471-512, 2 Judge Dredd Early cases plus 3 monthlies. Phone Stephen Sickleamere 986220.

Wanted: vgc Paranoia (hardback or boxed) and adventures for Cults of Prax or Terror. Write to: M Payne, 22 Blackwood House, Nelson Road, Portsmouth, Hants PO1 4NF.

Wanted Persons, any age, gender, race for irregular correspondence on most any subject. Contact Troy August Einstien Hooper, 17 Dale View, Grimsby, DN33 1RE.

Swap my MERP boxed + 1 module for Call of Cthulhu; please contact David Chapple, 28 Percy Street, Hartlepool, Cleveland.

AD&D, Traveller & CoC player age 20 looking for a group in Warrington. Write to George Jackson, 8 Blenheim Close, Padgate, Warrington WA2 0JJ.

Mad Ha! I need a penpal around 15. Interested (male/female)? Contact Mike, 5 Cressingham Road, New Brighton, Wallasey, L45 2NS.

Wanted, contact with other clubs in Midland area to organise inter-club events. Contact Matt Roberts, 5 Elm Green, Dudley, West Midlands DY1 3RE.

Forthcoming Event: The Bedworth Wargames Society announces its Annual Open Day at the Bedworth Civic Hall, Bedworth, Warks on 8 August 1987. All welcome.

Experienced Gamer (20) seeks group in Cheadle/Stockport area of similar ages to play fantasy/CoC/Sci-Fi. Phone (061) 428 0771 daytime, X3359.

Help! Contributions wanted for new fanzine, any system. For any used free issue. Contact Alastair Duncan, 4 Boghead Road, Dumbarton, Scotland G82 2HP.

Swap JD RPG/Judgement Day, D&D Basic/modules, Dragon Warriors 1, 3, 4, FF 8, 9, 11, Sorcery 1 for any Battletech stuff except Citytech. Louis Wong, 11 Broadwalk, South Woodford, London E18 2DL. 01 989 2930.

Swap Rolemaster, Cults of Prax and boxed CoC. Want Traveller 2300 and adventures. Phone Paul 0302 20863.

AD&D GM wants to contact other GMs. Spin devilish plans for players etc. Write to Ikka Sepp-9f--f0-, L-9f--f0-ms-9f--f0-ntie 24, 90230 Oulu, FINLAND.

Lonely Solo Adventuress (12) seeks a club to join in the Spalding area. Willing to learn anything. Contact Zoe Kemp (0406) 371113.

Wanted Paranoia or JD roleplaying for 2000ADs and White Dwarfs. Phone Daniel 0268 558094.

Teenage Mutant Destruction Team, Goodbye America. Goodbye all of Plymouth. Hello (and watch out) London!

Wanted: AD&D rules/modules, will swap for D&D rules or Grenadier figures. Contact R Russel, 14 Cholswell Road, Abingdon, Oxon.

Male American (16) wants penpal, preferably feamle, interested in fantasy, SF, gaming. Discuss anything. Write: E Durflinger, 1010 South 10th, Atchison, Kansas 66002, USA.

Wanted Old style Citadel medieval mounted knights and foot figures. Any numbers considered. Contact Simon, 17 Firsview Drive, New Duston, Northampton, (0604) 52068.

Male (20) interested in AD&D, RQ, Bushido, seeks female penpal. Sense of humour required. Contact Neil Homer, 19 Downcraig Road, Castlemilk, Glasgow G45 9PD.

Wanted WD 1-21. Must be in good condition. Will consider odd issues. Contact Stephen Austin, 25 Allen Street, Hartshill, Stoke-on-Trent, ST4 7NP.

Male 15: seeks female penpal 14+, not necessarily into D&D but to appreciate good music and handsome features. Paul Grant, 2 Bodmin Road, Chelmsford, Essex CM1 5LH.

Bloody Potty gamer seeks penpals (female 13+) to write to: Gareth Hulbert, 86 Falmouth Road, Springfield, Chelmsford, Essex, CM1 5JA.

Swap boxed MERP, Golden Heroes (w Legacy of Eagles & Supervisor's Kit) excellent condition for Call of Cthulhu and/or Joruna. Phone Karle, Ipswich (0473) 41131.

Swap FF1-20 T&T, Traveller, Siege, Cry Havoc or Battlecars for JDRPG, Truck Stop or Paranoia. B Sheenan, 19A Ashgrove Park, Bishopstown, Cork, Eire.

Swap OA, DW 1-3, Star Trek Catalogue (160 pages) T&T rules/adventure. Peter Hawdon, 5 Caton Street, Haverigg, Cumbria, LA18 4HE.

Wanted: Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay (must be in good condition). Swap for Cosmic Encounters (perfect condition). Contact Stephen Downie, 59 Dartmouth Road, Wyken, Coventry CV2 3DP.

Swap Ghostbusters and Ghost Toasties scenario for MERP or 2000AD back issues. Giles Kendrick, 3 Blenheim Close, Poynton, Cheshire SK12 1DN or phone 0625 875475 weekends.

Will swap Traveller, GH, FF books or Price or any combination for good roleplaying game. Contact Nick on Gerstang 2839.

I am Alone. Boy (14) seeks sensible roleplayers of roughly same age in Felixstowe. Have AD&D, CoC, Traveller, JD, GH. Phone Felixstowe 277296.

Swap Advanced Marvel Superheroes, Children of the Atom, Secret Wars and Talisman for Star Frontiers (& Knight Hawks/Alpha Dawn). Other games considered. Phone Michael (0232) 712907.

Wanted: Any CoC figures, books, supplements and ideas. Please send details. Stamp appreciated. Write to: Steven Hodges, 2 Sycamore Avenue, Chepstow, Gwent NP6 5JU.

Desperately wanted - 1987 Dragonlance Calender. Must be in very good condition. I will swap for D&D modules X6 + CM1. Tel Paul Niven on 0592 266046.

Swap Judgement Day Orion Ruse, Margin of Profit, Spacemaster RPG + adventures. Want Star Trek stuff. Warren Belamy, 19 Maroon Road, Sheldon, Birmingham B26 3ER.

Wanted: En Garde rulebook. Any condition as long as it's all there. Write to: Nick Frall, 19 Long Grove, Seer Green, Bucks HP9 2YN.

2000ADs numbers 329-500, Best of JD 1-21, JD mags, JD books. Swap for anything. Phone Tim 0202 747836 after 5pm.

Swap 50 mostly Citadel Miniatures for Citadel 25mm Warhammer regiments and/or battle machines. Phone Rochdale (0706) 58803.

Wanted - White Dwarfs 47-72, 76-78. Write, stating prices, to Steven Richards-Vine, 22 Summerfield Road, Malaven Link, Worcs. Up to £250.

Wanted: Outfits, weapons cards, uniforms for Palitoy Action Man, especially want older outfits in nice condition. Donald Meyerson, 4310 Pulaski, Chicago IL 60641, USA.

Swap Cosmic Encounters, Basic, Expert & Companion D&D, Star Frontiers (both sets), all with modules, for AD&D and Blood Bowl. Tel Dave 0652 55839.

Wanted: WFRPs in the Portsmouth area. Phone Terry (0705) 730201.

Swap Fighting Fantasy books 1-7 plus 18-21 for WFRP. Contact Damien Rogan, 31 Notting Hill, Belfast, BT9 5NS. (0232) 665856.

Swap MERP, good condition for Paranoia RPG or D&D basic set. Phone (0475) 892343.

Wanted: any Vietnam or aircraft wargames. Swap for Dragon Warriors, MERP, Traveller. Phone 061 797 0288 5-7pm.

Wanted Dragon magazines 1-5 & Journal of Travellers' Aid Society 1, 4 & 22. Ring Mike on (0992) 466989 after 7pm.

Yuk! Would like Jan 87 issue of Fantasy Chronicles. If you're willing to sell ring Ian (026585) 516.

Waited Long enough, now I ask. White Dwarfs required, issue one up. Can collect best offer by end May. Write to David Witts, C132-AMH, St Andrews.

Doctor Who Convention on 13 June/20 June at Canterbury Kent. Profits to Cancer Research. Details from 29 The Downings, Herne Bay, Kent CT6 7EJ.

Necromancer penpal required. Someone out there want to animate a few skeletons with a 13 year old male? Contact Craig, 8 Nash Close, Rogerstone, Newport, Gwent.

Swap AD&D DMG, MM1 & Fiend Folio for WFRP. For details write to 6 Dysols Close, Mossley, Manchester or ring 04875 4649.

Swap Cthulhu hardbacks plus two scenarios for absolutely anything (preferably Warhammer). Call Richard on 0292 75230 4-6pm.

Wanted WD 20-27 and especially WD49. Phone Barry on Reading (0734) 868437.

Mindless Slaughter - awaits those interested in RQ if they join the ever-growing Greenbill network. Don't delay, write away to: Greenbill, Willisdean, Broadgait, Gullane, E Lothian.

Male (17) seeks penpals. Interests are AD&D, Warhammer, Champions and most everything. Will reply to all letters. Contact Eric Barrington, RD 1, Houghton, NY 14744, USA.

Swap FF books 1-11 & Battletech for Judge Dredd RPG. Contact David on Durham 4496 after 5pm.

Contributions needed for SF/fantasy fanzine. Wow! Designed for women, but not sexist or exlcusive (I hope). Maverick, 16 Aviary Avenue, Leeds LS12 5NP.

Help! Need to contact any fantasy roleplaying clubs anywhere in Glasgow area. Phone Brian 041 882 5883.

Swap Dr Who RPG for MERP campaign module. Ring Martin 01 549 7239 after 5pm.

Wanted: female American penpal 13-14 into Traveller, Sci-Fi, Fantasy, RPGs, Chaos. Contact Alex Gent, 34 Cambrian View, Whipcord Lane, Chester, Cheshire, England.

RPG beginner (16) seeks clubs and players in Middlesborough area. Any games. Contact Gary Warrimer, 9 Topham Green, Berwick Hills, TS3 7DA. Tel 219948.

Wooton-under-Edge. FRPGer/GM (male, 23 years old) seeks other players in local area. Contact Paul, Abbey Stone, Nind, Kingswood, W-u-E, Glos.

Experienced player/GM (17) seeks club in Stone/Stafford area. Contact Chris, 1 George Lane, Aston Lodge Park, Little Stoke, Stone, Staffs ST15 8SA.

D&D Basic and Expert rules (boxed) with module. Swap for CoC or Blood Bowl. Contact J Russell, 95 Woodside Avenue, S Benfleet, Essex SS7 4NU.

Experienced DM seeks players in the Cottingham (Hull) area. Will play anything. Tel 841700 and ask for John or Jeff.

London area: AD&D players wanted for regular games sessions, new players welcome, must be 20+. If interested, please contact Cathy on 01 881 3457.

Swap CoC hardback edition for Cults of Terror or Prax. Cults of Terror preferred. Write to Anthony Davis, 70 Woodhall Road, Liverpool L13 3EF.

Wanted: Scenarios, artwork and articles for a new fanzine. Anything 'clean' considered. Free copies if response is enough. Mark Glendenning, 48 Foreland Road, Bembridge IOW.

Wanted: RPGers in the Wigston area - any game but preferably MERP and/or Role Master. Contact Chris Tweed, 5 Barnby Avenue, Wigston Fields, Leicester LE8 1FG.

Articles wanted for TOR magazine. Write it in English and we'll translate it to Swedish. Contact TOR, Finnbackagatan 16 S654 69, Karlstad, Sweden.

Bonk! Argh! Any LRPG magazines/fanzines out there? C'mon, there's gotta be! Ring Mike 0280 816757 or advertise. Snuffle, snuffle said the aardvark.

Assassin (male 15) seeks female penpal. I'm interested in all gaming and sport. Send photo to Dominic Lang, 12 Rathsallagh Park, Shankhill, Dublin, Ireland.

Swap Dragon Warriors, FF 5, Combat Heroes and D&D Expert for Bloodbowl, Paranoia. Steve Richards, 22 Summerfield Rd, Malavenlink, Malaven, Worcs WR14 2EA.

Dunfermine Area Art student (18) seeks experienced players for Spacemaster, rolemaster, MERP etc. Jamie (0383) 880273 after 6pm.

Swap: Star Frontiers, Knight Hawks and modules for Cursed Earth and Judge Child books or Hawkmoon RPG. Micheal 0438 352702.

Traveller and D&D player (16) seeks penpal, male/female (preferably a gorgeous, super-intelligent female). Scribble to: John, 31 Barnett Close, Kingswinford, West Midlands DY6 9PW.

Platoon lives! I need a copy of Revised Recon desperately, any condition. I pay well. Marc (Rotherham) 590332.

Swap vgc Paranoia (boxed) for vgc Pendragon. Tony Woodfint, 77 Elmwood Drive, Blythe Bridge, Stoke on Trent, Staffs.

Swap FF1-7 & Aegean Strike (unused) for Rolemaster Boxed in gc. Contact Q Carroll, The Hall, Repton, Derby.

Wanted Film tie-in baseball caps esp Bladerunner. Also Stephen King's Cycle of the Werewolf. Craig Kemp, 37 Hove Road, Rushden, Northants, England. Tel: 0933 318186.

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